

The Awakening
and Vocation and a Voice

Kate Chopin

Annotated with Critical Introduction by Ryu, Jung-Eun



KATE CHOPIN
THE AWAKENING
and
A Vocation and a Voice

WITH ESSAYS IN CRITICISM

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■ CRITICAL INTRODUCTION

Kate Chopin : 그 생애와 작품세계

Katherine O'Flaherty는 1851년 2월 8일 St. Louis에서 태어났다. Irish계의 사업가 아버지와 프랑스 귀족 혈통의 후예인 어머니에게서 Kate는 침착하면서 자부심이 강한 귀족풍을 지니게 되었다.

그 당시 Mississippi 강가에 위치한 St. Louis는 미국 내에서 중요한 상업 중심지로 등장하게 되었다. 자신감과 야망에 가득 찬 아버지는 사업에 성공하게 되었고 이러한 능동적이고 적극적인 아버지의 기질과 어머니의 프랑스 문화의 영향은 Chopin의 독특한 개성을 형성하는데 바탕이 되었다.

Kate Chopin은 4세때 아버지를 여의고 강인한 3대에 걸친 모계 중심의 가정에서 성장하였다. 어머니, 외조모, 외증조모, 이 세 여인은 모두 다 철인의 의지와 능력있는 여자들이며, 또한 continental style의 분위기에서 생활하면서 낭만적인 기질을 소유하고 있었다. Chopin은 어려서부터 다양한 부류의 사람들과 모험에 관한 많은 이야기들을 그들에게서 즐겨 들곤 했다. 특히 외증조모인 Madame Charleville에게서 삶을 두려움없이 받아들이고 도덕의 가면을 초월하여, 옳고 그름을 판단하기 보다는 폭넓게 인생을 이해하도록 어려서부터 가르침을 받았다. 이 점이 후에 대담하고 솔직한 사실주의 작가로 성장하는 데 크게 영향을 주었다.

미모의 Chopin은 17세 때 St. Louis Academy of the Sacred Heart를 졸업하고 1870년 Louisiana 출신인 8세 연상의 Oscar Chopin을 만나 결혼했다. Oscar는 St. Louis에 있는 은행에서 일하기 위해 New Orleans를 떠나 왔었다. 그는 여자를 경멸하고 소유욕과 질투심이 강한 아버지 밑에서 행복하지 못한 어린 시절을 보냈다. 이

로 인하여 Oscar 자신의 삶에서 폭넓은 이해와 관용을 배필게 되었고, 그 결과 민감하고 활동적인 Chopin은 남편으로부터 더 많은 자유를 부여받아 빠른 속도로 변화하고 있는 사회에서 많은 경험을 쌓아 그녀의 욕망을 성취할 수 있었다.

유럽으로의 신혼여행에서 돌아온 그들은 New Orleans에서 보금 자리를 펴고 9년간 그곳에서 지냈다. 미국의 가장 이국적인 도시인 New Orleans에서의 생활은 그녀의 생애와 작품에 지배적인 영향을 미쳤다.

1880년 남편 Oscar가 Cotton Commissioner로서 사업에 실패하자 Cajun들이 모여 사는 Louisiana주의 서부에 있는 조그마한 마을, Cloutierville로 이사하게 되었다. 거기서 작은 농장을 경영하게 되었고(후에 첫번째 소설, *At Fault*의 Setting이 됨), Chopin은 Louisiana주에 살고 있는 프랑스계, 스페인계, 영국계, 그리고 흑인들의 혼혈과 생활 방식에 깊이 애정을 갖고 그들의 삶을 꿰뚫어보며 공감할 수 있었다. New Orleans에 있는 상류층의 귀족적인 Creole 들과 비교하여 현저하게 다른 Cajun들—영국의 통치권 아래 있었던 지금의 Nova Scotia 지방에 상응하는 캐나다 지역에 살았던 프랑스 사람들로 Indian들과 최후의 전쟁에서 영국 정부에 대한 충성의 맹서를 거절함으로 추방되어 Canada의 Quebec지역과 미국의 남부 Louisiana주로 이주하여 살게된 Acadian들과 그 후예들을 일컬음—의 새로운 사회를 이해하고 받아들임으로써 후에 그녀의 집필에 생동감 넘치는 Acadian들에 관한 공감할 수 있는 이야기들로 엮어진다. 이로 인하여 그녀의 초기 작품들이 지방색을 띤 것으로 인식되기도 한다.

1882년 10월 말라리아 열병(swamp fever)으로 남편 Oscar가 죽음으로, 30세에 Widow가 된 Chopin은 여섯 자녀들을 데리고 고향의 어머니집이 있는 St. Louis로 돌아온다. 그러나 헌신적인 어머니가 1885년 갑자기 돌아감으로 깊은 슬픔에 잠긴채 세상에 홀로 남은 것을 인지하게 된다. 모친의 사망후 St. Louis의 중앙에 위치

한 Morgan Street에 있는 집으로 이사나온다. 여기서 그녀의 남은 생애 17년간을 생활하면서 오로지 작품활동에 전념하였다.

그 때에 능동적이고 예리한 이성과 폭넓은 지식을 소유한 주치의인 Dr. Kolbenheyer로부터 크게 위로를 받았을 뿐 아니라 작가로 성장할 수 있도록 창작력을 고취시켜준은 물론 물심양면으로 보살펴주었다. 그는 특히 Kant, Hegel, Shopenhauer에 정통하였고, 그의 종교적 견해와 삶에 대한 철학적 자세에 크게 영향받았다. 성숙한 사고와 인간 본성에 대한 깊은 통찰력, 자주정신 그리고 독특한 개성을 지닌 인간으로서 자신에 대한 신뢰감을 갖게 해주었다. 이에 힘입어 작가로서 놀라운 감지력과 뛰어난 재능을 발휘하게 되었다.

Darwinism을 비롯하여 생물학과 인류학에 대한 흥미가 진지했을 뿐만 아니라 개방적인 프랑스 작가들과 함께 Darwin, Huxley 그리고 Spencer 등의 작품들을 탐독했다. 이런 요소들이 문학적인 기호를 키워주었다. 특히 Maupassant의 작품들을 영어로 번역했을 뿐 아니라 정독함으로 기술적으로 또 도덕적으로 전통과 권위의식에 얽매이지 않고 표현된 사상과 문체에서 새로운 idea를 얻었다. 그의 직접적이고 간결하며 역설적인 표현법을 좋아했다. 첫 번째 단편집 *Bayou Folk*에 실려 있는 “*Désirées Baby*”가 그 좋은 예라 하겠다.

문학 평론가들은 Chopin의 선봉적인 사실주의를 Stephen Crane, George Washington Cable, Theodore Dreiser의 사실주의와 견주어 말한다. 당대의 미국 작가들 가운데 Gustave Flaubert, Guy de Maupassant, Emile Zola를 숭배한 유일의 작가이다.

음악에도 조예가 깊어 작곡은 물론 피아노 연주에도 훌륭한 기량을 갖고 있었다. 작품 속에서 인간의 정서와 감정 표현에 음악의 효과를 이용한 action의 예시는 물론 인간 영혼의 문제 표출에도 기여하는 이미지로 활용되고 있다. *The Awakening*에서 Madame Ratignolle의 연주곡을 Edna가 “Solitude”라 명명한 것과 Mad-

emoiselle Reisz가 연주하는 소팽의‘ 즉흥환상곡은 Edna의 영혼에 와닿는 예리한 갈망을 보여준다. 여기서 음악은 소설의 주제와 조화를 이루면서 인간 의식의 심층구조를 정서적으로 표출해주고 있다.

1899년 출판된 *The Awakening*이 보수적이고 폐쇄된 사회에서 잠시 독자들에게 극적으로 수용되었다가 이 작가의 예술성을 격찬했던 Review 지들도 격렬한 반발과 불운의 논평을 가하기 시작했다.

1899년 5월 20일자가 *The St. Louis Republic*은 다음과 같이 평하고 있다.

...In her creations she commits unutterable crimes against polite society, but in the essentials of her art she never blunders. Like most of her work, however *The Awakening* is too strong drink for moral babes, and should be labeled ‘poison’.

이후로 Chopin은 충격으로 인해 상심한 채 창작활동을 그만두고 1904년 8월 St. Louis에서 그녀의 일생을 마칠 때까지 은둔생활을 하였다. 보다 더 개방된 사회에서 살았다면 크게 환영받고 당대에 두각을 나타낼 수 있었을 것이다.

Chopin의 예술성과 업적은 1890년대 미국문학에 새로운 영역을 전개한 점이다. 대담하게 전통과 권위에 항거하면서 그리고 감상주의에 흐르지 않고 Realism의 수법으로 여성 내면의 진실을 심리적인 성격묘사로 특히 자연의 묘사와 인물의 감정을 조화시키고 균형을 이룸으로써 이른바 T.S. Eliot의 객관적 상관물의 이미지를 통하여 탁월한 수준에 도달하고 있다. 인간의 열정(passion)을 정통한 주제로 받아들이는 미국 최초의 여류작가이다. 다시 말하면, 삶을 확인하려는 여성의 강한 충동과 성욕을 탈도덕적(amoral)으로 다룬 선봉자이다.

성(性)에 대한 대담한 사상은 주목할 만하다. 그녀의 작품 세계에서 성은 건전하고 강력한 생명력을 주는 Walt Whitman 내지는 D. H. Lawrence적 희열을 갖고 있는 것이다. Chopin의 Realism은 사상적으로 창조적이고, 기교면에서 modernistic하여 영속적인 예술적 가치를 지닌다.

Chopin은 현대문학의 과도기적 작가로 미국문학에 있어 모든 도덕적 선입견으로부터 다양한 진실과 자유를 짧은 작가생활을 통해 간파하려 했다.

〈작품세계〉

20세기 후반에 들어와 재발견된 Kate Chopin(1851~1904)은 개인과 사회, 자연과 문명과의 갈등을 묘사하고 있다. Chopin은 폐쇄된 남부사회에서 고독하게 시대에 앞서 살아간 사실주의 여류작가로 그녀의 관심사는 항상 인간, 특히 여성에 있으며, 여성의 모든 처지와 인간의 조건들을 제시해 주고 있다.

여성의 정욕적인 천성을 타고난 자아와 결혼이라는 사회와의 관계에서 인간여성의 정신적 격동의 베일을 벗겨주고 있다. Chopin의 시나 단편, 장편소설에 있어서 중심 주제는 여성의 심각한 자기 성찰과 각성, 개체(individual)로서 인간의 자유에 대한 예찬을 나타내고 있다. 여성의 처지와 인간의 조건들을 꾸준히 제시해 주고 있는 점은 프랑스 작가 George Sand나 Simone de Beauvoir와 일맥상통한다고 본다. 작가일 뿐만 아니라 철학자이기도 한 Simone de Beauvoir는 여성의 개념을 분석하기를 “여성은 여자로 태어나는 것이 아니라 여자로 되는 것이다”라고 피력해 주고 있듯이 이는 Chopin과 공감이 가는 개념이다.

19세기말 미국 사회는 산업화 내지는 도시화로 전통적인 생활 방식이 크게 변화하기 시작했으며, Darwinism의 영향으로 성서에 대한 비판이 일게되어 인간 생명의 기원 및 운명에 대한 종래의 전통적 사고 방식이 흔들리기 시작하였다. 더욱이 개방되지 않은 남부 사회에서 작품 활동을 한 Chopin은 당시 사회가 관용이 부족하고 진정한 예술을 이해하지 못함을 개탄하고 사회에 대하여 회의와 냉소, 비웃음으로 냉담하게 대하게 되었다.

Chopin의 대표작 *The Awakening*이 출판되었을 때 독자들에게 극적으로 수용되어 높이 평가되자 그 당시 Victorianism의 사회적

인습과 편견으로 한편에선 풍속문란이나 종교 도덕을 침해하는 내용으로 간주하여 출판금지 당함은 물론 부당하게도 St. Louis 예술가 협회의 명단에서 작가의 이름이 삭제되었고 그녀가 세상을 떠난 후 60여 년이 지나 20세기 후반에 들어서야 재평가를 받게 된 것이다. 60년대 초반에는 주로 새로운 여권 신장적 비평의 여파로서 Chopin은 여성권익(女性權益)의 초기 주창자로서 예찬되기도 했다. 19세기는 물론 20세기 여권 신장론자의 목표인 여성의 심리적, 육체적, 사회적 그리고 성적 해방의 욕구를 묘사해주기 때문에 독자를 감동시킨다. 그러나 Chopin은 여권 신장론자도 아니었고 이 작품 또한 좁은 의미의 정치적인 소설도 아니다. 이 소설이 나타냈던 정치적, 사회적 배경을 이해하는 것은 중요하며, 신여성에 대한 관심이 고조되었던 시기에 결혼한 여인의 개인적인 자유 추구의 결과를 파헤친 데서 그 당시 청교도적 도덕성에 비추어 볼 때 큰 반발을 불러 일으킨 것은 당연하다 하겠다.

'60년대 후반부터 Chopin에 대하여 문학 비평가들은 다채로운 평을 가하고 있다. 1956년 Kenneth Eble은 그녀의 대표작 *The Awakening*을 미국판 *Madame Bovary*라고 평하면서 희랍 희곡의 *Hippolytus*에서 유사점을 찾고 있으며, Edmund Wilson은 *Patriotic Gore*(1966)에서 부정(不貞)을 다룸에 있어 D. H. Lawrence를 예견하였다"고 평했으며, Warner Berthoff는 *The Ferment of Realism*(1965)에서 *Anna Karenina*를 암시한다고 보았고, Larzer Ziff는 *The American 1889's*(1966)에서, 그리고 Stanley Kauffman은 그의 서평에서 *Madame Bovary*를 암시한다고들 평한다.

Chopin에 대한 연구는 1932년 Daniel Rankin이 University of Pennsylvania에 박사학위 논문으로 제출한 *Kate Chopin and Her Creole Stories*가 책으로 출판되면서부터 시작된다고 할 수 있겠다.

그 후 1953년 University of Lyon의 미국문학 교수인 Cyrille Anavon이 *Edna*라는 title로 *The Awakening*의 불어판을 발간하였고, 1959년 Anavon 교수가 Harvard 대학의 연구 교수로 체류하

면서 Chopin을 소개함으로써 연구에 박차를 가하게 되었다. Harvard에서 만난 놀웨이의 문학평론가이며 University of Oslo의 미국문학연구소 소장인 Per Seyersted 교수는 이에 자극을 받아 1969년 Chopin 전집을 발간함으로써 그녀의 모든 작품이 세상에 빛을 보게 되었다. 그 후 그녀에 관한 많은 새로운 연구가 계속 진행되고 있다. 이 작품이 지금은 미국 여러 대학에서 여성학과 문학 수업의 교과서로 쓰이며 20세기 초에 쓰여진 고전 중의 하나라고까지 평하고 있다.

Chopin의 작품들은 다양하다.—두 편의 장편 소설과 100여 편의 단편소설, 20여수의 시와 10여 편의 수필 그리고 몇편의 희곡 등 상이한 표현방법을 가진 다면적인 작가이다. 그녀의 작품세계는 여성의 자아추구라는 중심 주제를 맴돌면서 몇 개의 부주제들로 구현되고 있다.—남성의 소유욕에 대항하여 남성세계로부터 독립하려는 욕구, 천부적으로 타고난 여성의 관능적인 욕망이나 열정이 사회적 인습과의 갈등, 추상적인 도덕적 개념과 자연의 일부로서 인간본성의 진실 사이에 갈등, 성욕의 긍정과 억압된 욕망 그리고 종교적인 신성함과 관능의 세계 사이에 갈등을 포함하고 있다.

At Fault

1890년 4월 20일 탈고하여 그 해 9월 St. Louis에 있는 Nixon and Jones 출판사에 의해 출판되었다.

첫번째 장편소설로서 미숙한 점은 있으나 Chopin의 대표작인 *The Awakening*을 예시해주는 작품이다. 여성의 감각적이며 심미적인 각성이 자아 성취와 여성의 identity를 찾는 데 초점을 맞추고 있다.

이 이야기는 남부 Louisiana의 거대한 농장을 배경으로 하여 삶의 기본 조건이 무엇인지를 제시해 준다.

한 여성이 경제적으로 자립함으로써 사회적 지위를 구축하고, 진정한 생명력을 소유한 자유로운 존재로 있기를 열망하지만 모든 가치의 기준이 되어온 전통과 도덕 관념에 얽매어 격심한 심리적 갈등을 겪는다. 그녀는 각성된 의식으로 외적 환경의 변화에 따라 내적 변화를 일으켜 기존 사회의 압력으로 인간 욕망의 불길을 끌 수 없음을 깨달은 후 그녀는 진정한 사랑을 받아들임으로 자아실현을 꾀한다.

Chopin이 결혼과 사랑의 문제, 자유와 자아실현의 문제를 다루는 데에 등장 인물들과 사건들 그리고 상징적 이미지가 통일된 전체를 이루는 데 기여하고 있다. Flood, Fire, 철도 건설 등의 이미지를 이용하여 과거의 인습이나 전통의 소멸, 북부 산업문화가 남부의 자연 파괴 및 공업화에 항거함을 극적으로 표현 융합하고 있다.

주인공 Thérèse와 함께 minor 여성 인물들은 “Woman's place is home.”이라는 낡은 사상의 모순을 깨닫고 다른 가능한 역할을 이해하도록 전개한다.

Chopin은 이 작품에서 여성의 자아의식은 여성의 위치를 충족시키기 위하여 생물학적으로 또한 경제적 필요성으로부터 자유롭게 될 때만 가능하다고 피력해주고 있다.

Bayou Folk

1894년 2월 Boston에 있는 Houghton Mifflin출판사에 의해 발간된 단편 모음 제1집으로 Creole과 Acadian들에 관한 이야기 23편이 실려 있다.

그 당시 *The Nation*지와 *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*지로부터 작가의 탁월한 솜씨에 대한 서평과 함께 성공적으로 수용되었다. 19세기 후반에는 미국문학에서 local color를 띤 지방색 작품들이 많이 등장하였다.

*Bayou Folk*에서는 남성의 소유욕에 대항하여 독립된 개체로 존재하려는 여성의 욕구가 남성 지배주의 세대와 갈등을 일으킨다.

Chopin은 여성에게 모성과 아내의 두 입장 사이에서 사회적인 역할을 할 것을 권장하고 있는 것으로 보인다. 주로 남부 Louisiana의 Natchitoches 지방을 배경으로 한 많은 작품에서 여성은 두 가지 역할을 강요당한 스스로의 위치를 깨달은 후에도 가정의 울타리 너머로 도약할 수가 없다. 그 결과 여성이 자기 자신의 삶을 영위하려는 자유 의지를 발휘하지 못하고 남에게 예속되는 남성의 소유물이 되고 만다. 남성의 여성 소유는 사회적 인습에 의해 정당시 되고 있으며, 여성은 그 인습을 따를 의무만 있는 것으로 묘사된다.

인습과 기존 도덕률만을 따르는 여자는 진정한 자기실현을 성취할 수 없고 이에 저항하여 자기 의지를 발휘하는 여자는 급기야 여성 본연의 생명력을 되찾아 자유롭게 된다. 그러나 Chopin의 그러한 주체의식에도 불구하고 초기 작품에서는 지나치게 지방색과 감상주의에 기울어진 아쉬움이 있다.

여기에 실려 있는 단편소설들을 네 부류로 대별할 수 있다. 첫째, 미국의 남북전쟁과 그로 인해 identity와 innocence를 잃게 되는 전후 영향에 관한 이야기.

둘째, 인종 혼혈과 남부 귀족 사회의 신분제도에 관한 이야기. 셋째, 남녀의 사랑을 다룬 이야기. 그리고 넷째, 그밖에 주로 결혼과 모성을 통한 여성의 성숙함과 남성의 예속 상태에서 자립을 꾀하는 중심인물 묘사에 치중한 이야기들로 구분할 수 있다.

이 가운데 가장 잘 알려진 이야기, “*Désirées Baby*”(1893)에서는 여성의 자아추구와 identity를 설명하기 위해서 은유적으로 남부 귀족사회의 신분제도뿐만 아니라 남성의 본능적인 소유욕에 항거하는 여성의 dilemma를 다루고 있어 시공을 초월하여 universal한 주제를 제시해 준다고 보겠다.

A Night in Acadie

Chopin 작품세계의 주축을 이루는 두번째 단편집으로 Way &

Williams 출판사에 의해 Chicago에서 1897년 발간되었다.

사랑과 모성이 그 중심 주제로 부각된다. 이 두 가지는 여성의 자아추구와 서로 모순적인 것으로 드러난다.

대표적인 두 단편을 살펴보면, “Athenaise”(1895)에서 여성의 성숙성이란 결혼과 더불어 성적 욕망의 두려움을 극복하고 아내와 모성의 이중적 역할에 적응할 수 있는 능력으로 정의된다.

“A Respectable Woman”(1894)에서는 한 정숙한 부인이 인내와 자제심을 발휘하여 사랑에 빠질 위기를 일단 넘겼으나 어떤 동기로 사랑을 통한 여성의 자아추구를 긍정적으로 받아들이게 된다. 여기서는 지적이며 심리적 요소가 우세하고 한편 대답하면서도 사실적인 묘사가 두드러지게 나타난다.

이와 같이 독립된 개체로서의 한 인간 여성이 자유의지에 따라 살고자 하는 욕구가 모성이라는 기본적 요소와 상치되는데서 갈등과 좌절감을 갖게 된다고 피력해 주고 있다. 이 점은 현대 여성의 dilemma와 공감되기도 한다.

A Vocation and a Voice

이 세번째 단편 모음집은 1904년 작가가 세상을 떠난 해에 발간된 것으로 기록되어 있다.

Kate Chopin의 Critical Biography에서 저자 Per Seyersted는 이 단편집의 출판에 관해 다음과 같이 언급하고 있다.

A Vocation and a Voice had been accepted by Way and Williams of Chicago in 1889, and transferred to Herbert & Stone and Co. of Chicago in November, 1889, and then returned in February of 1900 with no explanation. On August 22, 1904, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* wrote “The announcement was made some time ago that another volume of short stories was to be issued this year.”

(see Seyersted, *Critical Biography*, p. 226)

이 단편집의 발간이 지연된 이유를 Daniel Rankin은 이렇게 설명하고 있다. “Perhaps the bitter reception given *The Awakening*, though the novel sold well, intimidated the publishers.” *The Awakening*의 출판이 물의를 일으킨 데 대하여 출판업자들이 같은 저자의 다른 단편집의 발간을 꺼려한 탓일 것이다. 이러한 두번째 실망은 Chopin으로 하여금 창작의욕과 용기를 잃게 했다.

여기에 수록된 22편의 단편들은 대부분이 천부적으로 타고난 여성의 관능적인 욕망을 자연의 일부인 인간 본성의 실재로 보고 있다. 도덕이란 인간이 만들어 놓은 상대적 가치임에 반하여 자연은 탈 도덕적인 것으로 시간과 공간을 초월하여 인간은 자연 발생적인 불변의 욕망에 지배되지 않을 수 없다는 것이 작가의 견해이다.

Chopin은 자연스러운 성적인 욕망을 긍정적으로 받아들이고, 종교의 정신세계와 관능의 세계 사이에서 일어나는 갈등을 깊은 통찰력으로 표출해 준다.

Title story인 “A Vocation and a Voice”(1896)에서는 인간 만인으로 통할 수 있는 이름없는 한 소년의 성인 세계로의 입문에 관한 것으로 인간 심리의 변화를 꾸밈없이 자연스럽게 전개하면서 인간의 본성을 섬세하면서도 날카롭게 묘사해 주고 있다.

Homeless, loveless, selfless한 상태에서 한 소년이 자신의 정체(identity)를 찾게되는 과정이다. 종교적인 삶, 즉 수도사적인 삶과 육체적인 삶, 그리고 그 사이의 매개체가 되는 모든 인습과 전통에서 자유롭게 된 집시 생활에서 적나라한 인간의 참 모습을 보여주고 있다.

이야기는 도시의 한 Slum가에 사는 고아 소년이 심부름을 나왔다가 길을 잃고 헤매던 중 집시 여인 Suzima를 위기에서 구해주고 그녀에게서 sympathy를 느끼며 동행하기로 결심한다. 이때 Suzima의 남자인 Gutro와도 아무 충돌없이 합류된다. 자연과 인

간 그리고 동물 사이에 조화를 이루면서 그들의 방랑생활은 시작된다. 겨울을 맞아 얼마간 오두막집에 정착하게 되고, 이때 소년은 마을에 나갔다가 성당의 사제를 만나 미사드리는 일을 돕게 된다. 봄이 되자 다시 방랑생활을 계속하게 되면서 사제와 작별을 하게 되고 집시 여인은 노골적으로 대담하게 소년에게 접근하여 깊은 관계를 갖게되며 동시에 소년 자신도 안팎으로 크게 변화되어감을 의식하게 된다.

어느날 Gutro와의 격투에서 소년은 인간 내심에 자리잡고 있는 악의 존재를 인지하고 인간의 무지와 무력함을 느껴 신앙의 힘을 구하게 된다. 이후로 소년은 집시의 방랑생활을 떠나 종교에 귀의하여 Brother Ludvic으로 변신한다. 세상의 유혹을 신앙의 힘으로 물리치려고 노력하면서 혼자의 힘으로 돌벽을 쌓아 “Refuge”를 세운다.

Brother Ludvic은 인생의 목표도 있고 행복한 모습을 하고 있지만 한 순간 돌벽 아래를 지나가는 집시 여인의 유혹의 음성을 듣게되자 충동을 억누르지 못하고 결국 돌벽 위에서 뛰어내려 여인의 음성을 따르게 된다. 깊은 감명과 안타까움을 느끼게하는 이 이야기는 주인공 소년인 “the boy”가 남이 아닌 바로 우리 자신인 동시에 우리의 본성이기 때문일 것이다.

Brother Ludvic에게 종교는 refuge인 동시에 prison이었다. 자유로워지고 자신을 재 고찰하기에 앞서 그는 자신을 억제하고 구속했다. 이러한 자기억제가 그 한계점에 이르렀을 때 그는 갑자기 깨닫게 된 자신의 순수한 모습을 감당할 수 없게 된 것이다.

우리 자신인 것으로 투영된 한 소년이 금욕주의의 수도사적인 삶과 육체의 본능에 의한 삶 사이에서 강렬한 심리적 갈등을 일으키다가 결국 자연의 소리에 귀를 기울이게 된다는 것이다.

여기서 a vocation은 the power of religious consciousness를, a voice는 the strength of sexual attraction을 구현해 주고 있다.

이 단편 모음집에서 인간의 양면성을 심리적인 차원에서 다루고 있는 “Lilacs”(1896)와 “Two Portraits”(1895)를 살펴보면 전자에서는 인간에게 종교의 정신적 요소와 관능적인 것 두 요소가 다 내재해 있으며, 동시에 실제 삶에서 요구되는 것임을 보여준다.

이야기는 Paris에서 남편을 여의고 혼자 살면서 세속적인 화려한 삶을 영위하는 주인공 Adrienne은 Opera Singer로 여성의 관능적인 욕망과 종교의 정신적 세계 사이의 깊은 갈등 속에서, 결국 인간이 그 중 한 세계를 동경하면서 고통을 겪게 마련이라는 것을 보여준다. 본능의 충동에 따라 자유롭게 행사하는 화려한 Paris의 삶과 본능을 억제한 단조로운 수녀원 수녀들의 삶을 밀도 있게 그려주고 있다.

이와 같은 맥락의 주제를 “Two Portraits”에서 보다 더 심리적으로 다루고 있다. 인간으로서 여성의 양면성을 “The Wonton”의 세계와 “The Nun”의 세계의 모습으로 집약해서 표출해 준다.

1898년 이른 여름에 Chopin은 더욱 대담한 Touch로 “At the 'Cadian Ball'”(1892)의 속편이라고 부제를 붙인 “The Storm”을 썼다. 아마 이 작품 후로는 절필한 것으로 되어 있다.

“Cadian Ball”에서 강한 사랑의 열정을 품었던 Calixta와 Alcée가 “The Storm”에서 이들은 사회적 속박을 벗어나 생명력이 넘치는 육체를 통해 이성간의 진정한 결합을 이룬다. Calixta는 헌신적인 남편 Bobinôt와 4살짜리 아이 Babi를 갖고 있으며, Alcée는 사랑스런 아내 Clarisse가 모처럼 친정에서 아이들과 즐거운 한 때를 보내고 있었다.

여기서 Calixta와 Alcée는 가정이란 사회적 굴레에서 벗어나 자연인으로 본능에 충실하려는 개인들로 묘사된다.

1970년 10월 9일자 *Times Literary Supplement*(타임즈 문학부록)에서 “잊혀진 남부 소설가 Kate Chopin”이란 표제로 인간의 열정을 다룬 “A Respectable Woman”은 Sherwood Anderson을, “The

Storm”은 D. H. Lawrence를 연상케 하며 Lawrence보다 앞서 성(sex)의 문제를 심리적으로 다룬 점에서 현대소설의 선구적이라고 시사해주고 있다.

The Awakening

Chopin의 대표작으로 1899년 Chicago의 Hert S. Stone & Co. 출판사에서 발간되었다. 작가는 처음에 이 소설을 “A Solitary Soul”이라고 명명할 의도였다.

이 소설은 1956년 Kenneth Eble에 의해서 재발견되었고, 주로 1960년대에 여성해방의 여파로 부당하게도 여권신장론자로 이해되기도 했다. 오래동안 잊혀져 있던 *The Awakening*은 Edmund Wilson이 *Patriotic Gore*(1962)에서 “quite unhibited and beautifully written”이라고 지적함으로써 잊혀졌던 것이 부당하다고 주장하면서 보다 많은 독자에게 소개되었다.

1907年 The university of Virginia의 Leonidas Rutledge Whipple교수는 이 소설이 그 당시 부당하게 출판 금지당함으로써 작가의 창작활동과 생애에 치명적인 것이었다고 주장하는 내용의 글을 *The Library of Southern Literature*에다 다음과 같이 기고했다.

The unfriendly reception given *The Awakening* by certain narrow-minded critics stuck deep at the author's ear, even killing her desire to write so that from about 1899 until her death in St. Louis, August, 1904, she produced nothing more.

(See Rankin, *Kate Chopin and Her Creole Stories*, p. 185)

또한 Fred Lewis Pattee교수도 *American Literature Since 1870*에서 다음과 같이 되풀이해 주고 있다.

“...five years before her death, discouraged by the reception of

her novel *The Awakening*, Kate Chopin became silent.” (See Pattee, *American Literature Since, 1870*, New York, 1915, p. 364)

Chopin을 단순한 Storyteller로 보지않고 탁월한 창작적 기교를 지닌 소설가로 보는 입장에서 심리적 기교의 일단을 구명해보자.

미국 문학에 있어서 Psychological Realism의 선구자적인¹⁾ Kate Chopin의 대표작 *The Awakening*에 나타난 상징이나 심리적 이미지가 이 소설의 구성, 주제, 그리고 효과와 어떻게 연관성을 갖고 있는가를 살펴본다. 또한 이 작품에 나타난 자연을 통한 객관적 묘사가 인간의식의 심층구조를 정서적으로 어떻게 반영해 주고 있는가를 검토한다.

Chopin은 심리적 성격묘사 특히 자연의 묘사와 인물의 감정을 균형있게 조화시킴으로써 이른바 T. S. Eliot의 객관적 상관물(Objective Correlative)의 이미지를 통해 작품의 수준을 고양시키고 있다. 상징적 이미지의 사용은 산문의 복잡성을 피해 문장의 시적 구성을 이루고 있다.

상징적 이미지의 효과는 인물의 대화나 작가의 심리분석 보다 더 많은 것을 전달해 주며 예술적 정서를 준다. 이 작품을 통해 Chopin은 인간의 탈도덕적(amoral)인 본능을 들어냄과 동시에 인간의 의식 속에 찰나적으로 스쳐지나가는 감정을 바로 그 지나는 순간에 포착하여 표현하는데 이미지와 상징을 사용하였다. 이처럼 Chopin은 자기의 주제를 표현하는데 상징이라는 심리적 기교의 전형적인 시적 수법을 사용하고 있다.

이야기의 줄거리는 부유한 Creoles들이 흔히 가는 피서지, Grand Isle을 배경으로 두 아이의 어머니인 28세의 Edna Pontellier라는 젊은 부인의 각성을 보여주는 이야기다.

1) Robert Fulton Richards, “Chopin, Kate(O’Flaherty)” in *Concise Dictionary of American Literature*(New York : Philosophical Library ; 1955), p. 29.

주인공 Edna는 “mother woman”의 역할만으로는 여성의 본질적인 자아를 충족할 수 없다는 것을 점차 깨닫는다. 그녀는 젊은 Robert를 통해서 자신의 낭만적이며 열정적인 동경을 충족하려고 한다. 그러나 Robert는 지나칠 정도로 신중하여 이런 관계를 피해서 Mexico로 떠난다. 그러자 Edna는 Arobin의 접근을 허용하면서 남편의 집을 떠난다. 이 때에 경제적으로 자립하면서 인습적인 책임에 대한 반항이 발산된다. Arobin을 사랑하지는 않지만 그의 대담한 접근으로 인하여 그와의 명백한 성관계에 빠진다. Robert가 Mexico에서 돌아오자 Edna는 애정을 고백한다. 이때에 그녀는 낭만적인 감상보다는 독립적인 자아를 앞세운다. 그러나 끝내 Robert는 사랑하기 때문에 응하지 못한다는 쪽지를 남기고 떠나 버린다. Edna는 몹시 실망하여 그들의 애정이 싹튼 피저시로 가서 자살의 의도를 남기지 않은채 멀리 바닷물로 헤엄쳐 나아가 죽는다.

작가는 사회적 관습, 인습적 도덕률, 가정적 책임 등에 의해서 부정될 수 없는 Edna의 열정적인 자아의 출현을 그의 성격묘사를 중심으로 극적으로 전달해 준다. 도덕적 범주를 이탈한 무자비성은 자아를 충족하려는 Edna의 열정적 본성의 충동을 그대로 잘 보여준다.

여성의 관능성을 오묘하게 심리적으로 다루려 했고, 결국 작가는 여성의 정욕적 천성과 자아, 결혼 및 사회와의 관계에서 인간의 basic need인 Identity, Love 그리고 Selfhood를 충족하려는 그 시대의 신여성상을 보여주고 있다.

다시 말해서 이 작품에서 작가는 한 여성이 자연과 문명의 원초적 대립관계에서 자기세계를 이해하며, 자기완성을 향해 분투하는 모습을 묘사했다.

작가로서의 습작 시대를 지나 성숙기에 이르렀을 때 쓴 *The Awakening*에서는 그녀의 초기 작품들에서 맛볼 수 없는 심오함과 세련미를 느끼게 된다.

기교적인 면에서 그녀의 특이한 message 전달을 위한 심리적 상징들을 나름대로 확고한 방법으로 쓰고 있다. inner awareness에 관심을 가진 Virginia Woolf와 마찬가지로 “subtle insight”에 더 많은 관심을 갖고 끝없이 흔들리는 인간의 심리 현상을 암시적인 방법으로 전달한다.

Chopin의 “natural correlative”는 T. S. Eliot이 내세운 인간의 심리 내지 정서가 문학 작품의 “external facts”로 가장 잘 묘사된다고 믿었던 것처럼 natural objects가 인간의 정신적 정서상태를 상징적으로 잘 전달해 준다는 것이다. 이를테면 제3장의 setting이 되는 Gulf coast의 night에서 밤의 묘사가 주인공 Edna의 동요하는 내부세계(inner world)의 초기 단계를 나타내주고 있다.

An indescribable oppression, which seemed to generate in some unfamiliar part of her consciousness, filled her whole being with a vague anguish. It was like a shadow, like a mist passing across her soul's summer day. It was strange and unfamiliar ; it was a mood. (II . p. 886)

밤이 조용하고 비활동적이나 바다의 음성을 들을 수 있고, 그 소리는 끝없이 Edna의 내재해 있는 잠재의식을 일깨워준다. *The Awakening*의 핵심은 Edna의 성격 묘사에 있다. 39장 종장을 제외하고 38장까지 Edna가 각성하는 중심 요소를 단계적으로 자연을 통해 상징의 수법으로 심리묘사를 훌륭하게 해주고 있다.

인간 여성으로서의 개인의 자아추구라는 이 소설의 주제에 일관하여 사용된 주요한 이미지를 찾아 구명해보자. 먼저 물과 바다, 음악 그리고 새 등의 이미지가 Edna의 각성을 나타내주는 중심 Pattern으로 엮여지고 있다. 그 밖에도 말(horses), 꽃과 향기, 태양과 바람, 진흙(mud and slime) 등의 symbol이나 이미지의 연상들이 모두 합세해서 실제로 발생하는 사건들과 미묘하게 변화

를 일으키는 심리, 그 이상의 의미를 전달해 준다.

Chopin은 Shelley나 Hawthorne, Poe, Emerson, Whitman 그리고 Melville처럼 자연(nature)이 실제로 감지력을 갖고 있다고 느끼거나 적어도 인간의 정신(지각력)과 영혼에 밀접한 관계를 갖고 있는 것으로 이해하고 받아들였다.

○ 물과 바다(water and the sea)

Life force를 주는 동시에 death를 암시해주며 sexual and spiritual freedom을 구현해준다. 이 소설의 앞과 뒷부분에 마치 노래의 후렴처럼 반복해서 삽입된 영혼에게 말해주는 바다의 음성이 작품 전체에 깔려 있는 중심 이미지라 하겠다. 바다의 이미지는 Chopin에게는 끊이지 않는 생명력 넘치는 삶의 흐름, 다시 말해서 삶의 신비를 표현할 수 있는 완벽한 도구인 것이다. 삶의 복잡 미묘한 관계를 나타내기 위해 물의 ambivalent image를 이용하고 있다. 이런 이미지는 인생의 모순들을 다 포용할 수 있을 만큼 그것이 암시하는 의미가 신장될 수 있는 것이다.

Robert Arner는 바다의 촉감과 낮은 음성의 속삭임 그리고 향기가 Edna의 잠자고 있는 원초적인 sensuality를 일깨워준다고 이렇게 설명하고 있다.

The sea stirs in Edna an uneasy awareness of the darkest, most primitive and animalistic parts of her being, parts which her Presbyterianism and several thousand years of culture and tradition had buried alive.

Joan Zlotnick은 *The Markham Review*지에서 이 소설의 중심 Setting을 이루고 있는 바다에 관해서 말하기를 “바다의 능력은 Edna에게 동시에 존재하는 육체적 정신적 만족”을 나타내 주는 것이라고 지적해 주고 있다. 또한 Per Seyersted는 Edna의 각성하

는 발전 과정에서 바다와 다른 상징들이 그녀의 현실과 이상의 두 세계를 서로 보강하고 서로 설명하도록 만들어지는 것이 작가의 기법상의 뛰어난 점이라고 피력해 주고 있다.

이처럼 바다는 최초로 Edna에게 그녀 자신과 그의 인간 조건을 생각하도록 더해 주었다. 이것은 Melville처럼 “meditation and water are wedded forever.”하다는 것을 작가도 감지하고 있었으리라. 독자는 종종 Edna가 바다의 환상에 사로잡혀 있다는 것을 알 수 있다.

Edna는 평범하고 진부한 것 이상으로 오르기 원했다. 물이 그녀의 영혼을 보다 더 높은 정신적 vision의 영역으로 오르도록 권유한다. Edna의 심리적 움직임의 변화는 그녀가 각성함으로써 이 세상에서 인간으로서 자기의 위치를 깨닫게 된다. 보통 여성에게 허용되어 있는 그 이상의 자기 존재의 의미를 희미하게 느끼기 시작한다.

그녀 주위와 그녀 내부의 세계와의 개인으로서의 관계를 깨닫기 시작하면서 무한한 것과 유대를 가져 완전히 충족하려는 Edna의 환상은 대부분의 인간의 공통심리로서 이 작품에다 소설적인 힘을 더해주고 있다. 충족하려는 동경심과 자기의 정체성을 정의하려는 Edna의 심리를 직관적으로 이해하고 있는 듯이 보인다.

...the beginning of things, of a world especially, is necessarily vague, tangled, chaotic, and exceedingly disturbing. How few of us ever emerge from such beginning! How many souls perish in its tumult / (II p. 893)

여기에서 한 인간의 소유주가 시작되는 때는 혼돈과 불안과 막연함이 따르는 것이 필연적이며, 최초의 혼돈을 극복하지 못하고 그 소용돌이 속에서 좌절하고 마는 인간이 얼마나 많은가를 시사해 주고 있다. 이처럼 Edna는 우주 속에서의 자신의 위치와 자신

의 존재에 대한 깨달음에 근거하여 자신의 삶의 외적 조건을 변화시킨다.

Edna는 자기의 세계를 깨닫기 시작하면서 그녀의 성적 욕망을 밀도있게 은유로서 다음과 같이 반복하여 나타내준다.

The voice of the sea is seductive ; near ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander for a spell in abysses of solitude ; to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation.

The voice of the sea speaks to the soul. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace. (II . p. 893)

여기서 바다는 성적 욕망 그 자체를 나타내는 상징이 된다. —바다의 음성은 영혼에게 말하고 바다의 감촉은 육감적이어서 그 부드럽고 세찬 포용으로 육체를 감싼다. 이때에 그녀는 만 (gulf)을 비치는 달빛을 볼 수 있고, 남풍의 부드럽고 센 바람을 느낄 수 있다. 여기에 자연의 상징들, 달빛이며 부드러운 바람 등이 서로 harmony를 이루면서 그녀의 원초적인 자아를 표출해 주고 있다. 이처럼 Edna는 관능적인 여인으로, 그리고 원초적인 생명력에 새롭게 눈뜨게 된다.

위에서 살펴본 바와 같이 작품 전체에 중심 배경을 이루고 있는 바다의 이미지는 “giver and taker of life”를 상징해주며, Edna의 시시각각으로 변화하는 심리를 마치 밀물과 썰물처럼 표현해 주고 있다.

Gaston Bachelard에 의하면 물의 이미지는 인간이 직접 물과 접촉을 가짐으로 근원적으로 어떤 관능미를 느낄 수 있으며, 한편 존재의 깊고 어두운 심연, 즉 죽음에 대한 이미지를 갖는다.

Lewis Learly는 “the everlasting voice of the sea”가 Whitman의 “Out of the Cradle, Endlessly Rocking”에 나오는 뇌리를 떠나지 않는 죽음의 속삭임을 상기시켜 준다고 지적하고 있다. 이런 관점에

서 볼 때 이 소설의 종말에 가서 Edna의 죽음을 예시해 주고 있는 것으로 볼 수 있겠다.

○ 음 악(music)

영혼의 문제와 깊은 관계가 있는 이미지라 할 수 있겠다. 제9장에서 나타난 음악의 효과는 주인공의 future action을 예시해 준다.

Madame Ratignolle의 연주곡을 Edna는 “Solitude”라고 이름지었다. 그것은 짧고 애절한 소곡이었고, 그 곡을 들으면서 그녀의 상상력 속에 해변 위 황량한 바위옆에 서 있는 남자의 모습이 떠올랐다. 그는 옷을 다 벗은채였고, 그로부터 날개를 펴리며 멀리 날아가 버리는 새 한 마리를 바라보는 그의 모습은 절망적인 체념의 모습이었다.

구체적인 모습들이 그녀의 상상력에 번쩍이었고 그것들을 나타내는 걱정, 그 자체가 그녀의 영혼을 일깨워 주었다. 마치 아름다운 몸을 철썩이는 파도처럼 그녀의 영혼을 때렸다. 어떤 비평가는 여기서 nakedness, solitude, resignation, 그리고 bird가 Edna의 죽음을 암시해주며, 죽음은 또한 새로운 생명의 탄생을 약속해 준다고 설명하기도 한다.

Edna는 자신의 원초적 욕망을 갖고 있다는 것을 알게 되면서 동시에 낭만적 기질이 있는 것을 발견한다.

Edna는 영속적인 성취감과 즐거움을 찾을 수 있는 무한한 가능성과 자유를 소유한 한 개인으로서 이상적인 세계에서 살기 원하는 여인이다.

Mademoiselle Reisz가 연주하는 쇼팽의 ‘즉흥 환상곡’의 부드러운 서곡을 들으면서 Edna는 영혼에 와닿는 예리한 갈망이 북받쳐 올랐다. Edna는 Grand Isle에서의 어느날 밤 낮설고 새로운 바다의 음성으로 그녀의 욕망을 인식하는 순간 육체의 새로운 생명을 자각하게 되고 정신적 자각을 경험하게 된 것처럼 부드러운 음악 소리에 격동치듯 영혼의 일깨움을 체험케 된다. 이것이 소설의 중

심 주제와 조화를 이루면서 물의 이미지와 함께 Edna 의식의 심층구조를 정서적으로 표출해 주고 있다.

○ 새(birds)

“새”도 다른 상징적 이미지와 마찬가지로 이 작품 전체를 일관하여 나타나 나뉘대로의 중요한 상징적 의미를 갖는다.

Joan Zlotnick은 *The Markham Review*지에 발표한 그의 논문, “A Woman’s Will : Kate Chopin on Selfhood, Wifehood and Motherhood”에서 *The Awakening*을 평안한 새장을 탈출하여 자유를 택해 도망나간 한 마리 새에 대한 단편 “A Life Fable”(I. 37~38)의 완성된 poetic version이라고 지적해 주고 있다. Edna는 남편과 아이들, 그리고 화요일 마다의 손님 접대 등 크레올 문화로 묘사될 수 있는 새장에 갇힌 한 마리 새에 비유된다는 것이다.

이 소설이 시작되는 첫 문장에서 문밖에 걸려 있는 새장에 갇힌 앵무새의 출현은 주목할 만하다. 이것은 작품전체의 주제와 내용을 암시하는 상징적 prologue이다.

Robert B. Bush는 전통적으로 정신적 자유와 독립성을 날으는 새로 나타내 준 것이라고 상기시켜준다. 여기에서 Edna가 자기 실현을 경험하기 위하여 어머니며 아내의 전통적인 제한된 여자의 역할을 벗어나기를 갈망하나 자신의 감정과 사회적 가정적 두 입장 사이에서 여성의 기본적인 관능적 정신적 욕구와 독립된 자아의 추구에 자신을 순응시키지 못하는 것을 Foreshadowing으로 암시해 주고 있는 것이다. 독자는 Edna가 현실보다 대면하고 있는 그녀 자신을 예견할 수 있다.

의지가 강한 pianist인 Mademoiselle Reisz는 튼튼한 날개를 가진 새의 이미지를 통해 romantic freedom에 관해서 Edna에게 다음과 같이 충고해 준다.

The bird that would soar above the level plain of tradition and preju-

dice must have strong wings. It is a sad spectacle to see the weaklings bruised, exhausted, fluttering back to earth. (II . 966)

인습과 편견의 차원을 뛰어넘어 높게 날아갈 새는 튼튼한 날개를 가져야 하며 허약한 자들이 상처를 입고 기진맥진하여 땅 위에 퍼덕거리며 떨어지는 것을 보는 것은 슬픈일이라고 말해준다.

그녀가 죽음을 향해 바다로 헤엄쳐가기전 시야에 살아있는 것이라고는 하나도 보이지 않았고 오로지 한 마리 새였다.

All along the white beach, up and down, there was no living thing in sight. A bird with a broken wing was beating the air above, reeling, fluttering, circling disabled down, down to the water. (p. 999)*

부러진 날개를 가진 한 마리 새가 공중에서 푸드덕거리고 있었으며, 그것은 비틀거리며 퍼덕이다가 힘없이 원을 그리면서 아래 물속으로 빠졌다. 마지막 장면에서 나타난 이 새처럼 Edna는 높이 비상할 꿈을 꾸었으나 이루지 못했다.

그녀는 평생에 처음으로 광활한 천지에 태양을 받으며, 그녀를 때리는 바람을 맞으며, 그녀를 유혹하는 파도속에 알몸으로 섰을 때 그녀는 낯익은 세상에서 처음으로 눈을 뜨며 모든 것을 새로 발견하고 막 태어나는 생명처럼 느낀다.

○ 달(moon)

단편소설 “Azélie”와 “A Vocation and a Voice”에서 moon은 여인의 상징으로 그 기능을 나타내 주었으나, 이 소설에서는 그 이상의 상징적인 성질을 내포하고 있다.

달빛이 이야기에 순수하고 투명한 빛을 던져주듯이 주인공

* Seyested, ed. *The complete works of Kate Chopin*. 2 vols, Baton Rouge : Louisiana State Univ. Press, 1969, p. p. 999.

Edna에게 지혜와 선명한 깨달음을 더해준다.

제3장에서 몽롱하고 어둡던 밤이 더 이상 혼돈과 물이해의 영역이 아님을 인지할 수 있다. 또 제9장에서 Edna는 자신에 대한 무지와 인간 상실의 의미를 깨닫기 시작한다.

달이 떠오르고, 그 신비로운 반짝임이 끊임없이 움직이는 먼 바다 위로 수만개의 빛을 뿌리고 있었다는 것은 혼돈의 영역에서 깨달음의 빛이 던져지는 것을 표현해 준다.

제10장에서 Edna는 darkness가 의미하는 인간 상실에서 moonlight를 통해서 새로운 vision을 보게 된다.

Emerson이 말했듯이 moon은 “the region of absolute truth”를 상징적으로 나타내 준다. Edna는 무지와 몽롱한 상태에서 보다 깨달음이 확대되고 새로운 전망을 갖게 된다. D. H. Lawrence의 *Sons and Lovers*에서처럼 moonlight은 형체나 윤곽도 없이 처음과 나중도 없이 인간의 무한한 잠재능력의 확대를 암시해 주고 있다.

○ 꽃과 향기(flowers and fragrances)

제1장에서 Edna가 Léonce를 만나러 걸어가면서 “the stretch of yellow camomile”를 지나며 노란 카밀레 꽃향기가 그녀의 sensuality를 자극한다. 또 10장의 신비스런 달빛 아래서 수영하기 전에 Grand Isle의 원시적인 태고의 향기가 Edna를 엄습한다. 원초적인 자신의 본능적 욕망에 대한 Edna의 잠재적인 의식의 표현인듯이 보인다. Edna가 Grand Isle을 떠난 후 빈번하게 삼입되는 자스민 꽃 향기의 출현은 그녀의 감각을 일깨워 주는 상징으로 구현되고 있다.

제30장의 dinner 파티에서 자스민꽃 향기가 집에 가득차게 된다.—The heavy odor of jessamine that came through the open window.” 그 날 저녁 Edna가 Arobin이 주는 Jessamine가지를 받지 않는 것은 그녀 자신의 잠재적인 sensuality에 대한 두려움을 나타 내준다고 보겠다.

이 소설에는 도처에 Edna의 본능적인 욕망의 충족에 대한 동경심과 모든 욕망을 억압하므로 자기 자신의 identity를 정의하려는 Edna의 심리를 직관적으로 이해하고 있는 듯이 보이며, 그러한 자아가 필요로 하는 것을 대담하게 인정하고 표현을 한다.

○ 태양과 바람(sun and breeze)

“A Vocation and a Voice”, “Loka”, “A Morning Walk”, “At Chênîère Caminada” 등과 같은 단편소설들에서처럼 태양과 바람은 Edna에게 오랫동안 침잠해 있었던 sexual force를 반영해 준다.

이를테면 Edna가 Grand Isle에 있을 때 태양과 바람이 그녀의 육체적 욕망을 나타내주는 barometer와 같다.

태양과 바람이 Edna의 열정에 불을 붙였던 어느날 Robert와 함께 Chênîère Caminada로 배를 몰아간다. 이 때 그녀의 욕망의 barometer는 높이 올라가고 형용키 어려운 욕망이 전류처럼 그녀의 몸에 스며든다. 뱃놀이를 하며 갈 때 Edna는 숨겨져 있던 생명력의 꿈틀거림을 감지할 수 있었고 sun and breeze에 매료됨을 공개적으로 선언하게 된다. “the ultimate life-force”를 Edna가 상징적으로 받아들인 것이라고 지적해 준다.

○ 말(horses)

단편 “Fedora”에서처럼 말(horses)에 대한 Edna의 매력은 원초적이고 동물적 성질을 띤 것이다. Edna는 Arobin과 함께 간 경마장에서 격렬하게 흥분한다.

경기의 열광이 그녀의 두 뺨과 눈에서 불타올랐고 그것은 흥분제처럼 전염되었고, 그녀의 혈관과 두뇌 속으로 퍼졌다. Arobin이 자석처럼 Edna에게 끌리게 되는 그 흥분이 그녀의 각성된 관능을 자극하여 그녀는 참을 수 없이 격동된 동물성에 빠지고 만다.

그러나 이와 같이 자아가 해방되지만 그녀의 내재적인 자아는 만족하지 못한다. 그녀의 내성은 파괴적인 자아로서 외부세계와의

완전한 융화에 의해서만 충족될 수 있는 무한한 공허만을 느낀다. 그리고 이와 같은 총체적 융화는 자아의 파멸을 의미한다. 따라서 이 소설의 결말에서 보는 Edna의 자살을 뒷받침하는 듯이 보인다.

○ 진흙(mud and slime)

끝으로 Edna의 mud and slime에 대한 반응은 단편소설 “Vagabonds”나 “Loka”에서 상징적으로 타락을 암시해 주듯이 생명의 질은 잠재적 의식에 대한 점진적인 이해를 나타내 준다.

Edna가 Arobin과의 적나라한 성적인 관계를 갖게 되기 전, 다시 말해서 그녀의 본능을 전적으로 용납할 수 있기 전에는 “Vogabonds”에 등장하는 storekeeper처럼 원초적인 동물적 열정을 암시해주는 slime으로부터 자신을 보호한다.

Edna와 Robert를 Chênrière Caminada로 배를 저어갔던 Mariequita는 전통적인 인습으로 보아 남자들을 공공연히 희롱하는 세속적인 타락한 여자임을 감지할 수 있다. Mariequita의 긴장하고 둥근 얼굴 보다 그녀의 넘적하고 추잡한 진흙으로 뒤덮힌 맨발을 감추려들지 않는 것은 그녀가 원초적인 생명력을 갖고 사는 사람임을 암시해 주는 것이다. 이런 Mariequita를 목격했을 때 Edna는 직감적으로 이해가 되지 않았고 역겹게 생각되었다. 마침내 Edna는 Robert와 나란히 진흙길을 건너 서둘러 귀가한다. 여기서 Edna는 이제 그녀가 소유하고 있는 원초적인 본능을 각성하고 두려워하지 않는다는 것을 암시적으로 설명해 주고 있는 것이다.

이상에서 전반적으로 나타나는 상징들을 통해 내적인 욕구와 전통적 가치관 사이의 갈등을 반영해 주고 있음을 고찰했다. 이 상징들은 상호간 유기적으로 연결되어 있다는 사실을 빼놓을 수 없으며, 이 소설의 주제를 여러 각도에서 보여주고 있어 주제를 구현하고 극화하는 상징의 중요한 또 하나의 역할을 볼 수 있다.

보기에 단순하고 반복되는 듯한 다양한 상징들을 통하여 복잡한 갈등의 의미를 더욱 확대 심오하게 해주고 있다. 의식과 무의식을 결합하는 상징들의 문학적 의미와 역할을 살펴본 것이다.

Chopin은 끊임없이 우주 속에서의 개인(individual)의 문제를 다루었다. 자연과 자유가 문명과 인습 및 전통과 끊임없이 대립관계를 이루어 작중인물 스스로가 각기 주어진 시공의 테두리 안에서 진실을 확인함으로써 그 갈등의 해결을 모색한다. 이 점은 미국문학의 초기 작가에서부터 현대에 이르기까지 미국 작가들의 한 목소리가 개인과 사회와의 갈등, 즉 사회라는 거대한 질서에 희생당하는 개인을 묘사해 주고 있다는 것을 피력해 준다. 다시 말해서 자연과 문명의 대립, 즉 자연법과 사회법 사이에서 방황하는 인간들을 묘사하고 있다. 이 소설도 개인적인 욕망과 사회적 양식(pattern) 사이의 갈등에 근거를 두고 있다.

Chopin의 작품 세계에 나타난 victim으로서의 여성의 조건은 여성만의 상황으로 보지 않고, 일반화시켜 인간의 생존조건으로 확대 해석하고 있다.

이 소설의 기본 정신은 한 여성이 보다 깊은 자신의 영혼의 욕구에 눈을 뜨게 된다는 것이다. 이로 인해 자신의 삶을 이루는 구체적인 조건들을 새로운 눈으로 보게 된다. 영혼의 눈뜸이 그녀의 감각을 일깨우고, 이 세상의 빛과 소리와 향기에 눈뜨게 하고 이것이 본능의 눈뜸으로 연결된다. 그러나 Edna의 경우 본능에의 눈뜸이 사랑하는 사람에 의해 완성되지 못한다.

Chopin의 작가로서의 message란 독자들로 하여금 그녀가 뜻하는 reality에 도달하는 것을 의미한다. 이 reality란 갖가지 모순을 받아들이는 삶에서 vision을 얻는 경지에 도달하는 것이다. Chopin은 Edna의 인간으로서의 여성의 정신적 격동의 베일을 동기 유발에 대한 심리적 접근을 통해 드라마틱하게 전달해 주며, 의식의 흐름을 자연의 이미지와 symbol로 섬세하게 마치 한 폭의 깨끗한

수채화처럼 맑고 아름다운 배경과 투명한 인물 묘사로 선명한 영상을 남겨준다. 그녀는 이 작품을 통해 산문을 시의 경지로 끌어올릴 수 있는 가능성을 보여주었으며, 이 점이 바로 현대소설에 대한 그녀의 기여라고 할 수 있겠다.

The Text of

The Awakening

The Awakening -

A Solitary Soul (novel)

To Wm. Miller - Jan 21 '98

Accepted

Transferred to H.S. Stone - Nov - 98

Accepted ——— Jan - 1899

The page from a Chopin notebook where she recorded the original title of the novel, "A Solitary Soul." Used with permission of the Missouri Historical Society.

Bird's speaking.
imagery of intersection.
nature, culture
human, animal.

I

A green and yellow parrot, which hung in a cage outside the door, kept repeating over and over:

"*Allez vous-en! Allez vous-en! Sapristi!*"¹ That's all right!"

parrot &
micking-bird

He could speak a little Spanish, and also a language which nobody understood, unless it was the mocking-bird that hung on the other side of the door, whistling his fluty notes out upon the breeze with maddening persistence.

Mr. Pontellier unable to read his newspaper with any degree of comfort, arose with an expression and an exclamation of disgust. He walked down the gallery and across the narrow "bridges" which connected the Lebrun cottages one with the other. He had been seated before the door of the main house. The parrot and the mocking-bird were the property of Madame Lebrun, and they had the right to make all the noise they wished. Mr. Pontellier had the privilege of quitting their society when they ceased to be entertaining.

He stopped before the door of his own cottage, which was the fourth one from the main building and next to the last. Seating himself in a wicker rocker which was there, he once more applied himself to the task of reading the newspaper. The day was Sunday; the paper was a day old. The Sunday papers had not yet reached Grand Isle. He was already acquainted with the market reports, and he glanced restlessly over the editorials and bits of news which

1892년
Mr. Pon

* **parrot:** 첫 문장에서 문밖에 걸려 있는 새장에 갇힌 앵무새의 출현은 작품 전체의 주제와 내용을 암시하는 상징적 prologue이다. Robert B. Bush는 전통적으로 정신적 자유와 독립성을 날으는 새로 나타내 준 것이라고 상기시켜 준다. 여기서 주인공 Edna가 자기실현을 경험하기 위하여 어머니며 아내의 전통적인 제한된 여성의 역할을 벗어나기를 갈망하나 자신의 감정과 사회적 가정적 두 입장 사이에서 여성의 기본적인 관능적 정신적 욕구와 독립된 자아추구에 자신을 순응시키지 못하는 것을 Foreshadowing으로 암시해 주고 있다. Edna는 크레올 문화로 묘사될 수 있는 새장에 갇힌 한 마리 새에 비유된다.

* "**Allez vous-en!...Sapristi!**" = "Go away! Go away! For God's sake!" 「멀리가! 멀리 가라구, 제발!」

* **Grand Isle:** 19세기 말경 멕시코만과 Caminada만 사이에 위치한 New Orleans 남쪽 50마일 지점에 있는 크레올들의 휴양지로 유명한 섬. 이 섬은 19세기 초반 Laffitte의 해적본부로 이름이 났었고, 1892년 허리케인이 유홍장을 휩쓸었다. 이는 이 소설이 그 이전에 쓰여졌음을 시사한다.

장주이 정정. 사람들이 움직이지.

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he had not had time to read before quitting New Orleans the day before.

Mr. Pon
이것

Mr. Pontellier wore eye-glasses. He was a man of forty, of medium height and rather slender build; he stooped a little. His hair was brown and straight, parted on one side. His beard was neatly and closely trimmed.

영국기도-

Once in a while he withdrew his glance from the newspaper and looked about him. There was more noise than ever over at the house. The main building was called "the house," to distinguish it from the cottages. The chattering and whistling birds were still at it. Two young girls, the Farival twins, were playing a duet from "Zampa" upon the piano. Madame Lebrun was bustling in and out, giving orders in a high key to a yard-boy whenever she got inside the house, and directions in an equally high voice to a dining-room servant whenever she got outside. She was a fresh, pretty woman, clad always in white with elbow sleeves. Her starched skirts crinkled as she came and went. Farther down, before one of the cottages, a lady in black was walking demurely up and down, telling her beads. A good many persons of the pension had gone over to the Chênrière Caminada in Beaudet's lugger to hear mass. Some young people were out under the water-oaks playing croquet. Mr. Pontellier's two children were there—sturdy little fellows of four and five. A quadroon nurse followed them about with a far-away, meditative air.

이것

Mr. Pontellier finally lit a cigar and began to smoke, letting the paper drag idly from his hand. He fixed his gaze upon a white sunshade that was advancing at snail's pace from the beach. He could see it plainly between the ^{이런} gaunt trunks of the water-oaks and across the stretch of yellow camomile. The gulf looked far away, melting hazily into the blue of the horizon. The sunshade continued

* **"Zampa":** Louis Herold의 낭만적 오페라. 어느 연인의 바다에서의 죽음을 줄거리로 하고 있다.

* **A quadroon nurse:** 「흑인 피가 1/4 섞인 혼혈 보모」

* **fixed his gaze ... from the beach:** 「해변으로부터 달팽이처럼 느리게 다가 오고 있는 흰 양산에 시선을 고정시켰다」

* 「값비싼 자신의 소유물이 상처입은 것을 바라보듯 아내를 쳐다보며 덧붙였다」 남성의 소유물에 대하여 독립된 개체로 존재하려는 여성의 욕구가 갈등을 일으킨다.

바닷가 상점에서 돌아온
Pon 부인과 Robert
(Edna)

to approach slowly. Beneath its pink-lined shelter were his wife, Mrs. Pontellier, and young Robert Lebrun. When they reached the cottage, the two seated themselves with some appearance of fatigue upon the upper step of the porch, facing each other, each leaning against a supporting post.

"What folly! to bathe at such an hour in such heat!" exclaimed Mr. Pontellier. He himself had taken a plunge at daylight. That was why the morning seemed long to him.

"You are burnt beyond recognition," he added, looking at his wife as one looks at a valuable piece of personal property which has suffered some damage. She held up her hands, strong, shapely hands, and surveyed them critically, drawing up her lawn sleeves above the wrists. Looking at them reminded her of her rings, which she had given to her husband before leaving for the beach. She silently reached out to him, and he, understanding, took the rings from his vest pocket and dropped them into her open palm. She slipped them upon her fingers; then clasping her knees, she looked across at Robert and began to laugh. The rings sparkled upon her fingers. He sent back an answering smile.

"What is it?" asked Pontellier, looking lazily and amused from one to the other. It was some utter nonsense; some adventure out there in the water, and they both tried to relate it at once. It did not seem half so amusing when told. They realized this, and so did Mr. Pontellier. He yawned and stretched himself. Then he got up, saying he had half a mind to go over to Klein's hotel and play a game of billiards.

"Come go along, Lebrun," he proposed to Robert. But Robert admitted quite frankly that he preferred to stay where he was and talk to Mrs. Pontellier.

"Well, send him about his business when he bores you, Edna," instructed her husband as he prepared to leave.

* **lawn sleeve**: 「린넨이나 모슬린으로 만들어진 옷소매」

* **Klein's hotel**: 1892년 Catherine Cole이 기술한 바에 의하면 Kranz's Hotel인 듯하다.—"풀이 무성한 길을 따라 일련의 작은 농장의 집들처럼 세워진 오래된 유명한 휴양지. 한쪽 끝에 당구장이, 다른 쪽엔 식당이 있는데 파도나 바다가 보이지 않는다. 하루에 세번씩 탐의실들이 있는 바닷가로 가는 전차가 다닌다. 뾰족한 참나무 위로 섬의 중앙에 거대한 미완성 호텔의 천창들이 솟아 있다."

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“Here, take the umbrella,” she exclaimed, holding it out to him. He accepted the sunshade, and lifting it over his head descended the steps and walked away.

“Coming back to dinner?” his wife called after him. He halted a moment and shrugged his shoulders. He felt in his vest pocket; there was a ten-dollar bill there. He did not know; perhaps he would return for the early dinner and perhaps he would not. It all depended upon the company which he found over at Klein’s and the size of “the game.” He did not say this, but she understood it, and laughed, nodding good-by to him.

Both children wanted to follow their father when they saw him starting out. He kissed them and promised to bring them back bonbons and peanuts.

II

Mrs. Pontellier’s eyes were quick and bright; they were a yellowish brown, about the color of her hair. She had a way of turning them swiftly upon an object and holding them there as if lost in some inward maze of contemplation or thought.

Her eyebrows were a shade darker than her hair. They were thick and almost horizontal, emphasizing the depth of her eyes. She was rather handsome than beautiful. Her face was captivating by reason of a certain frankness of expression and a contradictory subtle play of features. Her manner was engaging.

Robert rolled a cigarette. He smoked cigarettes because he could not afford cigars, he said. He had a cigar in his pocket which Mr. Pontellier had presented him with, and he was saving it for his after-dinner smoke.

This seemed quite proper and natural on his part. In coloring he was not unlike his companion. A clean-shaved face made the resemblance more pronounced than it would otherwise have been. There rested no shadow of care upon his open countenance. His eyes gathered in and reflected the light and languor of the summer

* **Mrs. Pontellier’s eye … bright:** 「Pontellier부인의 눈은 경쾌하게 빛났다. 남편 Leonce의 떠남은 Edna에게 해방감과 잠자고 있던 잠재의식을 각성시키는 계기가 된다.

* **Her face was … play of feature:** 「그녀의 얼굴은 솔직한 표정과 이와는 대조를 이루는 예민한 생김으로 보는 이의 마음을 사로잡았다」

* **Her manner was engaging:** 「그녀의 거동은 매력적이었다」

day.

Mrs. Pontellier reached over for a palmleaf fan that lay on the porch and began to fan herself, while Robert sent between his lips light puffs from his cigarette. They chatted incessantly: about the things around them; their amusing adventure out in the water—it had again assumed its entertaining aspect; about the wind, the trees, the people who had gone to the *Chênrière*; about the children playing croquet under the oaks, and the Farival twins, who were now performing the overture to “The Poet and the Peasant.”

Robert talked a good deal about himself. He was very young, and did not know any better. Mrs. Pontellier talked a little about herself for the same reason. Each was interested in what the other said. Robert spoke of his intention to go to Mexico in the autumn, where fortune awaited him. He was always intending to go to Mexico, but some way never got there. Meanwhile he held on to his modest position in a mercantile house in New Orleans, where an equal familiarity with English, French and Spanish gave him no small value as a clerk and correspondent.

He was spending his summer vacation, as he always did, with his mother at Grand Isle. In former times, before Robert could remember, “the house” had been a summer luxury of the Lebruns. Now, flanked by its dozen or more cottages, which were always filled with exclusive visitors from the “*Quartier Français*,” it enabled Madame Lebrun to maintain the easy and comfortable existence which appeared to be her birthright.

Mrs. Pontellier talked about her father’s Mississippi plantation and her girlhood home in the old Kentucky blue-grass country. She was an American woman, with a small infusion of French which seemed to have been lost in dilution. She read a letter from her sister, who was away in the East, and who had engaged herself to be married. Robert was interested, and wanted to know what manner

* “The Poet and the Peasant”: Franz von Suppé의 오페레타.

* “Quartier Français”: New Orleans의 가장 오래된 지역. 1700년대 초기에 프랑스인들이 거주했으며, 19세기에는 크레올 인구의 대부분이 상주했다.

* her girlhood home ... blue-grass country: 옛 켄터키의 초원에 있는 소녀 시절의 고향에 대한 노스탈자는 그녀의 정신적 성숙의 그루터기이다.

* She was an American ... in dilution: 「그녀는 프랑스 혈통이 약간 섞인 미국 여인이었으나 프랑스쪽의 혈통은 거의 사라져 버린듯했다」

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of girls the sisters were, what the father was like, and how long the mother had been dead.

When Mrs. Pontellier folded the letter it was time for her to dress for the early dinner.

"I see Léonce isn't coming back," she said, with a glance in the direction whence her husband had disappeared. Robert supposed he was not, as there were a good many New Orleans club men over at Klein's.

When Mrs. Pontellier left him to enter her room, the young man descended the steps and strolled over toward the croquet players, where, during the half-hour before dinner, he amused himself with the little Pontellier children, who were very fond of him.

III

It was eleven o'clock that night when Mr. Pontellier returned from Klein's hotel. He was in an excellent humor, in high spirits, and very talkative. His entrance awoke his wife, who was in bed and fast asleep when he came in. He talked to her while he undressed, telling her anecdotes and bits of news and gossip that he had gathered during the day. From his trousers pockets he took a fistful of crumpled bank notes and a good deal of silver coin, which he piled on the bureau indiscriminately with keys, knife, handkerchief, and whatever else happened to be in his pockets. She was overcome with sleep, and answered him with little half utterances.

He thought it very discouraging that his wife, who was the sole object of his existence, evinced so little interest in things which concerned him and valued so little his conversation.

Mr. Pontellier had forgotten the bonbons and peanuts for the boys. Notwithstanding he loved them very much, and went into the adjoining room where they slept to take a look at them and make sure that they were resting comfortably. The result of his investigation was far from satisfactory. He turned and shifted the youngsters about in bed. One of them began to kick and talk about a basket full of crabs.

Mr. Pontellier returned to his wife with the information that Raoul had a high fever and needed looking after. Then he lit a cigar and went and sat near the open door to smoke it.

* the sole object of his existence: 「그의 생에 유일한 목적」

* valued so little his conversation: 「그의 말을 하찮게 여겼다」

Mrs. Pontellier was quite sure Raoul had no fever. He had gone to bed perfectly well, she said, and nothing had ailed him all day. Mr. Pontellier was too well acquainted with fever symptoms to be mistaken. He assured her the child was consuming at that moment in the next room.

He reproached his wife with her inattention, her habitual neglect of the children. If it was not a mother's place to look after children, whose on earth was it? He himself had his hands full with his brokerage business. He could not be in two places at once; making a living for his family on the street, and staying at home to see that no harm befell them. He talked in a monotonous, insistent way.

Mrs. Pontellier sprang out of bed and went into the next room. She soon came back and sat on the edge of the bed, leaning her head down on the pillow. She said nothing, and refused to answer her husband when he questioned her. When his cigar was smoked out he went to bed, and in half a minute he was fast asleep.

Mrs. Pontellier was by that time thoroughly awake. She began to cry a little, and wiped her eyes on the sleeve of her peignoir. Blowing out the candle, which her husband had left burning, she slipped her bare feet into a pair of satin mules at the foot of the bed and went out on the porch, where she sat down in the wicker chair and began to rock gently to and fro.

It was then past midnight. The cottages were all dark. A single faint light gleamed out from the hallway of the house. There was no sound abroad except the hooting of an old owl in the top of a water-oak, and the everlasting voice of the sea, that was not uplifted at that soft hour. It broke like a mournful lullaby upon the night.

The tears came so fast to Mrs. Pontellier's eyes that the damp sleeve of her peignoir no longer served to dry them. She was holding the back of her chair with one hand; her loose sleeve had slipped

* **If it was... children, whose... it?** : 「아이들을 보살피는 것이 어머니와 일이 아니라면 도대체 누구의 일인가?」

무의식적으로 아내에 대한 불만족을 토로한다. 그 당시 남성의 여성 소유는 사회적 인습에 의해 정당화되고 있으며, 여성은 그 인습을 따를 의무만 있는 것으로 두번째 갈등을 일으킨다.

* **have one's hands full** : 「매우 바쁘다. 꿈쩍 못하다」

* **make a living** : 「생계를 꾸려나간다」

남성의 존엄
자기의 권리

남성의 존엄
Edna의 권리

porch로 나

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almost to the shoulder of her uplifted arm. Turning, she thrust her face, steaming and wet, into the bend of her arm, and she went on crying there, not caring any longer to dry her face, her eyes, her arms. She could not have told why she was crying. Such experiences as the foregoing were not uncommon in her married life. They seemed never before to have weighed much against the abundance of her husband's kindness and a uniform devotion which had come to be tacit and self-understood.

An indescribable oppression, which seemed to generate in some unfamiliar part of her consciousness, filled her whole being with a vague anguish. It was like a shadow, like a mist passing across her soul's summer day. It was strange and unfamiliar; it was a mood. She did not sit there inwardly upbraiding her husband, lamenting at Fate, which had directed her footsteps to the path which they had taken. She was just having a good cry all to herself. The mosquitoes made merry over her, biting her firm, round arms and nipping at her bare insteps.

The little stinging, buzzing imps succeeded in dispelling a mood which might have held her there in the darkness half a night longer.

The following morning Mr. Pontellier was up in good time to take the rockaway which was to convey him to the steamer at the wharf. He was returning to the city to his business, and they would not see him again at the Island till the coming Saturday. He had regained his composure, which seemed to have been somewhat im-

* **They seemed never before ... to be tacit and self-understood:** 「그런 일들은 그전에는 말 없이 이해하는 남편의 무한한 친절과 한결같은 헌신에 비해 그리 신중한 것 같지 않았다」

* **An indescribable oppression, ... with a vague anguish:** 「그녀 의식의 낯선 곳으로부터 생겨나는 듯한 알 수 없는 압박감이 그녀의 전 존재를 막연한 고뇌로 채웠다」 Edna의 첫번째 각성이라 볼 수 있다.

* **It was like a shadow, ... soul's summer day:** 「그것은 그림자와도 같았고, 그녀 영혼의 여름날을 스쳐지나가는 안개와도 같았다」 자아의식이 없던 쿠퍼인에서 고통스런 갈등을 받아들이는 한 개인으로 변해간다. Robert와의 만남을 계기로 잠자고 있었던 영혼이 눈뜨게 된다.

* **the rockaway:** 「높은 포장을 한 네 바퀴달린 마차」 New Jersey주 Rockaway란 곳에서 만들어져 그 고장 이름을 그대로 딴 것.

paired the night before. He was eager to be gone, as he looked forward to a lively week in Carondelet Street.

Mr. Pontellier gave his wife half the money which he had brought away from Klein's hotel the evening before. She liked money as well as most women, and accepted it with no little satisfaction.

"It will buy a handsome wedding present for Sister Janet!" she exclaimed, smoothing out the bills as she counted them one by one.

"Oh! we'll treat Sister Janet better than that, my dear," he laughed, as he prepared to kiss her good-by.

The boys were tumbling about, clinging to his legs, imploring that numerous things be brought back to them. Mr. Pontellier was a great favorite, and ladies, men, children, even nurses, were always on hand to say good-by to him. His wife stood smiling and waving, the boys shouting, as he disappeared in the old rockaway down the sandy road.

A few days later a box arrived for Mrs. Pontellier from New Orleans. It was from her husband. It was filled with *friandises*, with luscious and toothsome bits—the finest of fruits, *patés*, a rare bottle or two, delicious syrups, and bonbons in abundance.

Mrs. Pontellier was always very generous with the contents of such a box; she was quite used to receiving them when away from home. The *patés* and fruit were brought to the dining-room; the bonbons were passed around. And the ladies, selecting with dainty and discriminating fingers and a little greedily, all declared that Mr.

* **Carondelet Street:** New Orleans의 Wall Street이며 목화거래소가 있는 곳. 작가 Chopin의 남편 Oscar는 목화 대리상이었으며 이 거리에 사무실을 차리고 있었다.

* **accepted it with no little satisfaction:** 「그것(돈)을 만족하게 받았다」

* **prepared to kiss her good-by:** 「작별 키스를 하려했다」

* **imploring that numerous... to them:** 「선물을 많이 사오라고 애원하면서」

* **a great favorite:** 「인기있는 사람」

* **were always on hand... to him:** 「그를 전송하러 항상 나와 있었다」 on hand: 동석해서, 출석하여.

* **pâté**(patéi/pâtei): (F.) 「파이」

* **was quite used to:** 「아주 익숙해져 있었다」

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Pontellier was the best husband in the world. Mrs. Pontellier was forced to admit that she knew of none better.

IV

It would have been a difficult matter for Mr. Pontellier to define to his own satisfaction or any one else's wherein his wife failed in her duty toward their children. It was something which he felt rather than perceived, and he never voiced the feeling without subsequent regret and ample atonement.

If one of the little Pontellier boys took a tumble whilst at play, he was not apt to rush crying to his mother's arms for comfort; he would more likely pick himself up, wipe the water out of his eyes and the sand out of his mouth, and go on playing. Tots as they were, they pulled together and stood their ground in childish battles with doubled fists and uplifted voices, which usually prevailed against the other mother-tots. The quadroon nurse was looked upon as a huge encumbrance, only good to button up waists and panties and to brush and part hair; since it seemed to be a law of society that hair must be parted and brushed.

In short, Mrs. Pontellier was not a mother-woman. The mother-women seemed to prevail that summer at Grand Isle. It was easy to know them, fluttering about with extended, protecting wings when any harm, real or imaginary, threatened their precious brood. They were women who idolized their children, worshiped their husbands,

* Mrs. Pontellier was ... of none better: 「Pontellier부인은 더 좋은 남편을 모른다고 인정하지 않을 수 없었다」

* It would have been a difficult matter ... toward their children: 「아내의 어떤 면이 아이들에 대한 태만인지를 그 자신이나 그밖에 어느 누구에게든지 만족스럽게 규명하기 어려웠다」

* It was something ... and ample atonement: 「그는 그런 느낌을 말하고 나서 는 늘 후회했고 충분한 보상을 했다」

* be apt to (do): 「~하기 쉽다. ~하는 경향이 있다」. 위로를 받으려고 어머니 품으로 울면서 달려가지 않는다.

* with doubled fists: 「두 주먹을 쥐고」

* uplifted voices: 「소리를 쳤다」

* was looked upon as a huge encumbrance: 「큰 방해물로 간주되었다」

* part hair: 「머리 가르마를 타주다」

* a mother-woman: 「어머니형의 여자」 자녀들을 숭배하고 남편을 존경하며, 개인으로서의 자신을 말살하고 오직 수호의 천사로서 날개를 키우는 것을 성스러운 특권으로 생각했다.

and esteemed it a holy privilege to efface themselves as individuals and grow wings as ministering angels.

Many of them were delicious in the role one of them was the embodiment of every womanly grace and charm. If her husband did not adore her, he was a brute, deserving of death by slow torture. Her name was Adèle Ratignolle. There are no words to describe her save the old ones that have served so often to picture the bygone heroine of romance and the fair lady of our dreams. There was nothing subtle or hidden about her charms; her beauty was all there, flaming and apparent: the spun-gold hair that comb nor confining pin could restrain; the blue eyes that were like nothing but sapphires; two lips that pouted, that were so red one could only think of cherries or some other delicious crimson fruit in looking at them. She was growing a little stout, but it did not seem to detract an iota 아주 작은 양분 bit from the grace of every step, pose, gesture. One would not have wanted her white neck a mite less full or her beautiful arms more slender. Never were hands more exquisite than hers, and it was a joy to look at them when she threaded her needle or adjusted her gold thimble to her taper middle finger as she sewed away on the little night-drawers or fashioned a bodice or a bib.

Madame Ratignolle was very fond of Mrs. Pontellier, and often she took her sewing and went over to sit with her in the afternoons. She was sitting there the afternoon of the day the box arrived from New Orleans. She had possession of the rocker, and she was busily engaged in sewing upon a diminutive pair of night-drawers.

She had brought the pattern of the drawers for Mrs. Pontellier to

* **Adèle Ratingnolle**: mother-woman의 표본

* **save** [prep]: 「~을 제외하고, ~이외에」

* **the spun-gold ... could restrain**: 「빛이 나 핀으로 다듬을 수 없는 품성한 금발의 머리」

* **the blue eyes that were like nothing but sapphires**(p.10 참고): 「사파이어 처럼 푸른 두 눈」 nothing but: 다만 ~에 불과한.

* **it did not seem to ... pose, gesture**: 「그녀의 걸음걸이, 자태, 몸짓의 우아함이 조금이라도 손상되는 것은 아니었다」

not~iota: [부정문에서] 조금도 ~없다. 티끌만큼도 ~없다.

* **never were hands more exquisite than hers**: = mere were no hands more exquisite than hers.

* **She had possession of the rocker**: 「그녀는 흔들의자에 앉았다」 have [take] possession of: ~을 점유하다.

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cut out—a marvel of construction, fashioned to enclose a baby's body so effectually that only two small eyes might look out from the garment, like an Eskimo's. They were designed for winter wear, when treacherous drafts came down chimneys and insidious currents of deadly cold found their way through key-holes.

Mrs. Pontellier's mind was quite at rest concerning the present material needs of her children, and she could not see the use of anticipating and making winter night garments the subject of her summer meditations. But she did not want to appear unamiable and uninterested, so she had brought forth newspapers which she spread upon the floor of the gallery, and under Madame Ratignolle's directions she had cut a pattern of the impervious garment.

Robert was there, seated as he had been the Sunday before, and Mrs. Pontellier also occupied her former position on the upper step, leaning listlessly against the post. Beside her was a box of bonbons, which she held out at intervals to Madame Ratignolle.

That lady seemed at a loss to make a selection, but finally settled upon a stick of nugat, wondering if it were not too rich; whether it could possibly hurt her. Madame Ratignolle had been married seven years. About every two years she had a baby. At that time she had three babies, and was beginning to think of a fourth one. She was always talking about her "condition." Her "condition" was in no way apparent, and no one would have known a thing about it but for her persistence in making it the subject of conversation.

Robert started to reassure her, asserting that he had known a lady who had subsisted upon nugat during the entire—but seeing the color mount into Mrs. Pontellier's face he checked himself and changed the subject.

Mrs. Pontellier, though she had married a Creole, was not thoroughly at home in the society of Creoles; never before had she been

* **at a loss**: 「어쩔 줄 몰라서, 난처하여」

* **if it were not too rich**: 「너무 기름기가 많지 않은지」 여기서 if는 whether 의미

* **in no way**: 「결코 ~않다」

* **seeing the color mount into Mrs. Pontellier's face**: 「Pontellier 부인이 얼굴을 붉히는 것을 보고」

* **a Creole**: New Orleans에 정착한 스페인과 프랑스계 이민의 자손으로 귀족을 뜻한다.

* **was not thoroughly at home**: 「완전히 동화되지 못했다」

이제

thrown so intimately among them. There were only Creoles that summer at Lebrun's. They all knew each other, and felt like one large family, among whom existed the most amicable relations. A characteristic which distinguished them and which impressed Mrs. Pontellier most forcibly was their entire absence of prudery. Their freedom of expression was at first incomprehensible to her, though she had no difficulty in reconciling it with a lofty chastity which in the Creole woman seems to be inborn and unmistakable. prudishness

Never would Edna Pontellier forget the shock with which she heard Madame Ratignolle relating to old Monsieur Farival the harrowing story of one of her accouchements, withholding no intimate detail. She was growing accustomed to like shocks, but she could not keep the mounting color back from her cheeks. Oftener than once her coming had interrupted the droll story with which Robert was entertaining some amused group of married women. 무슨 재밌는 이야기

A book had gone the rounds of the pension. When it came her turn to read it, she did so with profound astonishment. She felt moved to read the book in secret and solitude, though none of the others had done so—to hide it from view at the sound of approaching footsteps. It was openly criticised and freely discussed at table. Mrs. Pontellier gave over being astonished, and concluded that wonders would never cease.

V

They formed a congenial group sitting there that summer afternoon—Madame Ratignolle sewing away, often stopping to relate a story or incident with much expressive gesture of her perfect hands; Robert and Mrs. Pontellier sitting idle, exchanging occasional words, glances or smiles which indicated a certain advanced stage of intimacy and camaraderie.

He had lived in her shadow during the past month. No one

- * **their entire absence of prudery**: 「전혀 점잖은 척하지 않는 것」
- * **accouchements**: 「해산, 분만」
- * **be[get] accustomed to**: 「~에 익숙해지다」
- * **could not keep the mounting color back from her cheeks**: 「그녀의 두 뺨이 붉어지는 것은 어쩔 수 없었다」 cannot keep (from) ~ing: 하지 않을 수 없다.
- * **pension** [pa:nsiō:η/pā:nsian]: (F) 「하숙집, 기숙사」
- * **camaraderie** [ká:mərá:dəri]: (F) 「우정, 동지애」 (=friendship)

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2644 thought anything of it. Many had predicted that Robert would devote himself to Mrs. Pontellier when he arrived. Since the age of fifteen, which was eleven years before, Robert each summer at Grand Isle had constituted himself the devoted attendant of some fair dame or damsel. Sometimes it was a young girl, again a widow; but as often as not it was some interesting married woman.

For two consecutive seasons he lived in the sunlight of Mademoiselle Duvigne's presence. But she died between summers; then Robert posed as an inconsolable, prostrating himself at the feet of Madame Ratignolle for whatever crumbs of sympathy and comfort she might be pleased to vouchsafe. 하사 하사다

Mrs. Pontellier liked to sit and gaze at her fair companion as she might look upon a faultless Madonna.

"Could any one fathom the cruelty beneath that fair exterior?" murmured Robert. She knew that I adored her once, and she let me adore her. It was 'Robert, come; go; stand up; sit down; do this; do that; see if the baby sleeps; my thimble, please, that I left God knows where. Come and read Daudet to me while I sew.' 하

"Par exemple! I never had to ask. You were always there under my feet, like a troublesome cat."

"You mean like an adoring dog. And just as soon as Ratignolle appeared on the scene, then it was like a dog. 'Passez! Adieu! Allez vous-en!' "

"Perhaps I feared to make Alphonse jealous," she interjoined, with excessive naïveté. That made them all laugh. The right hand jealous of the left! The heart jealous of the soul! But for that matter, the Creole husband is never jealous; with him the gangrene passion is one which has become dwarfed by disuse. 5월의 2일

Meanwhile Robert, addressing Mrs. Pontellier, continued to tell of his one time hopeless passion for Madame Ratignolle; of sleepless

* damsel : 「신분높은 소녀」

* could any one fathom... that fair exterior? : 「저 아름다운 외모 아래 감추어진 잔인성을 누가 헤아릴 수 있으리」

* Alphonse Daudet(1840~1887) : 프랑스 자연주의 소설가

* Par exemple! : = "For goodness sake!" 「맙소사!」

* 'Passez! Adieu! Alle vous-en!' : = Go on! Good-bye! Go away! 「가세요! 안녕! 가라니까요!」

nights, of consuming flames till the very sea sizzled when he took his daily plunge. While the lady at the needle kept up a little running, contemptuous comment:

"Blagueur—farceur—gros bête, va!"

He never assumed this serio-comic tone when alone with Mrs. Pontellier. She never knew precisely what to make of it; at that moment it was impossible for her to guess how much of it was jest and what proportion was earnest. It was understood that he had often spoken words of love to Madame Ratignolle, without any thought of being taken seriously. Mrs. Pontellier was glad he had not assumed a similar rôle toward herself. It would have been unacceptable and annoying.

Mrs. Pontellier had brought her sketching materials, which she sometimes dabbled with in an unprofessional way. She liked the dabbling. She felt in it satisfaction of a kind which no other employment afforded her.

She had long wished to try herself on Madame Ratignolle. Never had that lady seemed a more tempting subject than at that moment, seated there like some sensuous Madonna, with the gleam of the fading day enriching her splendid color.

Robert crossed over and seated himself upon the step below Mrs. Pontellier, that he might watch her work. She handled her brushes with a certain ease and freedom which came, not from long and close acquaintance with them, but from a natural aptitude. Robert followed her work with close attention, giving forth little ejaculatory expressions of appreciation in French, which he addressed to Madame Ratignolle.

"Mais ce n'est pas mal! Elle s'y connaît, elle a de la force, oui."

During his oblivious attention he once quietly rested his head against Mrs. Pontellier's arm. As gently she repulsed him. Once

* *"Blagueur—farceur—gros bête, va!"*: = "Joker—comedian—silly, come off it!" 「저런, 익살꾼같으니, 그만해요, 이제!」

* **this serio-comic tone**: 「이처럼 심각하고도 익살스러운 어조」

* **She had long wished**… **Madame Ratignolle**: 「그녀는 오래 전부터 Ratignolle 부인을 그려보고 싶었다」

* *"Mais ce n'est pas mal! elle a de la force, oui"*: = "Not bad at all! She knows what she's doing, she has talent". 「근사해요. 잘 하고 있어요. 재주가 있어요」

Mrs. Pon
d'ce Ratig
22/2 화이-

again he repeated the offense. She could not but believe it to be thoughtlessness on his part; yet that was no reason she should submit to it. She did not remonstrate, except again to repulse him quietly but firmly. He offered no apology.

The picture completed bore no resemblance to Madame Ratignolle. She was greatly disappointed to find that it did not look like her. But it was a fair enough piece of work, and in many respects satisfying.

Mrs. Pontellier evidently did not think so. After surveying the sketch critically she drew a broad smudge of paint across its surface, and crumpled the paper between her hands.

The youngsters came tumbling up the steps, the quadroon following at the respectful distance which they required her to observe. Mrs. Pontellier made them carry her paints and things into the house. She sought to detain them for a little talk and some pleasantry. But they were greatly in earnest. They had only come to investigate the contents of the bonbon box. They accepted without murmuring what she chose to give them, each holding out two chubby hands scoop-like, in the vain hope that they might be filled; and then away they went.

The sun was low in the west, and the breeze soft and languorous that came up from the south, charged with the seductive odor of the sea. Children, freshly befurbelowed, were gathering for their games under the oaks. Their voices were high and penetrating.

Madame Ratignolle folded her sewing, placing thimble, scissors and thread all neatly together in the roll, which she pinned securely. She complained of faintness. Mrs. Pontellier flew for the cologne water and a fan. She bathed Madame Ratignolle's face with cologne, while Robert plied the fan with unnecessary vigor.

The spell was soon over, and Mrs. Pontellier could not help wondering if there were not a little imagination responsible for its origin, for the rose tint had never faded from her friend's face.

She stood watching the fair woman walk down the long line of galleries with the grace and majesty which queens are sometimes

* She could not ... on his part: 「그녀는 그가 그저 부주의해서 그렇다고밖에 생각할 수가 없었다」

* freshly befurbelowed: 「옷을 갈아 입은」 (=dressed)

supposed to possess. Her little ones ran to meet her. Two of them clung about her white skirts, the third she took from its nurse and with a thousand endearments bore it along in her own fond, encircling arms. Though, as everybody well knew, the doctor had forbidden her to lift so much as a pin!

"Are you going bathing?" asked Robert of Mrs. Pontellier. It was not so much a question as a reminder.

"Oh, no," she answered, with a tone of indecision. "I'm tired; I think not." Her glance wandered from his face away toward the Gulf, whose sonorous murmur reached her like a loving but imperative entreaty.

"Oh, come!" he insisted. "You mustn't miss your bath. Come on. The water must be delicious; it will not hurt you. Come."

He reached up for her big, rough straw hat that hung on a peg outside the door, and put it on her head. They descended the steps, and walked away together toward the beach. The sun was low in the west and the breeze was soft and warm.

VI

Edna Pontellier could not have told why, wishing to go to the beach with Robert, she should (in the first place) have declined, and (in the second place) have followed in obedience to one of the two contradictory impulses which impelled her. 2가지 중

A certain light was beginning to dawn dimly within her,—the light which, showing the way, forbids it.

At that early period it served but to bewilder her. It moved her to dreams, to thoughtfulness, to the shadowy anguish which had overcome her the midnight when she had abandoned herself to tears.

In short, Mrs. Pontellier was beginning to realize her position in

* **It was not ... as a reminder:** 「그것은 질문이라기 보다 상기시키는 말이었다」

* **in the first place:** 「처음에는」 (why she should in the first place have declined: 왜 처음에는 거절해야만 했는지)

* **in the second place:** 「나중에는」

* **the light which, showing the way, forbids it:** 「그 빛은 길을 보여주기는 하면서 그 길로 가는 것을 금하고 있었다」

* **the midnight when ... herself to tears:** 「그녀가 맘놓고 울었던 그 한밤중」 (abandon oneself to: ~에 빠지다. 잠기다)

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the universe as a human being, and to recognize her relations as an individual to the world within and about her. This may seem like a ponderous weight of wisdom to descend upon the soul of a young woman of twenty-eight—perhaps more wisdom than the Holy Ghost is usually pleased to vouchsafe to any woman.

But the beginning of things, of a world especially, is necessarily vague, tangled, chaotic, and exceedingly disturbing. How few of us ever emerge from such beginning! How many souls perish in its tumult!

The voice of the sea is seductive; never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander for a spell in abysses of solitude; to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation.

* (was beginning) to recognize ... and about her: 「그녀 주위와 그녀 내부의 세계와의 개인으로서의 관계를 깨닫기 시작하고 있었다」

Edna의 심리적 움직임의 변화는 그녀가 각성함으로써 이 세상에서 인간으로서 자기의 위치를 깨닫게 된다. 보통 여인에게 허용되어 있는 그 이상의 자기 존재의 의미를 희미하게 느끼기 시작한다. 무한한 것과 유대를 가져 완전히 충족하려는 Edna의 환상은 대부분의 인간의 공통심리로서 이 작품에다 소설적인 힘을 더해주고 있다. 충족하려는 동경심과 자기의 정체를 정의하려는 Edna의 심리를 직관적으로 이해하고 있는 듯이 보인다. 우주 속에서의 자신의 위치와 자신의 존재에 대한 깨달음에 근거하여 자신의 삶의 외적 조건을 변화시킨다.

이 소설의 중심 setting을 이루고 있는 바다의 능력은 Edna에게 동시에 존재하는 육체적, 정신적 만족을 나타내준다. Robert Arner는 바다의 촉감과 낮은 음성의 속삭임, 그리고 향기가 Edna의 잠자고 있는 원초적인 sensuality를 일깨워준다고 설명해 주고 있다. Edna는 자기의 세계를 깨닫기 시작하면서 그녀의 성적 욕망을 밀도있게 은유로 반복해서 나타내준다.

* the beginning of things, ... and exceedingly disturbing: 「모든 것의 시작은, 특히 한 세계의 시작은 막연하고, 뒤엉키고, 혼돈되고, 그리고 매우 불안스럽지 않을 수 없다」 여기에서 한 인간의 소우주가 시작되는 때에 필연적인 최초의 혼돈을 극복하지 못하고 그 소용돌이 속에서 좌절하고 마는 인간이 얼마나 많은가를 시사해 준다.

* The voice of the sea is ... of inward contemplation: 「바다의 음성은 유혹적이다; 결코 멈추지 않고 속삭이며, 포효하며, 중얼거리며, 영혼을 고독의 나락에서 해매도록 흘린다. 내면의 사색, 그 오리무중 속에서 길을 잃도록 유혹한다」 (She begins to sense within the sea the vast solitude that is within her and within humanity.)

Edna - Adèle Ratignolle
어제 5월 1226

The voice of the sea speaks to the soul. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.

VII

Mrs. Pontellier was not a woman given to confidences, a characteristic hitherto contrary to her nature. Even as a child she had lived her own small life all within herself. At a very early period she had apprehended instinctively the dual life—that outward existence which conforms, the inward life which questions.

That summer at Grand Isle she began to loosen a little the mantle of reserve that had always enveloped her. There may have been—there must have been—influences, both subtle and apparent, working in their several ways to induce her to do this; but the most obvious was the influence of Adèle Ratignolle. The excessive physical charm of the Creole had first attracted her, for Edna had a sensuous susceptibility to beauty. Then the candor of the woman's whole existence, which every one might read, and which formed so striking a contrast to her own habitual reserve—this might have furnished a link. Who can tell what metals the gods use in forging the subtle bond which we call sympathy, which we might as well call love.

The two women went away one morning to the beach together, arm in arm, under the huge white sunshade. Edna had prevailed upon Madame Ratignolle to leave the children behind, though she could not induce her to relinquish a diminutive roll of needlework, which Adèle begged to be allowed to slip into the depths of her pocket. In some unaccountable way they had escaped from Robert.

The walk to the beach was no inconsiderable one, consisting as it did of a long, sandy path, upon which a sporadic and tangled growth that bordered it on either side made frequent and unexpected inroads. There were acres of yellow camomile reaching out

두여인만
산책.

* The voice of the sea ... to the soul : 「바다의 음성은 영혼에게 말한다. 부드럽고 은밀하게 몸을 휘감는 바다의 촉감은 감각적이다」 (She awakened to a new and fragile sexuality within herself.)

* a characteristic ... to her nature : 「아직까지 그것은 그녀의 천성과는 반대인 것이었다」

* outward existence which ... which questions : 「규범에 맞추어가는 외부적성인 생과, 의문을 갖게되는 내부의 생」

* which we might as well call love : 「사랑이라고 부를 수 있는 것」

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on either hand. Further away still, vegetable gardens abounded, with frequent small plantations of orange or lemon trees intervening. The dark green clusters glistened from afar in the sun.

The women were both of goodly height, Madame Ratignolle possessing the more feminine and matronly figure. The charm of Edna Pontellier's physique stole insensibly upon you. The lines of her body were long, clean and symmetrical; it was a body which occasionally fell into splendid poses; there was no suggestion of the trim, stereotyped fashion-plate about it. A casual and indiscriminating observer, in passing, might not cast a second glance upon the figure. But with more feeling and discernment he would have recognized the noble beauty of its modeling, and the graceful severity of poise and movement, which made Edna Pontellier different from the crowd.

Edna

She wore a cool muslin that morning—white, with a waving vertical line of brown running through it; also a white linen collar and the big straw hat which she had taken from the peg outside the door. The hat rested any way on her yellow-brown hair, that waved a little, was heavy, and clung close to her head.

Madame Ratignolle, more careful of her complexion, had twined a gauze veil about her head. She wore dogskin gloves, with gauntlets that protected her wrists. She was dressed in pure white, with a fluffiness of ruffles that became her. The draperies and fluttering things which she wore suited her rich, luxuriant beauty as a greater severity of line could not have done.

There were a number of bath-houses along the beach, of rough but solid construction, built with small, protecting galleries facing the water. Each house consisted of two compartments, and each family at Lebrun's possessed a compartment for itself, fitted out with all the essential paraphernalia of the bath and whatever other

* of goodly height: 「상당히 키가 큰」

* the noble beauty of ... and movement: 「그녀의 모습에서 풍겨나오는 고상한 아름다움과 그 몸매와 동작이 자아내는 우아한 엄격성」

with a waving ... running through it: 「울동적인 갈색의 수직선이 쳐 있는」

* her complexion: 「그녀의 피부색」 얼굴 색을 말함.

* became her: 「옷이 잘 어울린다」

* a number of bath-houses: 「수 많은 탈의장들」

conveniences the owners might desire. The two women had no intention of bathing; they had just strolled down to the beach for a walk and to be alone and near the water. The Pontellier and Ratignolle compartments adjoined one another under the same roof.

Mrs. Pontellier had brought down her key through force of habit. Unlocking the door of her bath-room she went inside, and soon emerged, bringing a rug, which she spread upon the floor of the gallery, and two huge hair pillows covered with crash, which she placed against the front of the building.

The two seated themselves there in the shade of the porch, side by side, with their backs against the pillows and their feet extended. Madame Ratignolle removed her veil, wiped her face with a rather delicate handkerchief, and fanned herself with the fan which she always carried suspended somewhere about her person by a long, narrow ribbon. Edna removed her collar and opened her dress at the throat. She took the fan from Madame Ratignolle and began to fan both herself and her companion. It was very warm, and for a while they did nothing but exchange remarks about the heat, the sun, the glare. But there was a breeze blowing, a choppy stiff wind that whipped the water into froth. It fluttered the skirts of the two women and kept them for a while engaged in adjusting, readjusting, tucking in, securing hair-pins and hat-pins. A few persons were sporting some distance away in the water. The beach was very still of human sound at that hour. The lady in black was reading her morning devotions on the porch of a neighboring bath-house. Two young lovers were exchanging their hearts' yearnings beneath the children's tent, which they had found unoccupied.

Edna Pontellier, casting her eyes about had finally kept them at rest upon the sea. The day was clear and carried the gaze out as far as the blue sky went; there were a few white clouds suspended idly over the horizon. A lateen sail was visible in the direction of Cat Island, and others to the south seemed almost motionless in the far distance.

"Of whom—of what are you thinking?" asked Adèle of her

* **through force of habit**: 「버릇으로」

* **crash**: 「쑤은(성긴) 린넨천」

* **there were a few... over the horizon**: 「몇 개의 흰 구름이 수평선 위에 한가롭게 걸려 있었다」

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companion, whose countenance she had been watching with a little amused attention, arrested by the absorbed expression which seemed to have seized and fixed every feature into a statuesque repose.

"Nothing," returned Mrs. Pontellier, with a start, adding at once: "How stupid! But it seems to me it is the reply we make instinctively to such a question. Let me see," she went on, throwing back her head and narrowing her fine eyes till they shone like two vivid points of light. "Let me see. I was really not conscious of thinking of anything; but perhaps I can retrace my thoughts."

"Oh! never mind!" laughed Madame Ratignolle. "I am not quite so exacting. I will let you off this time. It is really too hot to think, especially to think about thinking."

"But for the fun of it," persisted Edna. "First of all, the sight of the water stretching so far away, those motionless sails against the blue sky, made a delicious picture that I just wanted to sit and look at. The hot wind beating in my face made me think—without any connection that I can trace—of a summer day in Kentucky, of a meadow that seemed as big as the ocean to the very little girl walking through the grass, which was higher than her waist. She threw out her arms as if swimming when she walked, beating the tall grass as one strikes out in the water. Oh, I see the connection now!"

"Where were you going that day in Kentucky, walking through the grass?"

"I don't remember now. I was just walking diagonally across a

* **throwing back her ... points of light:** 「그녀는 머리를 뒤로 젖히고 아름다운 두 눈이 두 개의 생생한 빛의 점처럼 보일때까지 가느스름하게 떴다」

* **I will let you off this time:** 「이번엔 그냥 두겠어요」

* **of a summer day in Kentucky:** 「어린 소녀 시절의 켄터키의 여름날을 (생각하게 했다)」.

바다처럼 광활해 보이던 초원을 상기시켰고 그녀는 마치 물 속에서 헤엄치듯 두 팔을 벌리고 키 큰 풀을 헤치며 걸었다. 이 환상은 이 소설의 종말을 암시해 준다.

big field. My sun-bonnet obstructed the view. I could see only the stretch of green before me, and I felt as if I must walk on forever, without coming to the end of it. I don't remember whether I was frightened or pleased. I must have been entertained.

"Likely as not it was Sunday," she laughed; "and I was running away from prayers, from the Presbyterian service, read in a spirit of gloom by my father that chills me yet to think of."

"And have you been running away from prayers ever since, *ma chère*?" asked Madame Ratignolle, amused.

"No! oh, no!" Edna hastened to say. "I was a little unthinking child in those days, just following a misleading impulse without question. On the contrary, during one period of my life religion took a firm hold upon me; after I was twelve and until—until—why, I suppose until now, though I never thought much about it—just driven along by habit. But do you know," she broke off, turning her quick eyes upon Madame Ratignolle and leaning forward a little so as to bring her face quite close to that of her companion, "sometimes I feel this summer as if I were walking through the green meadow again; idly, aimlessly, unthinking and unguided."

12상

Madame Ratignolle laid her hand over that of Mrs. Pontellier, which was near her. Seeing that the hand was not withdrawn, she clasped it firmly and warmly. She even stroked it a little, fondly, with the other hand, murmuring in an undertone, "*Pauvre chérie*."

The action was at first a little confusing to Edna, but she soon lent herself readily to the Creole's gentle caress. She was not accus-

* **could seen only ... on forever**: Edna가 Robert와의 사랑의 절정을 통해 다시 한번 "끝없이 계속되는 초원, 그 암담한 삶의 지평선"을 확인하게 된다. 그 암담함은 극도의 허무요, 극도의 휴식으로 절대적인 유혹이 될 수도 있다. 소설의 종말에 가서 그녀의 절망의 눈은 환상없는 진실의 모습을 보면서 초연하게 헤엄쳐 나간다. Edna의 죽음을 예시해 주고 있는 것으로 볼 수 있겠다.

* **without coming to the end of it**: 「풀밭의 끝에 도달하지 못한채」

* **"Likely as not it was Sunday"**: 「일요일이었나봐요」 as likely as not: 혹시 ~일지도 모르는, 아마도

* **chills me yet to think of**: 「지금도 그걸 생각하면 싸늘해져요」

* **a little unthinking child**: 「철없는 어린 아이」

* **just driven along by habit**: 「그저 습관대로 살고 있으니까요」

* **break off**: 「말을 끊다」

* **"Pauvre chérie"**: 「가엾은 분」

Edna의 친구, 벗자들

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Edna의 친구들
tomed to an outward and spoken expression of affection, either in herself or in others. She and her younger sister, Janet, had quarreled a good deal through force of unfortunate habit. Her older sister, Margaret, was matronly and dignified, probably from having assumed matronly and house-wifely responsibilities too early in life, their mother having died when they were quite young. Margaret was not effusive; she was practical. Edna had had an occasional girl friend, but whether accidentally or not, they seemed to have been all of one type—the self-contained. She never realized that the reserve of her own character had much, perhaps everything, to do with this. Her most intimate friend at school had been one of rather exceptional intellectual gifts, who wrote fine-sounding essays, which Edna admired and strove to imitate; and with her she talked and glowed over the English classics, and sometimes held religious and political controversies.

no. 1
Edna의 친구들
Edna often wondered at one propensity which sometimes had inwardly disturbed her without causing any outward show or manifestation on her part. At a very early age—perhaps it was when she traversed the ocean of waving grass—she remembered that she had been passionately enamored of a dignified and sad-eyed cavalry officer who visited her father in Kentucky. She could not leave his presence when he was there, nor remove her eyes from his face, which was something like Napoleon's, with a lock of black hair falling across the forehead. But the cavalry officer melted imperceptibly out of her existence.

no. 2
At another time her affections were deeply engaged by a young gentleman who visited a lady on a neighboring plantation. It was after they went to Mississippi to live. The young man was engaged to be married to the young lady, and they sometimes called upon Margaret, driving over of afternoons in a buggy. Edna was a little miss, just merging into her teens; and the realization that she her-

* was something like Napoleon's: 「나폴레옹을 닮은 것 같다」

* the cavalry officer ... out of her existence: 「그 기병대 장교는 흔적도 없이 그녀의 생에서 사라졌다」

* her affections were ... a young gentleman: 「그녀의 애정은 젊은 신사에게 빠져 있었다」

* just merging into her teens: 「막 십대로 접어드는 어린 소녀」

self was nothing, nothing, nothing to the engaged young man was a bitter affliction to her. But he, too, went the way of dreams.

She was a grown young woman when she was overtaken by what she supposed to be the climax of her fate. It was when the face and figure of a great tragedian began to haunt her imagination and stir her senses. The persistence of the infatuation lent it an aspect of genuineness. The hopelessness of it colored it with the lofty tones of a great passion.

no. 3

The picture of the tragedian stood enframed upon her desk. Any one may possess the portrait of a tragedian without exciting suspicion or comment. (This was a sinister reflection which she cherished.) In the presence of others she expressed admiration for his exalted gifts, as she handed the photograph around and dwelt upon the fidelity of the likeness. When alone she sometimes picked it up and kissed the cold glass passionately.

Her marriage to Léonce Pontellier was purely an accident, in this respect resembling many other marriages which masquerade as the decrees of Fate. It was in the midst of her secret great passion that she met him. He fell in love, as men are in the habit of doing, and pressed his suit with an earnestness and an ardor which left nothing to be desired. He pleased her; his absolute devotion flattered her. She fancied there was a sympathy of thought and taste between them, in which fancy she was mistaken. Add to this the violent opposition of her father and her sister Margaret to her marriage with a Catholic, and we need seek no further for the motives which led her to accept Monsieur Pontellier for her husband.

결혼. 이후

The acme of bliss, which would have been a marriage with the tragedian, was not for her in this world. As the devoted wife of a man who worshiped her, she felt she would take her place with a

* **a great tragedian:** 아마도 Hamlet역으로 유명했던 Shakespeare 연극배우인 Edwin Booth(1833~1893)일 것이다.

* **the decrees of Fate:** 「운명의 섭리」

* **It was ... that she met him:** 「그녀가 그를 만난 것은 남모르는 대단한 정열 속에 빠져 있을 때였다」

* **with an earnestness ... to be desired:** 「빈틈없는 열의와 성실성으로」

* **she felt she would take ... in the world of reality:** 「그녀는 현실속에서 품위를 갖춘 자리를 차지할 것임을 느꼈다」

certain dignity in the world of reality, closing the portals forever behind her upon the realm of romance and dreams.

But it was not long before the tragedian had gone to join the cavalry officer and the engaged young man and a few others; and Edna found herself face to face with the realities. She grew fond of her husband, realizing with some unaccountable satisfaction that no trace of passion or excessive and fictitious warmth colored her affection, thereby threatening its dissolution.

She was fond of her children in an uneven, impulsive way. She would sometimes gather them passionately to her heart; she would sometimes forget them. The year before they had spent part of the summer with their grandmother Pontellier in Iberville. Feeling secure regarding their happiness and welfare, she did not miss them except with an occasional intense longing. Their absence was a sort of relief, though she did not admit this, even to herself. It seemed to free her of a responsibility which she had blindly assumed and for which Fate had not fitted her.

Edna did not reveal so much as all this to Madame Ratignolle that summer day when they sat with faces turned to the sea. But a good part of it escaped her. She had put her head down on Madame Ratignolle's shoulder. She was flushed and felt intoxicated with the sound of her own voice and the unaccustomed taste of candor. It muddled her like wine, or like a first breath of freedom.

There was the sound of approaching voices. It was Robert, surrounded by a troop of children, searching for them. The two little Pontelliers were with him, and he carried Madame Ratignolle's little girl in his arms. There were other children beside, and two nursemaids followed, looking disagreeable and resigned.

The women at once rose and began to shake out their draperies and relax their muscles. Mrs. Pontellier threw the cushions and rug

* **Edna found ... with the realities:** 「Edna는 현실과 대면하고 있는 자신을 발견했다」

* **realizing with some ... threatening its dissolution:** 「열정이라든가 지나친 그리고 가상의 열기로 영향받지 않았음을, 그러므로 그 애정이 소멸될 염려가 없음을 아주 만족하게 깨닫게 되었다」

* **with an occasional intense longing:** 「이따금 격렬한 그리움을 느끼면서」

* **a sort of relief:** 「일종의 해방감」

Ratign. Robert 1862

into the bath-house. The children all scampered off to the awning, and they stood there in a line, gazing upon the intruding lovers, still exchanging their vows and sighs. The lovers got up, with only a silent protest, and walked slowly away somewhere else.

The children possessed themselves of the tent, and Mrs. Pontellier went over to join them.

Madame Ratignolle begged Robert to accompany her to the house; she complained of cramp in her limbs and stiffness of the joints. She leaned draggingly upon his arm as they walked.

VIII

"Do me a favor, Robert," spoke the pretty woman at his side, almost as soon as she and Robert had started on their slow, homeward way. She looked up in his face, leaning on his arm beneath the encircling shadow of the umbrella which he had lifted.

"Granted; as many as you like," he returned, glancing down into her eyes that were full of thoughtfulness and some speculation.

"I only ask for one; let Mrs. Pontellier alone."

"Tiens!" he exclaimed, with a sudden, boyish laugh. "*Voilà que Madame Ratignolle est jalouse!*"

"Nonsense! I'm in earnest; I mean what I say. Let Mrs. Pontellier alone."

"Why?" he asked; himself growing serious at his companion's solicitation.

"She is not one of us; she is not like us. She might make the unfortunate blunder of taking you seriously."

His face flushed with annoyance, and taking off his soft hat he began to beat it impatiently against his leg as he walked. "Why shouldn't she take me seriously?" he demanded sharply. "Am I a comedian, a clown, a jack-in-the-box? Why shouldn't she? You Creoles! I have no patience with you! Am I always to be regarded as a feature of an amusing programme? I hope Mrs. Pontellier does

* **leaning on his arm ... which he had lifted**: 「그가 들고 있는 양산의 등근 그늘 아래서 그의 팔에 기댄채」

* **"Tiens!"**: 「맙소사!」「저런, 세상에!」

* **"Voilà que Madame Ratignolle est jalouse!"**: 「Ratignolle 부인이 질투를 하시다니!」

* **a jack-in-the-box**: 「장난감, 도깨비 상자」

* **I have no patience with you!**: 「도저히 참을 수 없습니다」

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Robert 1862

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take me seriously. I hope she has discernment enough to find in me something besides the *blagueur*. If I thought there was any doubt—”

“Oh, enough, Robert!” she broke into his heated outburst. “You are not thinking of what you are saying. You speak with about as little reflection as we might expect from one of those children down there playing in the sand. If your attentions to any married women here were ever offered with any intention of being convincing, you would not be the gentleman we all know you to be, and you would be unfit to associate with the wives and daughters of the people who trust you.”

Madame Ratignolle had spoken what she believed to be the law and the gospel. The young man shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

“Oh! well! That isn’t it,” slamming his hat down vehemently upon his head. “You ought to feel that such things are not flattering to say to a fellow.”

“Should our whole intercourse consist of an exchange of compliments? *Ma foi!*”

“It isn’t pleasant to have a woman tell you—” he went on, unheeding, but breaking off suddenly: “Now if I were like Arobin—you remember Alcée Arobin and that story of the consul’s wife at Biloxi?” And he related the story of Alcée Arobin and the consul’s wife; and another about the tenor of the French Opera, who received letters which should never have been written; and still other stories, grave and gay, till Mrs. Pontellier and her possible propensity for taking young men seriously was apparently forgotten.

Madame Ratignolle, when they had regained her cottage, went in to take the hour’s rest which she considered helpful. Before leaving her, Robert begged her pardon for the impatience—he called it rudeness—with which he had received her well-meant caution.

“You made one mistake, Adèle,” he said, with a light smile; “there is no earthly possibility of Mrs. Pontellier ever taking me seriously. You should have warned me against taking myself seri-

* **blagueur**: 「광대」 (=jokers, clown)

* **Ma foi**: =For heaven’s sake!

* **Biloxi**: 미시시피의 해안 관광도시.

* **the French Opera**: New Orleans의 프랑스 오페라단은 19세기 미국에서 가장 유명한 단체 중의 하나였다.

ously. Your advice might then have carried some weight and given me subject for some reflection. *Au revoir*. But you look tired," he added, solicitously. "Would you like a cup of bouillon? Shall I stir you a toddy? Let me mix you a toddy with a drop of Angostura."

She acceded to the suggestion of bouillon, which was grateful and acceptable. He went himself to the kitchen, which was a building apart from the cottages and lying to the rear of the house. And he himself brought her the golden-brown bouillon, in a dainty Sèvres cup, with a flaky cracker or two on the saucer.

She thrust a bare, white arm from the curtain which shielded her open door, and received the cup from his hands. She told him he was a *bon garçon*, and she meant it. Robert thanked her and turned away toward "the house."

The lovers were just entering the grounds of the *pension*. They were leaning toward each other as the water-oaks bent from the sea. There was not a particle of earth beneath their feet. Their heads might have been turned upside-down, so absolutely did they tread upon blue ether. The lady in black, creeping behind them, looked a trifle paler and more jaded than usual. There was no sign of Mrs. Pontellier and the children. Robert scanned the distance for any such apparition. They would doubtless remain away till the dinner hour. The young man ascended to his mother's room. It was situated at the top of the house, made up of odd angles and a queer, sloping ceiling. Two broad dormer windows looked out toward the Gulf, and as far across it as a man's eye might reach. The furnishings of the room were light, cool, and practical.

Madame Lebrun was busily engaged at the sewing-machine. A little black girl sat on the floor, and with her hands worked the treadle of the machine. The Creole woman does not take any chances which may be avoided of imperiling her health.

* **Au revoir** : =See you again

* **a cup of bouillon** : 「고기 국물 한잔」

* **a toddy** : 「편치 한잔 (위스키, 럼 따위에 물을 타고 설탕 등을 넣은 음료)」

* **a drop of Angostura** : 「약간의 해열 강장제 (그것으로 만든 강장 음료)」

* **a building apart from the cottages** : 「별장과는 떨어져 별채로 된 건물」

* **bon garçon** : =nice fellow, 여기서는 "good waiter"를 뜻한다. Madame Ratignolle이 동음이의의 익살을 부리는 것

Robert went over and seated himself on the broad sill of one of the dormer windows. He took a book from his pocket and began energetically to read it, judging by the precision and frequency with which he turned the leaves. The sewing-machine made a resounding clatter in the room; it was of a ponderous, by-gone make. In the lulls, Robert and his mother exchanged bits of desultory conversation.

"Where is Mrs. Pontellier?"

"Down at the beach with the children."

"I promised to lend her the Goncourt. Don't forget to take it down when you go; it's there on the bookshelf over the small table." Clatter, clatter, clatter, bang! for the next five or eight minutes.

"Where is Victor going with the rockaway?"

"The rockaway? Victor?"

"Yes; down there in front. He seems to be getting ready to drive away somewhere."

"Call him." Clatter, clatter!

Robert uttered a shrill, piercing whistle which might have been heard back at the wharf.

"He won't look up."

Madame Lebrun flew to the window. She called "Victor!" She waved a handkerchief and called again. The young fellow below got into the vehicle and started the horse off at a gallop.

Madame Lebrun went back to the machine, crimson with annoyance. Victor was the younger son and brother—a *tête montée*, with a temper which invited violence and a will which no ax could break.

"Whenever you say the word I'm ready to thrash any amount of reason into him that he's able to hold."

"If your father had only lived!" Clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter, bang! It was a fixed belief with Madame Lebrun that the conduct of the universe and all things pertaining thereto would have been

* a ponderous, by-gone make: 「묵직한 구식 기계(재봉틀)」

* the Goncourt: 프랑스 사실주의 소설가인 Edmond Goncourt(1822~1896)의 소설

* crimson with annoyance: 「화가나서 얼굴이 빨개진 채」

* a tête montée: =an impulsive character

manifestly of a more intelligent and higher order had not Monsieur Lebrun been removed to other spheres during the early years of their married life.

"What do you hear from Montel?" Montel was a middle-aged gentleman whose vain ambition and desire for the past twenty years had been to fill the void which Monsieur Lebrun's taking off had left in the Lebrun household. Clatter, clatter, bang, clatter!

"I have a letter somewhere," looking in the machine drawer and finding the letter in the bottom of the work-basket. "He says to tell you he will be in Vera Cruz the beginning of next month"—clatter, clatter!—"and if you still have the intention of joining him"—bang! clatter, clatter, bang!

"Why didn't you tell me so before, mother? You know I wanted—" Clatter, clatter, clatter!

"Do you see Mrs. Pontellier starting back with the children? She will be in late to luncheon again. She never starts to get ready for luncheon till the last minute." Clatter, clatter! "Where are you going?"

"Where did you say the Goncourt was?"

IX

Every light in the hall was ablaze; every lamp turned as high as it could be without smoking the chimney or threatening explosion. The lamps were fixed at intervals against the wall, encircling the whole room. Some one had gathered orange and lemon branches and with these fashioned graceful ~~festoons~~ between. The dark green of the branches stood out and glistened against the white muslin curtains which draped the windows, and which puffed, floated, and flapped at the capricious will of a stiff breeze that swept up from the Gulf.

* the void which Monsieur Lebrun's taking off ... household: 「Lebrun 집안에 Lebrun씨의 죽음이 남겨놓은 공허」

* The lamps were ... against the wall: 「램프는 일정한 간격으로 벽에 걸려 있었다」

* had gathered orange ... graceful festoons between: 「오렌지와 레몬 가지들을 가지고 사이사이로 우아한 꽃줄을 장식했다」

* against: 「배경으로」

* at the capricious will of a stiff breeze: 「제 멋대로 불어오는 강한 바람」

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It was Saturday night a few weeks after the intimate conversation held between Robert and Madame Ratignolle on their way from the beach. An unusual number of husbands, fathers, and friends had come down to stay over Sunday; and they were being suitably entertained by their families, with the material help of Madame Lebrun. The dining tables had all been removed to one end of the hall, and the chairs ranged about in rows and in clusters. Each little family group had had its say and exchanged its domestic gossip earlier in the evening. There was now an apparent disposition to relax; to widen the circle of confidences and give a more general tone to the conversation.

Many of the children had been permitted to sit up beyond their usual bedtime. A small band of them were lying on their stomachs on the floor looking at the colored sheets of the comic papers which Mr. Pontellier had brought down. The little Pontellier boys were permitting them to do so, and making their authority felt.

Music, dancing, and a recitation or two were the entertainments furnished, or rather, offered. But there was nothing systematic about the programme, no appearance of prearrangement nor even premeditation.

At an early hour in the evening the Farival twins were prevailed upon to play the piano. They were girls of fourteen, always clad in the Virgin's colors, blue and white, having been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin at their baptism. They played a duet from "Zampa," and at the earnest solicitation of every one present followed it with the overture to "The Poet and the Peasant."

"Allez vous-en! Sapristi!" shrieked the parrot outside the door.

-
- * **on their stomachs on the floor:** 「마루 바닥에 배를 깔고」
 - * **a recitation or two ... or rather, offered:** 「한두 개의 낭독이 그날 저녁에 제공된 오락이었다」
 - * **no appearance of ... even premeditation:** 「미리 준비되었거나 계획된 흔적이 없었다」
 - * **clad in the Virgin's colors, blue and white:** 「마리아의 색깔인 하늘색과 흰색의 옷을 입은」
 - * **at the earnest solicitation ... to "The Poet and the Peasant":** 「그곳에 있는 모든 이들의 간청으로 "시인과 농부" 서곡을 연주했다」
 - * **Allez vous-en! Sapristi!":** 「집어 치워라! 제발!」

Farival twins
Zampa

parrot

the parrot, candor, not listening → punishment, removal

65

He was the only being present who possessed sufficient candor to admit that he was not listening to these gracious performances for the first time that summer. Old Monsieur Farival, grandfather of the twins, grew indignant over the interruption, and insisted upon having the bird removed and consigned to regions of darkness. Victor Lebrun objected; and his decrees were as immutable as those of Fate. The parrot fortunately offered no further interruption to the entertainment, the whole venom of his nature apparently having been cherished up and hurled against the twins in that one impetuous outburst.

Later a young brother and sister gave recitations, which every one present had heard many times at winter evening entertainments in the city.

A little girl performed a skirt dance in the center of the floor. The mother played her accompaniments and at the same time watched her daughter with greedy admiration and nervous apprehension. She need have had no apprehension. The child was mistress of the situation. She had been properly dressed for the occasion in black tulle² and black silk tights. Her little neck and arms were bare, and her hair, artificially crimped, stood out like fluffy black plumes over her head. Her poses were full of grace, and her little black-shod toes twinkled as they shot out and upward with a rapidity and suddenness which were bewildering.

But there was no reason why every one should not dance. Madame Ratignolle could not, so it was she who gaily consented to play for the others. She played very well, keeping excellent waltz time and infusing an expression into the strains which was indeed inspiring. She was keeping up her music on account of the children, she said; because she and her husband both considered it a means of brightening the home and making it attractive.

Almost every one danced but the twins, who could not be in-

할아내지

남매. 남동

girl dance

Ratig
dance x
우들 함께
play

- * She need have had no apprehension: 「그녀는 두려워 할 필요가 없었다」
- * tulle: 주로 실크로 된 얇고 부드러운 망사
- * keeping excellent waltz... indeed inspiring: 「왈츠박자에 멋지게 맞추며 영감을 불러일으키는 선율 속에 감정을 부여했다」
- * on account of: ~때문에
- * but: =except

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duced to separate during the brief period when one or the other should be whirling around the room in the arms of a man. They might have danced together, but they did not think of it.

The children were sent to bed. Some went submissively; others with shrieks and protests as they were dragged away. They had been permitted to sit up till after the ice-cream, which naturally marked the limit of human indulgence.

The ice-cream was passed around with cake—gold and silver cake arranged on platters in alternate slices; it had been made and frozen during the afternoon back of the kitchen by two black women, under the supervision of Victor. It was pronounced a great success—excellent if it had only contained a little less vanilla or a little more sugar, if it had been frozen a degree harder, and if the salt might have been kept out of portions of it. Victor was proud of his achievement, and went about recommending it and urging every one to partake of it to excess.

After Mrs. Pontellier had danced twice with her husband, once with Robert, and once with Monsieur Ratignolle, who was thin and tall and swayed like a reed in the wind/when he danced, she went out on the gallery and seated herself on the low window-sill, where she commanded a view of all that went on in the hall and could look out toward the Gulf. There was a soft effulgence in the east. The moon was coming up, and its mystic shimmer was casting a million lights across the distant, restless water.

"Would you like to hear Mademoiselle Reisz play?" asked Robert, coming out on the porch where she was. Of course Edna would like to hear Mademoiselle Reisz play; but she feared it would be useless to entreat her.

"I'll ask her," he said. "I'll tell her that you want to hear her. She likes you. She will come." He turned and hurried away to one of the far cottages, where Mademoiselle Reisz was shuffling away. She was

* **which naturally ... of human indulgence:** 「이것은 인간의 관대함이 허용할 수 있는 한도였다」

* **seated herself on the low window-sill:** 「낮은 창틀에 앉았다」

* **commanded a view of ... on in the hall:** 「홀 안의 풍경을 바라보았다」

* **restless water:** 바다에 유혹을 느끼면서 동요되는 Edna의 심리를 표현해준다. 만(Gulf)에 비치는 부드러운 달빛을 볼 수 있고 여기에 자연의 상징들이 서로 harmony를 이루면서 그녀의 원초적인 자아를 표출해 준다.

dragging a chair in and out of her room, and at intervals objecting to the crying of a baby, which a nurse in the adjoining cottage was endeavoring to put to sleep. She was a disagreeable little woman, no longer young, who had quarreled with almost every one, owing to a temper which was self-assertive and a disposition to trample upon the rights of others. Robert prevailed upon her without any too great difficulty.

She entered the hall with him during a lull in the dance. She made an awkward, imperious little bow as she went in. She was a homely woman, with a small weazened face and body and eyes that glowed. She had absolutely no taste in dress, and wore a batch of rusty black lace with a bunch of artificial violets pinned to the side of her hair.

"Ask Mrs. Pontellier what she would like to hear me play," she requested of Robert. She sat perfectly still before the piano, not touching the keys, while Robert carried her message to Edna at the window. A general air of surprise and genuine satisfaction fell upon every one as they saw the pianist enter. There was a settling down, and a prevailing air of expectancy everywhere. Edna was a trifle embarrassed at being thus signaled out for the imperious little woman's favor. She would not dare to choose, and begged that Mademoiselle Reisz would please herself in her selections.

Edna was what she herself called very fond of music. Musical strains, well rendered, had a way of evoking pictures in her mind. She sometimes liked to sit in the room of mornings when Madame Ratignolle played or practiced. One piece which that lady played Edna had entitled 'Solitude.'³ It was a short, plaintive, minor strain. The name of the piece was something else, but she called it

Edna of music

무제: A solitary Soul

- * **owing to a temper ... upon the rights of others:** 「그녀는 자기 주장을 하는 성질과 다른 이들의 권리를 침해하는 성향 때문에」
- * **during a lull in the dance:** 「춤이 잠시 멈춘 사이에」
- * **a homely woman:** 「못생긴 여자」
- * **no taste in dress:** 「옷 입는데 심미안을 갖고 있지 않은(아무렇게나 옷을 입은)」
- * **Musical strains, well rendered:** 「잘 연주되는 음악의 선율」 음악은 영혼의 문제와 깊은 관계가 있는 이미지.

“Solitude.” When she heard it there came before her imagination the figure of a man standing beside a desolate rock on the seashore. He was naked. His attitude was one of hopeless resignation as he looked toward a distant bird winging its flight away from him.

Another piece called to her mind a dainty young woman clad in an Empire gown, taking mincing dancing steps as she came down a long avenue between tall hedges. Again, another reminded her of children at play, and still another of nothing on earth but a demure lady stroking a cat.

The very first chords which Mademoiselle Reisz struck upon the piano sent a keen tremor down Mrs. Pontellier's spinal column. It was not the first time she had heard an artist at the piano. Perhaps it was the first time she was ready, perhaps the first time her being was tempered to take an impress of the abiding truth.

She waited for the material pictures which she thought would gather and blaze before her imagination. She waited in vain. She saw no pictures of solitude, of hope, of longing, or of despair. But the very passions themselves were aroused within her soul, swaying

* **“Solitude”: The Awakening**의 부제(subtitle)로 “A Solitary Soul”을 암시해준다. Chopin의 첫번째 전기를 쓴 Daniel Rankin은 이 소설의 본래 title이 “A Solitary Soul”이었던 것이 출판업자에 의해서 바뀌었다고 밝혀주고 있으며, 두번째 전기를 쓴 Per Seyested는 작가가 부제로 “A Solitary Soul”을 지니기를 원했다고 전한다.

* **His attitude was ... away from him:** 음악의 효과는 Edna의 future action을 예시해 준다. 여기서 nakedness, solitude, resignation 그리고 bird가 Edna의 죽음을 암시해 주며, 죽음은 또한 새로운 생명의 탄생을 약속해 준다고 설명할 수 있다.

「그로부터 날개를 펴려이며 멀리 날아가버리는 새 한마리를 바라보는 그의 모습은 절망적인 체념의 모습이었다」 Edna가 짧고 애절한 소곡 “Solitude”를 들으면서 그녀의 상상속에 떠오른 황량한 바위 옆에 서 있는 남자의 모습으로 암시해주는 심리적으로 혼돈된 감정 : vague mood of solitude, moods of longing and despair as embodiments of her own confused emotions.

* **a dainty young woman ... between tall hedges:** 「높은 담 사이로 난 긴 가로수 길을 조심스럽게 사뿐히 걸어오는 왕실 가운을 입은 우아한 젊은 여인」 넘지 못할 인습을 일깨워 주는 혼돈의 mood.

* **the very passions themselves ... upon her splendid body:** 「바로 그것들을 나타내는 열정 그 자체가 그녀의 영혼 안에서 일깨워지고, 매일 그녀의 아름다운 몸을 칠색이는 파도처럼 그녀의 영혼을 때렸다」 바다의 음성으로 육체의 새로운 생명과 정신적 자각을 경험하게 된 것 처럼 음악소리에 영혼의 일깨움을 체험케 된다.

반듯이 passionate
다른이의 passion은 깨닫는다

자신의 음악이 passion, enth
음악은 감을 잡지하는가?

음악, Edna의 영혼 깰까

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it, lashing it, as the waves daily beat upon her splendid body. She trembled, she was choking, and the tears blinded her.

Mademoiselle had finished. She arose, and bowing her stiff, lofty bow, she went away, stopping for neither thanks nor applause. As she passed along the gallery she patted Edna upon the shoulder.

"Well, how did you like my music?" she asked. The young woman was unable to answer; she pressed the hand of the pianist convulsively. Mademoiselle Reisz perceived her agitation and even her tears. She patted her again upon the shoulder as she said:

"You are the only one worth playing for. Those others? Bah!" and she went shuffling and sidling on down the gallery toward her room.

Reisz 연주
가
audience

But she was mistaken about "those others." Her playing had aroused a fever of enthusiasm. "What passion!" "What an artist!" "I have always said no one could play Chopin like Mademoiselle Reisz!" "That last prelude! Bon Dieu! It shakes a man!"

It was growing late, and there was a general disposition to disband. But some one, perhaps it was Robert, thought of a bath at that mystic hour and under that mystic moon.

수영 자판

X

At all events Robert proposed it, and there was not a dissenting voice. There was not one but was ready to follow when he led the way. He did not lead the way, however, he directed the way; and he himself loitered behind with the lovers, who had betrayed a disposition to linger and hold themselves apart. He walked between them, whether with malicious or mischievous intent was not wholly clear, even to himself.

연인 사이 끼어들

The Pontelliers and Ratignolles walked ahead; the women leaning upon the arms of their husbands. Edna could hear Robert's voice behind them, and could sometimes hear what he said. She wondered why he did not join them. It was unlike him not to. Of late he had

- * **stopping for neither thanks nor applause:** 「감사하다는 말도, 칭찬의 말도 기다리지 않고」
- * **You are the only one worth playing for:** 「당신 한 사람을 위해서만이 연주할 가치가 있어요」
- * **Bon Dieu! It shakes a man!:** 「어쩌면! 사람을 흔들어 놓는군요!」
- * **It was unlike him not to:** to 다음에 join them이 생략되었다

sometimes held away from her for an entire day, redoubling his devotion upon the next and the next, as though to make up for hours that had been lost. She missed him the days when some pretext served to take him away from her, just as one misses the sun on a cloudy day without having thought much about the sun when it was shining.

The people walked in little groups toward the beach. They talked and laughed; some of them sang. There was a band playing down at Klein's hotel, and the strains reached them faintly, tempered by the distance. There were strange, rare odors abroad—a tangle of the sea smell and of weeds and damp, new-plowed earth, mingled with the heavy perfume of a field of white blossoms somewhere near. But the night sat lightly upon the sea and the land. There was no weight of darkness; there were no shadows. The white light of the moon had fallen upon the world like the mystery and the softness of sleep.

Most of them walked into the water as though into a native element. The sea was quiet now, and swelled lazily in broad billows that melted into one another and did not break except upon the beach in little foamy crests that coiled back like slow, white serpents.

Edna had attempted all summer to learn to swim. She had received instructions from both the men and women; in some instances from the children. Robert had pursued a system of lessons almost daily; and he was nearly at the point of discouragement in realizing the futility of his efforts. A certain ungovernable dread

* **as though to make up for hours that had been lost:** 「마치 잃어버린 시간을 보상하듯이」

* **The white light of ... the softness of sleep:** 「흰 달빛이 신비하고 부드러운 잠처럼 세상 위에 비쳤다」 이상하고 낯선 향기와 땅거미가 내려 덮힌 밤에 원초적인 생명력에 새롭게 눈뜨게 된다: a new reality and a night of magical awakenings.

* **as though into a native element:** 「자연의 성분 속으로 들어가듯」

* **that coiled back like slow, white serpents:** 여기에서 파도가 밀려왔다 부서지는 모습을 통해 느리게 움직이는 흰 뱀들을 연상케 한 것은 sensuality의 표현이라 하겠다.

* **Edna had ... to learn to swim:** 「한여름 내내 수영을 배우려 애썼다」 (swim gives Edna a new sense of freedom)

Robert
May 1902
24th

Smell

light

Sea

Serpent

Edna
4월 24일

수영

death

Edna의 물에 대한 fear / water에 대한 joy, confidence

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hung about her when in the water, unless there was a hand near by that might reach out and reassure her.

But that night she was like the little tottering, stumbling, clutching child, who of a sudden realizes it powers, and walks for the first time alone, boldly and with over-confidence. She could have shouted for joy. She did shout for joy, as with a sweeping stroke or two she lifted her body to the surface of the water.

A feeling of exultation overtook her, as if some power of significant import had been given her soul. She grew daring and reckless, overestimating her strength. She wanted to swim far out, where no woman had swum before.

Her unlooked-for achievement was the subject of wonder, applause, and admiration. Each one congratulated himself that his special teachings had accomplished this desired end.

"How easy it is!" she thought. "It is nothing," she said aloud; "why did I not discover before that it was nothing. Think of the time I have lost splashing about like a baby!" She would not join the groups in their sports and bouts, but intoxicated with her newly conquered power, she swam out alone.

She turned her face seaward to gather in an impression of space and solitude, which the vast expanse of water, meeting and melting with the moonlit sky, conveyed to her excited fancy. As she swam she seemed to be reaching out for the unlimited in which to lose herself.

Once she turned and looked toward the shore, toward the people she had left there. She had not gone any great distance—that is, what would have been a great distance for an experienced swimmer. But to her unaccustomed vision the stretch of water behind her assumed the aspect of a barrier which her unaided strength would never be able to overcome.

A quick vision of death smote her soul, and for a second of time

- * She wanted to swim ... had swum before: 편견과 인습을 초월하여 힘껏 자유롭게 싶은 자신의 힘을 과대평가하는 것을 암시해준다.
- * As she swam ... in which to lose herself: '헤엄을 쳐 나가자 Edna는 자신을 잃어버린 무한함을 향해 손을 뻗치는 듯 했다'
- * A quick vision of death smote her soul: '갑자기 죽음의 모습이 그녀의 영혼을 엄습했다' (first encounter with the fear of death ; another awakening)

appalled and enfeebled her senses. But by an effort she rallied her staggering faculties and managed to regain the land.

She made no mention of her encounter with death and her flash of terror, except to say to her husband, "I thought I should have perished out there alone."

"You were not so very far, my dear; I was watching you," he told her.

Edna went at once to the bath-house, and she had put on her dry clothes and was ready to return home before the others had left the water. She started to walk away alone. They all called to her and shouted to her. She waved a dissenting hand, and went on, paying no further heed to their renewed cries which sought to detain her.

"Sometimes I am tempted to think that Mrs. Pontellier is capricious" said Madame Lebrun, who was amusing herself immensely and feared that Edna's abrupt departure might put an end to the pleasure.

"I know she is," assented Mr. Pontellier; "sometimes, not often."

Edna had not traversed a quarter of the distance on her way home before she was overtaken by Robert.

"Did you think I was afraid?" she asked him, without a shade of annoyance.

"No; I knew you weren't afraid."

"Then why did you come? Why didn't you stay out there with the others?"

"I never thought of it."

"Thought of what?"

"Of anything. What difference does it make?"

"I'm very tired," she uttered, complainingly.

"I know you are."

"You don't know anything about it. Why should you know? I never was so exhausted in my life. But it isn't unpleasant. A thousand emotions have swept through me to-night. I don't comprehend

* **Edna had not ... before she was overtaken by Robert:** 「Edna는 집으로 가는 거리의 사분의 일도 못가서 Robert에게 붙들렸다」

* **A thousand emotions ... me to-night:** 「오늘밤 수천가지 감정들이 내 속을 휩쓸고 갔어요」 음악과 물의 이미지가 소설의 중심 주제와 조화를 이루면서 Edna의 의식의 심층구조를 정서적으로 표출해주고 있다. 이처럼 내적 갈등을 이미지로 통찰력을 갖고 상징적으로 객관화 시켜준 점이 작품에 예술적 가치를 더해준다.

half of them. Don't mind what I'm saying; I am just thinking aloud. I wonder if I shall ever be stirred again as Mademoiselle Reisz's playing moved me to-night. I wonder if any night on earth will ever again be like this one. It is like a night in a dream. The people about me are like some uncanny, half-human beings. There must be spirits abroad to-night."

"There are," whispered Robert. "Didn't you know this was the twenty-eighth of August?"

"The twenty-eighth of August?"

"Yes. On the twenty-eighth of August, at the hour of midnight, and if the moon is shining—the moon must be shining—a spirit that has haunted these shores for ages rises up from the Gulf. With its own penetrating vision/the spirit seeks some one mortal worthy to hold him company, worthy of being exalted for a few hours into realms of the semi-celestials. His search has always hitherto been fruitless, and he has sunk back, disheartened, into the sea. But to-night he found Mrs. Pontellier. Perhaps he will never wholly release her from the spell. Perhaps she will never again suffer a poor, unworthy earthling to walk in the shadow of her divine presence."

Robert
Edna
P.

"Don't banter me," she said, wounded at what appeared to be his flippancy. He did not mind the entreaty, but the tone with its delicate note of pathos was like a reproach. He could not explain; he could not tell her that he had penetrated her mood and understood. He said nothing except to offer her his arm, for, by her own admission, she was exhausted. She had been walking alone with her arms hanging limp, letting her white skirts trail along the dewy path. She took his arm, but she did not lean upon it. She let her hand lie listlessly, as though her thoughts were elsewhere—some-

* **There must be... to-night:** 「오늘밤엔 도처에 귀신들이 있음에 틀림없어요」

* **a spirit that... from the Gulf:** Robert가 "a spirit of the Gulf"에 대해서 일깨워 준다. 즉 동반해서 신성한 하늘의 영역으로 올라 갈만한 가치있는 사람(Edna)을 말한다.

* **realms of the semi-celestials:** 「반쯤은 신성한 하늘의 영역」

* **a poor, unworthy earthling:** 「가련하고 가치없는 속인」

* **"Don't banter me":** 「놀리지 말아요」

* **the tone with its delicate... like a reproach:** 「섬세한 슬픔을 띤 그녀의 어조는 질책같이 들렸다」

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where in advance of her body, and she was striving to overtake them.

Robert assisted her into the hammock which swung from the post before her door out to the trunk of a tree.

"Will you stay out here and wait for Mr. Pontellier?" he asked.

"I'll stay out here. Good-night."

"Shall I get you a pillow?"

"There's one here," she said, feeling about, for they were in the shadow.

"It must be soiled; the children have been tumbling it about."

"No matter." And having discovered the pillow, she adjusted it beneath her head. She extended herself in the hammock with a deep breath of relief. She was not a supercilious or an over-dainty woman. She was not much given to reclining in the hammock, and when she did so it was with no cat-like suggestion of voluptuous ease, but with a beneficent repose which seemed to invade her whole body.

"Shall I stay with you till Mr. Pontellier comes?" asked Robert, seating himself on the outer edge of one of the steps and taking hold of the hammock rope which was fastened to the post.

"If you wish. Don't swing the hammock. Will you get my white shawl which I left on the window-sill over at the house?"

"Are you chilly?"

"No; but I shall be presently."

"Presently?" he laughed. "Do you know what time it is? How long are you going to stay out here?"

"I don't know. Will you get the shawl?"

"Of course I will," he said, rising. He went over to the house, walking along the grass. She watched his figure pass in and out of the strips of moonlight. It was past midnight. It was very quiet.

When he returned with the shawl she took it and kept it in her hand. She did not put it around her.

"Did you say I should stay till Mr. Pontellier came back?"

"I said you might if you wished to."

He seated himself again and rolled a cigarette, which he smoked in silence. Neither did Mrs. Pontellier speak. No multitude of words could have been more significant than those moments of silence, or more pregnant with the first-felt throbbings of desire.

When the voices of the bathers were heard approaching, Robert

다빈 아카데미
Robert의 방

김이 안은 거품이
있고 2/2

said good-night. She did not answer him. He thought she was asleep. Again she watched his figure pass in and out of the strips of moonlight as he walked away.

XI

"What are you doing out here, Edna? I thought I should find you in bed," said her husband, when he discovered her lying there. He had walked up with Madame Lebrun and left her at the house. His wife did not reply.

"Are you asleep?" he asked, bending down close to look at her.

"No." Her eyes gleamed bright and intense, with no sleepy shadows, as they looked into his.

"Do you know it is past one o'clock? Come on," and he mounted the steps and went into their room.

"Edna!" called Mr. Pontellier from within, after a few moments had gone by.

"Don't wait for me," she answered. He thrust his head through the door.

"You will take cold out there," he said, irritably. "What folly is this? Why don't you come in?"

"It isn't cold; I have my shawl."

"The mosquitoes will devour you."

"There are no mosquitoes."

She heard him moving about the room; every sound indicating impatience and irritation. Another time she would have gone in at his request. She would, through habit, have yielded to his desire; not with any sense of submission or obedience to his compelling wishes, but unthinkingly, as we walk, move, sit, stand, go through the daily treadmill of the life which has been portioned out to us.

"Edna, dear, are you not coming in soon?" he asked again, this

* **No multitude of word... with the first-felt throbbings of desire:**

「어떤 말도 그 정적의 순간보다 더 의미있을 수 없으며, 최초로 느껴진 욕망의 설레임 보다 더 강렬할 수 없었을 것이다」

* **thought I ... in bed:** 「이미 잠자리에 들은 줄로 생각했는데」

* **with no sleepy shadows:** 「그녀의 눈은 졸음의 그림자라고는 없이」

* **take cold:** 「감기들다」 (=have [catch] a cold)

* **Another time ... at his request:** 「다른 때 같았으면 그의 요구에 그녀는 들어갔을 것이었다」

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time fondly, with a note of entreaty.

"No; I am going to stay out here."

"This is more than folly," he blurted out. "I can't permit you to stay out there all night. You must come in the house instantly."

With a writhing motion she settled herself more securely in the hammock. She perceived that her will had blazed up, stubborn and resistant. She could not at that moment have done other than denied and resisted. She wondered if her husband had ever spoken to her like that before, and if she had submitted to his command. Of course she had; she remembered that she had. But she could not realize why or how she should have yielded, feeling as she then did.

"Léonce, go to bed," she said. "I mean to stay out here. I don't wish to go in, and I don't intend to. Don't speak to me like that again; I shall not answer you."

Mr. Pontellier had prepared for bed, but he slipped on an extra garment. He opened a bottle of wine, of which he kept a small and select supply in a buffet of his own. He drank a glass of the wine and went out on the gallery and offered a glass to his wife. She did not wish any. He drew up the rocker, hoisted his slippered feet on the rail, and proceeded to smoke a cigar. He smoked two cigars; then he went inside and drank another glass of wine. Mrs. Pontellier again declined to accept a glass when it was offered to her. Mr. Pontellier once more seated himself with elevated feet, and after a reasonable interval of time smoked some more cigars.

Edna began to feel like one who awakens gradually out of a

* with a note of entreaty: 「간청하는 목소리로」

* "This is more than folly": 「이건 도대체 뭐요?」

* her will ... and resistant: 「그녀의 의지가 고집스럽게 저항하며 타오르는 것을 느꼈다」

dream, a delicious, grotesque, impossible dream, to feel again the realities pressing into her soul. The physical need for sleep began to overtake her; the exuberance which had sustained and exalted her spirit left her helpless and yielding to the conditions which crowded her in. 229

The stillest hour of the night had come, the hour before dawn, when the world seems to hold its breath. The moon hung low, and had turned from silver to copper in the sleeping sky. The old owl no longer hooted, and the water-oaks had ceased to moan as they bent their heads.

Edna arose, cramped from lying so long and still in the hammock. She tottered up the steps, clutching feebly at the post before passing into the house.

"Are you coming in, Léonce?" she asked, turning her face toward her husband.

"Yes, dear," he answered, with a glance following a misty puff of smoke. "Just as soon as I have finished my cigar."

XII

She slept but a few hours. They were troubled and feverish hours, disturbed with dreams that were intangible, that eluded her, leaving only an impression upon her half-awakened senses of something unattainable. She was up and dressed in the cool of the early morning. The air was invigorating and steadied somewhat her faculties. However, she was not seeking refreshment or help from any source, either external or from within. She was blindly following whatever impulse moved her, as if she had placed herself in alien hands for direction, and freed her soul of responsibility.

Most of the people at that early hour were still in bed and asleep. A few, who intended to go over to the *Chênrière* for mass, were moving about. The lovers, who had laid their plans the night before, were already strolling toward the wharf. The lady in black, with her Sunday prayer book, velvet and gold-clasped, and her Sunday silver

* (began) to feel again ... into her soul: 「현실이 그녀의 영혼 속으로 파고 드는 것을 다시 느끼는 사람처럼 느꼈다」

* as if she ... her soul of responsibility: 「마치 자기 자신을 낫선 손에 맡겨 인도해 주도록 해두고, 그리하여 영혼을 책임으로부터 해방시킨 듯했다」

* the *Chênrière*: Grand Isle과 Louisiana해안 사이에 있는 섬(=Chênrière Caminada)

Edna - 2014년 1월 24일 Robert H. 2014

beads, was following them at no great distance. Old Monsieur Farival was up, and was more than half inclined to do anything that suggested itself. He put on his big straw hat, and taking his umbrella from the stand in the hall, followed the lady in black, never overtaking her.

The little negro girl who worked Madame Lebrun's sewing-machine was sweeping the galleries with long, absent-minded strokes of the broom. Edna sent her up into the house to awaken Robert.

"Tell him I am going to the *Chênrière*. The boat is ready; tell him to hurry."

He had soon joined her. She had never sent for him before. She had never asked for him. She had never seemed to want him before. She did not appear conscious that she had done anything unusual in commanding his presence. He was apparently equally unconscious of anything extraordinary in the situation. But his face was suffused with a quiet glow when he met her.

They went together back to the kitchen to drink coffee. There was no time to wait for any nicety of service. They stood outside the window and the cook passed them their coffee and a roll, which they drank and ate from the window-sill. Edna said it tasted good. She had not thought of coffee nor of anything. He told her he had often noticed that she lacked forethought.

"Wasn't it enough to think of going to the *Chênrière* and waking you up?" she laughed. "Do I have to think of everything?—as Léonce says when he's in a bad humor. I don't blame him; he'd never be in a bad humor if it weren't for me."

They took a short cut across the sands. At a distance they could see the curious procession moving toward the wharf—the lovers, shoulder to shoulder, creeping; the lady in black, gaining steadily upon them; old Monsieur Farival, losing ground inch by inch, and a young barefooted Spanish girl, with a red kerchief on her head and

* at no great distance: 「멀지 않은 곳에서」

* with long, absent-minded strokes of the broom: 「건성으로 길게 빗자루질을 하면서」

* There was ... of service: 「점잖게 대접받기 위해 기다릴 시간이 없었다」

* in a bad humor: 「화가 나서」

한글 자는 베르나르

Mariequita

79

spanish girl
베르나르

a basket on her arm, bringing up the rear.

Robert knew the girl, and he talked to her a little in the boat. No one present understood what they said. Her name was Mariequita. She had a round, sly, piquant face and pretty black eyes. Her hands were small, and she kept them folded over the handle of her basket. Her feet were broad and coarse. She did not strive to hide them. Edna looked at her feet, and noticed the sand and slime between her brown toes.

vulgar
open

Beaudelet grumbled because Mariequita was there, taking up so much room. In reality he was annoyed at having old Monsieur Farival, who considered himself the better sailor of the two. But he would not quarrel with so old a man as Monsieur Farival, so he quarreled with Mariequita. The girl was deprecatory at one moment, appealing to Robert. She was saucy the next, moving her head up and down, making "eyes" at Robert and making "mouths" at Beaudelet.

insolent
+
flattering

The lovers were all alone. They saw nothing, they heard nothing. The lady in black was counting her beads for the third time. Old Monsieur Farival talked incessantly of what he knew about handling a boat, and of what Beaudelet did not know on the same subject.

Edna liked it all. She looked Mariequita up and down, from her ugly brown toes to her pretty black eyes, and back again.

"Why does she look at me like that?" inquired the girl of Robert.

"Maybe she thinks you are pretty. Shall I ask her?"

왜 끌리는가?
out of disgust
"envy?"

* **Her feet were ... between her brown toes:** Edna의 mud and slime(진흙)에 대한 반응은 작가의 단편소설 "Vagabonds"나 "Loka"에서 상징적으로 타락을 암시해주듯이 생명의 질은 잠재적 의식에 대한 점진적인 이해를 나타내준다. 여기서 배를 저어갔던 Mariequita의 발가락 사이에 진흙을 보고 역겹게 생각되었다. 전통적인 인습으로 보아 남자들을 공공연히 희롱하는 세속적인 타락한 여자임을 감지할 수 있다.

* **taking up so much room:** 「그렇게 자리를 많이 차지하다」

* **saucy the next:** 「두번째로 전방진」

* **making "eyes" at Robert:** 「Robert에게 추파를 던지고」

* **making "mouths" at Beaudelet:** 「Beaudelet에게 심술을 부렸다」

* **She looked Mariequita ..., and back again:** Edna가 추잡한 진흙으로 뒤덮힌 맨발을 감추려들지 않는 Mariequita를 못마땅히 생각하여 위아래로 훑어보는 것

"No. Is she your sweetheart?"

"She's a married lady, and has two children."

"Oh! well! Francisco ran away with Sylvano's wife, who had four children. They took all his money and one of the children and stole his boat."

"Shut up!"

"Does she understand?"

"Oh, hush!"

"Are those two married over there—leaning on each other?"

"Of course not," laughed Robert.

"Of course not," echoed Mariequita, with a serious, confirmatory bob of the head.

Sun breeze
The sun was high up and beginning to bite. The swift breeze seemed to Edna to bury the sting of it into the pores of her face and hands. Robert held his umbrella over her.

As they went cutting sidewise through the water, the sails bellied taut, with the wind filling and overflowing them. Old Monsieur Farival laughed sardonically at something as he looked at the sails, and Beaufort swore at the old man under his breath.

Sailing across the bay to the *Chênrière Caminada*, Edna felt as if she were being borne away from some anchorage which had held her fast, whose chains had been loosening—had snapped the night before when the mystic spirit was abroad, leaving her free to drift whithersoever she chose to set her sails. Robert spoke to her incessantly; he no longer noticed Mariequita. The girl had shrimps in her bamboo basket. They were covered with Spanish moss. She beat the moss down impatiently, and muttered to herself sullenly.

* **The sun was ... to bite:** 「태양은 높게 떠올라 따갑게 쏘이기 시작했다」
"A Vocation and a Voice", "Loka", "A Morning Walk", "At Chênrière Caminada" 등과 같은 단편소설 등에서 처럼 태양과 바람은 Edna에게 오래동안 침잠해 있었던 sexual force를 반영해 준다. 그녀의 육체적 욕망을 나타내주는 barometer와 같다. Edna의 열정에 불을 붙였던 어느날 Robert와 함께 Chênrière Caminada로 배를 몰아간다. 이때 그녀의 욕망의 barometer는 높이 올라가고 형용키 어려운 욕망이 전류처럼 그녀의 몸에 스며든다. 여기서 Edna는 숨겨져 있던 생명력의 꿈틀거림을 감지할 수 있었고 sun and breeze에 매료됨을 공개적으로 선언하게 된다.

* **whithersoever she chose to set her sails:** 「그녀는 뜻을 향하는 곳이면 어디든지」

"Let us go to Grande Terre to-morrow?" said Robert in a low voice.

"What shall we do there?"

"Climb up the hill to the old fort and look at the little wriggling gold snakes, and watch the lizards sun themselves."

She gazed away toward Grande Terre and thought she would like to be alone there with Robert, in the sun, listening to the ocean's roar and watching the slimy lizards writhe in and out among the ruins of the old fort.

"And the next day or the next we can sail to the Bayou Brulow," he went on.

"What shall we do there?"

"Anything—cast bait for fish."

"No; we'll go back to Grande Terre. Let the fish alone."

"We'll go wherever you like," he said. "I'll have Tonie come over and help me patch and trim my boat. We shall not need Beaufort nor any one. Are you afraid of the pirogue?"

"Oh, no."

"Then I'll take you some night in the pirogue when the moon shines. Maybe your Gulf spirit will whisper to you in which of these islands the treasures are hidden—direct you to the very spot, perhaps."

"And in a day we should be rich!" she laughed. "I'd give it all to you, the pirate gold and every bit of treasure we could dig up. I think you would know how to spend it. Pirate gold isn't a thing to be hoarded or utilized. ~~It is something to squander and throw to the four winds, for the fun of seeing the golden specks fly.~~"

"We'd share it, and scatter it together," he said. His face flushed

They all went together up to the quaint little Gothic church of Our Lady of Lourdes, gleaming all brown and yellow with paint in the sun's glare."

* Grande Terre: Grand Isle에 인접해 있는 섬

* watching the slimy lizards ... of the old fort: 「옛 성채의 폐허 속을 미끈거리는 도마뱀이 꿈틀거리며 드나드는 것을 바라보면서」 Edna의 sensuality를 표출해준다.

* pirogue: 「통나무 배」

해변의 큰

82 • The Awakening

Only Beaudet remained behind, tinkering at his boat, and Mariequita walked away with her basket of shrimps, casting a look of childish ill-humor and reproach at Robert from the corner of her eye.

XIII

A feeling of oppression and drowsiness overcame Edna during the service. Her head began to ache, and the lights on the altar swayed before her eyes. Another time she might have made an effort to regain her composure; but her one thought was to quit the stifling atmosphere of the church and reach the open air. She arose, climbing over Robert's feet with a muttered apology. Old Monsieur Farival, flurried, curious, stood up, but upon seeing that Robert had followed Mrs. Pontellier, he sank back into his seat. He whispered an anxious inquiry of the lady in black, who did not notice him or reply, but kept her eyes fastened upon the pages of her velvet prayer-book.

"I felt giddy and almost overcome," Edna said, lifting her hands instinctively to her head and pushing her straw hat up from her forehead. "I couldn't have stayed through the service." They were outside in the shadow of the church. Robert was full of solicitude.

"It was folly to have thought of going in the first place, let alone staying. Come over to Madame Antoine's; you can rest there." He took her arm and led her away, looking anxiously and continuously down into her face.

How still it was, with only the voice of the sea whispering through the reeds that grew in the salt-water pools! The long line of little gray, weather-beaten houses nestled peacefully among the orange trees. It must always have been God's day on that low, drowsy island, Edna thought. They stopped, leaning over a jagged fence made of sea-drift, to ask for water. A youth, a mild-faced

* **casting a look of childish ill-humor**: 「어린애처럼 기분이 나쁜 표정으로」

* **kept her eyes ... velvet prayer-book**: 「벨벳으로 된 기도책에 시선을 박고 있었다」

* **weather-beaten houses**: 「파도와 바람에 시달린 집들」

* **a jagged fence made of sea-drift**: 「바다의 표류물로 만들어진 들쭉날쭉한 울타리」

Acadian, was drawing water from the cistern, which was nothing more than a rusty buoy, with an opening on one side, sunk in the ground. The water which the youth handed to them in a tin pail was not cold to taste, but it was cool to her heated face, and it greatly revived and refreshed her.

Madame Antoine's cot was at the far end of the village. She welcomed them with all the native hospitality, as she would have opened her door to let the sunlight in. She was fat, and walked heavily and clumsily across the floor. She could speak no English, but when Robert made her understand that the lady who accompanied him was ill and desired to rest, she was all eagerness to make Edna feel at home and to dispose of her comfortably.

The whole place was immaculately clean, and the big, four-posted bed, snow-white, invited one to repose. It stood in a small side room which looked out across a narrow grass plot toward the shed, where there was a disabled boat lying keel upward.

Madame Antoine had not gone to mass. Her son Tonie had, but she supposed he would soon be back, and she invited Robert to be seated and wait for him. But he went and sat outside the door and smoked. Madame Antoine busied herself in the large front room preparing dinner. She was boiling mullets over a few red coals in the huge fireplace.

Edna, left alone in the little side room, loosened her clothes, removing the greater part of them. She bathed her face, her neck and arms in the basin that stood between the windows. She took off her shoes and stockings and stretched herself in the very center of the high, white bed. How luxurious it felt to rest thus in a strange, quaint bed, with its sweet country odor of laurel lingering about the sheets and mattress! She stretched her strong limbs that ached a little. She ran her fingers through her loosened hair for a while. She

* **Acadian**: 「Acadia와 Nova Scotia에서 영국인에 의해 1775년에 추방된 프랑스계 캐나다인의 후손」

* **cot**: =cottage

* **four-posted bed**: 「네기둥으로 받쳐진 침대」

* **the greater part of them**: 「대부분의 옷」

* **She ran ... hair for a while**: 「잠시동안 풀어헤친 머리칼 사이로 손가락을 넣어 빗질을 했다」

looked at her round arms as she held them straight up and rubbed them one after the other, observing closely, as if it were something she saw for the first time, the fine, firm quality and texture of her flesh. She clasped her hands easily above her head, and it was thus she fell asleep.

She slept lightly at first, half awake and drowsily attentive to the things about her. She could hear Madame Antoine's heavy, scraping tread as she walked back and forth on the sanded floor. Some chickens were clucking outside the windows, scratching for bits of gravel in the grass. Later she half heard the voices of Robert and Tonie talking under the shed. She did not stir. Even her eyelids rested numb and heavily over her sleepy eyes. The voices went on—Tonie's slow, Acadian drawl, Robert's quick, soft, smooth French. She understood French imperfectly unless directly addressed, and the voices were only part of the other drowsy, muffled sounds lulling her senses.

When Edna awoke it was with the conviction that she had slept long and soundly. The voices were hushed under the shed. Madame Antoine's step was no longer to be heard in the adjoining room. Even the chickens had gone elsewhere to scratch and cluck. The mosquito bar was drawn over her; the old woman had come in while she slept and let down the bar. Edna arose quietly from the bed, and looking between the curtains of the window, she saw by the slanting rays of the sun that the afternoon was far advanced. Robert was out there under the shed, reclining in the shade against the sloping keel of the overturned boat. He was reading from a book. Tonie was no longer with him. She wondered what had become of the rest of the party. She peeped out at him two or three times as she stood washing herself in the little basin between the windows.

* **Even her eyelids ... over her sleepy eyes:** 「그녀의 눈꺼풀마저도 감각을 잃고 무겁게 줄리는 눈을 덮고 있었다」

* **Tonie's slow, Acadian drawl:** 「Tonie의 느릿느릿한 아캐디언 말투」

* **lulling her senses:** 「그녀의 감각을 어루만져주는」

* **she saw by ... far advanced:** 「비스듬한 햇살을 보고 그녀는 오후가 저물고 있음을 알았다」 (saw의 목적은 that이하절)

Madame Antoine had laid some coarse, clean towels upon a chair, and had placed a box of *poudre de riz* within easy reach. Edna dabbed the powder upon her nose and cheeks as she looked at herself closely in the little distorted mirror which hung on the wall above the basin. Her eyes were bright and wide awake and her face glowed.

When she had completed her toilet she walked into the adjoining room. She was very hungry. No one was there. But there was a cloth spread upon the table that stood against the wall, and a cover was laid for one, with a crusty brown loaf and a bottle of wine beside the plate. Edna bit a piece from the brown loaf, tearing it with her strong, white teeth. She poured some of the wine into the glass and drank it down. Then she went softly out of doors, and plucking an orange from the low-hanging bough of a tree, threw it at Robert, who did not know she was awake and up.

An illumination broke over his whole face when he saw her and joined her under the orange tree.

"How many years have I slept?" she inquired. "The whole island seems changed. A new race of beings must have sprung up, leaving only you and me as past relics. How many ages ago did Madame Antoine and Tonie die? and when did our people from Grand Isle disappear from the earth?"

He familiarly adjusted a ruffle upon her shoulder.

"You have slept precisely one hundred years. I was left here to guard your slumbers; and for one hundred years I have been out under the shed reading a book. The only evil I couldn't prevent was to keep a broiled fowl from drying up."

"If it had turned to stone, still will I eat it," said Edna, moving with him into the house. "But really, what has become of Monsieur Farival and the others?"

"Gone hours ago. When they found that you were sleeping they

* a box of *poudre de riz*: 「분파」

* within easy reach: 「손이 쉽게 닿을 수 있는 곳에」

* complete her toilet: 「몸단장하다. 화장하다」

* An illumination broke over his whole face: 「Robert의 얼굴이 활짝 밝아졌다」

thought it best not to awake you. Any way, I wouldn't have let them. What was I here for?"

"I wonder if Léonce will be uneasy!" she speculated, as she seated herself at table.

"Of course not; he knows you are with me," Robert replied, as he busied himself among sundry pans and covered dishes which had been left standing on the hearth.

"Where are Madame Antoine and her son?" asked Edna.

"Gone to Vespers, and to visit some friends, I believe. I am to take you back in Tonie's boat whenever you are ready to go."

He stirred the smoldering ashes till the broiled fowl began to sizzle afresh. He served her with no mean repast, dripping the coffee anew and sharing it with her. Madame Antoine had cooked little else than the mullets, but while Edna slept Robert had foraged the island. He was childishly gratified to discover her appetite, and to see the relish with which she ate the food which he had procured for her.

"Shall we go right away?" she asked, after draining her glass and brushing together the crumbs of the crusty loaf.

"The sun isn't as low as it will be in two hours," he answered.

"The sun will be gone in two hours."

"Well, let it go; who cares!"

They waited a good while under the orange trees, till Madame Antoine came back, panting, waddling, with a thousand apologies to explain her absence. Tonie did not dare to return. He was shy, and would not willingly face any woman except his mother.

It was very pleasant to stay there under the orange trees, while the sun dipped lower and lower, turning the western sky to flaming copper and gold. The shadows lengthened and crept out like stealthy, grotesque monsters across the grass.

Edna and Robert both sat upon the ground—that is, he lay upon

* **Vespers:** 「저녁예배」

* **I am to take ... in Tonie's boat:** 「Tonie의 배로 당신을 모시고 갈 것입니다」

* **The sun ... in two hours:** 「해가 저물려면 두 시간이 더 있는데요」

* **let it go; who cares!:** 「가라고 하지요; 누가 상관하나요!」

* **waited a good while:** 「상당히 오랫동안 기다렸다」

the ground beside her, occasionally picking at the hem of her muslin gown.

Madame Antoine seated her fat body, broad and squat, upon a bench beside the door. She had been talking all the afternoon, and had wound herself up to the story-telling pitch.

And what stories she told them! But twice in her life she had left the *Chènière Caminada*, and then for the briefest span. All her years she had squatted and waddled there upon the island, gathering legends of the Baratarians and the sea. The night came on, with the moon to lighten it. Edna could hear the whispering voices of dead men and the click of muffled gold.

When she and Robert stepped into Tonie's boat, with the red lateen sail, misty spirit forms were prowling in the shadows and among the reeds, and upon the water were phantom ships, speeding to cover.

XIV

Back home

The youngest boy, Etienne, had been very naughty, Madame Ratignolle said, as she delivered him into the hands of his mother. He had been unwilling to go to bed and had made a scene; whereupon she had taken charge of him and pacified him as well as she could. Raoul had been in bed and asleep for two hours.

The youngster was in his long white nightgown, that kept tripping him up as Madame Ratignolle led him along by the hand. With the other chubby fist he rubbed his eyes, which were heavy with sleep and ill humor. Edna took him in her arms, and seating herself in the rocker, began to coddle and caress him, calling him all manner of tender names, soothing him to sleep.

It was not more than nine o'clock. No one had yet gone to bed but the children.

* **had wound ... the story-telling pitch**: 「이야기하는 음조에 자신을 몰입시키고 있었다」

* **the Baratarians**: 「해적들」

* **make a scene**: 「소동을 피우다」

* **take charge of**: = have charge of 「~을 돌보다. ~을 맡다」

* **which were heavy with sleep and ill humor**: 「졸음과 심술이 잔뜩 들어있는 눈」

* **It was not more than nine o'clock**: 「이제 겨우 아홉시였다」

Léonce had been very uneasy at first, Madame Ratignolle said, and had wanted to start at once for the *Chênrière*. But Monsieur Farival had assured him that his wife was only overcome with sleep and fatigue, that Tonie would bring her safely back later in the day; and he had thus been dissuaded from crossing the bay. He had gone over to Klein's, looking up some cotton broker whom he wished to see in regard to securitics, exchanges, stocks, bonds, or something of the sort, Madame Ratignolle did not remember what. He said he would not remain away late. She herself was suffering from heat and oppression, she said. She carried a bottle of salts and a large fan. She would not consent to remain with Edna, for Monsieur Ratignolle was alone, and he detested above all things to be left alone.

When Etienne had fallen asleep Edna bore him into the back room, and Robert went and lifted the mosquito bar that she might lay the child comfortably in his bed. The quadroon had vanished. When they emerged from the cottage Robert bade Edna good-night.

"Do you know we have been together the whole livelong day, Robert—since early this morning?" she said at parting.

"All but the hundred years when you were sleeping. Good-night."

He pressed her hand and went away in the direction of the beach. He did not join any of the others, but walked alone toward the Gulf.

Edna stayed outside, awaiting her husband's return. She had no desire to sleep or to retire; nor did she feel like going over to sit with the Ratignolles, or to join Madame Lebrun and a group whose animated voices reached her as they sat in conversation before the house. She let her mind wander back over her stay at Grand Isle; and she tried to discover wherein this summer had been different from any and every other summer of her life. She could only realize that she herself—her present self—was in some way different from

* but : =except

* All but ... were sleeping: 「당신이 잠잔 백년동안을 제외하고는 전부」
(Robert가 Edna의 잠자고 있는 원초적인 sensuality를 일깨워주고 있다는 것을 강조해줌.)

the other self. That she was seeing with different eyes and making the acquaintance of new conditions in herself that colored and changed her environment, she did not yet suspect.

She wondered why Robert had gone away and left her. It did not occur to her to think he might have grown tired of being with her the livelong day. She was not tired, and she felt that he was not. She regretted that he had gone. It was so much more natural to have him stay, when he was not absolutely required to leave her.

As Edna waited for her husband she sang low a little song that Robert had sung as they crossed the bay. It began with "Ah! Si tu savais," and every verse ended with "si tu savais."

Robert's voice was not pretentious. It was musical and true. The voice, the notes, the whole refrain haunted her memory.

XV

When Edna entered the dining-room one evening a little late, as was her habit, an unusually animated conversation seemed to be going on. Several persons were talking at once, and Victor's voice was predominating, even over that of his mother. Edna had returned late from her bath, had dressed in some haste, and her face was flushed. Her head, set off by her dainty white gown, suggested a rich, rare blossom. She took her seat at table between old Monsieur Farival and Madame Ratignolle.

As she seated herself and was about to begin to eat her soup, which had been served when she entered the room, several persons informed her simultaneously that Robert was going to Mexico. She laid her spoon down and looked about her bewildered. He had been with her, reading to her all the morning, and had never even mentioned such a place as Mexico. She had not seen him during the afternoon; she had heard some one say he was at the house, upstairs with his mother. This she had thought nothing of, though she was surprised when he did not join her later in the afternoon, when she

* "si tu savais": 아일랜드의 작곡가이며 바리톤가수인 Michael William Balfe (1808-1870)가 작곡한 "Couldst Thou But Know"란 노래의 후렴.

* Victor's voice was ... of his mother: 「Victor의 음성은 어머니의 소리보다 더 크게 들렸다」 여기서 that은 voice를 받는 대명사

* set off by her dainty white gown: 「우아한 흰 까운과 잘 어울리는」

* This she had thought nothing of: 「그녀는 이것을 예사롭게 생각했었다」

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went down to the beach.

She looked across at him, where he sat beside Madame Lebrun, who presided. Edna's face was a blank picture of bewilderment, which she never thought of disguising. He lifted his eyebrows with the pretext of a smile as he returned her glance. He looked embarrassed and uneasy.

"When is he going?" she asked of everybody in general, as if Robert were not there to answer for himself.

"To-night!" "This very evening!" "Did you ever!" "What possesses him!" were some of the replies she gathered, uttered simultaneously in French and English.

"Impossible!" she exclaimed. "How can a person start off from Grand Isle to Mexico at a moment's notice, as if he were going over to Klein's or to the wharf or down to the beach?"

"I said all along I was going to Mexico; I've been saying so for years!" cried Robert, in an excited and irritable tone, with the air of a man defending himself against a swarm of stinging insects.

Madame Lebrun knocked on the table with her knife handle.

"Please let Robert explain why he is going, and why he is going to-night," she called out. "Really, this table is getting to be more and more like Bedlam every day, with everybody talking at once. Sometimes—I hope God will forgive me—but positively, sometimes I wish Victor would lose the power of speech."

Victor laughed sardonically as he thanked his mother for her holy wish, of which he failed to see the benefit to anybody, except that it might afford her a more ample opportunity and license to talk herself.

Monsieur Farival thought that Victor should have been taken out in mid-ocean in his earliest youth and drowned. Victor thought there would be more logic in thus disposing of old people with an established claim for making themselves universally obnoxious. Madame Lebrun grew a trifle hysterical; Robert called his brother

* **looked across**: 「건너다 보았다」

* **a blank picture of bewilderment**: 「아주 당황한 모습」

* **with the pretext ... her glance**: 「그녀의 시선에 답하여 미소지으려는 듯」

* **all along**: 「그 동안 죽, 내내」

* **Bedlam**: 「정신병원」

some sharp, hard names.

"There's nothing much to explain, mother," he said; though he explained, nevertheless—looking chiefly at Edna—that he could only meet the gentleman whom he intended to join at Vera Cruz by taking such and such a steamer, which left New Orleans on such a day; that Beaufort was going out with his lugger-load of vegetables that night, which gave him an opportunity of reaching the city and making his vessel in time.

"But when did you make up your mind to all this?" demanded Monsieur Farival.

"This afternoon," returned Robert, with a shade of annoyance.

"At what time this afternoon?" persisted the old gentleman, with nagging determination, as if he were cross-questioning a criminal in a court of justice.

"At four o'clock this afternoon, Monsieur Farival," Robert replied, in a high voice and with a lofty air, which reminded Edna of some gentleman on the stage.

She had forced herself to eat most of her soup, and now she was picking the flaky bits of a *court bouillon* with her fork.

The lovers were profiting by the general conversation on Mexico to speak in whispers of matters which they rightly considered were interesting to no one but themselves. The lady in black had once received a pair of prayer-beads of curious workmanship from Mexico, with very special indulgence attached to them, but she had never been able to ascertain whether the indulgence extended outside the Mexican border. Father Fochel of the Cathedral had attempted to explain it; but he had not done so to her satisfaction. And she begged that Robert would interest himself, and discover, if possible, whether she was entitled to the indulgence accompanying the remarkably curious Mexican prayer-beads.

Madame Ratignolle hoped that Robert would exercise extreme caution in dealing with the Mexicans, who, she considered, were a

* **court bouillon** : =Fish broth 물고기의 맑은 수프

* **The Lady in black** : 「수녀」

* **a pair of prayer-beads** : 「로자리오(목주) 한 쌍」

* **with very special indulgence attached to them** : 「그 로자리오에는 특별한 면죄의 힘이 부과되어 있는」

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treacherous people, unscrupulous and revengeful. She trusted she did them no injustice in thus condemning them as a race. She had known personally but one Mexican, who made and sold excellent tamales, and whom she would have trusted implicitly, so soft-spoken was he. One day he was arrested for stabbing his wife. She never knew whether he had been hanged or not.

Victor had grown hilarious, and was attempting to tell an anecdote about a Mexican girl who served chocolate one winter in a restaurant in Dauphine Street. No one would listen to him but old Monsieur Farival, who went into convulsions over the droll story.

Edna wondered if they had all gone mad, to be talking and clamoring at that rate. She herself could think of nothing to say about Mexico or the Mexicans.

"At what time do you leave?" she asked Robert.

"At ten," he told her. "Beaudelet wants to wait for the moon."

"Are you all ready to go?"

"Quite ready. I shall only take a handbag, and shall pack my trunk in the city."

He turned to answer some question put to him by his mother, and Edna, having finished her black coffee, left the table.

She went directly to her room. The little cottage was close and stuffy after leaving the outer air. But she did not mind; there appeared to be a hundred different things demanding her attention indoors. She began to set the toilet-stand to rights, grumbling at the negligence of the quadroon, who was in the adjoining room putting the children to bed. She gathered together stray garments that were hanging on the backs of chairs, and put each where it belonged in closet or bureau drawer. She changed her gown for a more comfortable and commodious wrapper. She rearranged her hair, combing and brushing it with unusual energy. Then she went in and assisted the quadroon in getting the boys to bed.

They were very playful and inclined to talk—to do anything but lie quiet and go to sleep. Edna sent the quadroon away to her

* **She trusted ... as a race:** 「그녀는 종족으로서의 그들을 이처럼 비난하는 것이 부당하다고 생각하지 않았다」

* **in Dauphine Street:** =in the French Quarter

* **went into convulsions over the droll story:** 「그 익살맞은 이야기에 경련을 일으키듯 웃었다」

supper and told her she need not return. Then she sat and told the children a story. Instead of soothing it excited them, and added to their wakefulness. She left them in heated argument, speculating about the conclusion of the tale which their mother promised to finish the following night.

The little black girl came in to say that Madame Lebrun would like to have Mrs. Pontellier go and sit with them over at the house till Mr. Robert went away. Edna returned answer that she had already undressed, that she did not feel quite well, but perhaps she would go over to the house later. She started to dress again, and got as far advanced as to remove her *peignoir*. But changing her mind once more she resumed the *peignoir*, and went outside and sat down before her door. She was overheated and irritable, and fanned herself energetically for a while. Madame Ratignolle came down to discover what was the matter.

"All that noise and confusion at the table must have upset me," replied Edna, "and moreover, I hate shocks and surprises. The idea of Robert starting off in such a ridiculously sudden and dramatic way! As if it were a matter of life and death! Never saying a word about it all morning when he was with me."

"Yes," agreed Madame Ratignolle. "I think it was showing us all—you especially—very little consideration. It wouldn't have surprised me in any of the others; those Lebruns are all given to heroics. But I must say I should never have expected such a thing from Robert. Are you not coming down? Come on, dear; it doesn't look friendly."

"No," said Edna, a little sullenly. "I can't go to the trouble of dressing again; I don't feel like it."

"You needn't dress; you look all right; fasten a belt around your waist. Just look at me!"

"No," persisted Edna; "but you go on. Madame Lebrun might be offended if we both stayed away."

Madame Ratignolle kissed Edna good-night, and went away, being in truth rather desirous of joining in the general and animated conversation which was still in progress concerning Mexico and the Mexicans.

* **peignoir** [peinwá:r] : (F) 「실내옷」

* **in truth** : 「사실은, 실제로」

Somewhat later Robert came up, carrying his hand-bag.

"Aren't you feeling well?" he asked.

"Oh, well enough. Are you going right away?"

He lit a match and looked at his watch. "In twenty minutes," he said. The sudden and brief flare of the match emphasized the darkness for a while. He sat down upon a stool which the children had left out on the porch.

"Get a chair," said Edna.

"This will do," he replied. He put on his soft hat and nervously took it off again, and wiping his face with his handkerchief, complained of the heat.

"Take the fan," said Edna, offering it to him.

"Oh, no! Thank you. It does no good; you have to stop fanning some time, and feel all the more uncomfortable afterward."

"That's one of the ridiculous things which men always say. I have never known one to speak otherwise of fanning. How long will you be gone?"

"Forever, perhaps. I don't know. It depends upon a good many things."

"Well, in case it shouldn't be forever, how long will it be?"

"I don't know."

"This seems to me perfectly preposterous and uncalled for. I don't like it. I don't understand your motive for silence and mystery, never saying a word to me about it this morning." He remained silent, not offering to defend himself. He only said, after a moment:

"Don't part from me in an ill-humor. I never knew you to be out of patience with me before."

"I don't want to part in any ill-humor," she said. "But can't you understand? I've grown used to seeing you, to having you with me

* **Somewhat later** : 「얼마가 지난후」

* **The sudden and brief ... for a while** : 「갑작스럽고도 순간적인 성냥불빛이 얼마동안 어두움을 더 강조해 주었다」 Edna와 Robert, 두 사람의 장래를 예견해주는 암시적 효과를 던져준다.

* **soft hat** : 「중절모사」

* **Don't part from me in an ill-humor** : 「저와 기분나쁘게 헤어지지 마세요」

* **I've grown used to seeing you** : 「당신을 보는 것이 버릇이 되었어요」

all the time, and your action seems unfriendly, even unkind. You don't even offer an excuse for it. Why, I was planning to be together, thinking of how pleasant it would be to see you in the city next winter."

"So was I," he blurted. "Perhaps that's the—" He stood up suddenly and held out his hand. "Good-by, my dear Mrs. Pontellier; good-by. You won't—I hope you won't completely forget me." She clung to his hand, striving to detain him.

"Write to me when you get there, won't you, Robert?" she entreated.

"I will, thank you. Good-by."

How unlike Robert! The merest acquaintance would have said something more emphatic than "I will, thank you; good-by," to such a request.

He had evidently already taken leave of the people over at the house, for he descended the steps and went to join Beaudet, who was out there with an oar across his shoulder waiting for Robert. They walked away in the darkness. She could only hear Beaudet's voice; Robert had apparently not even spoken a word of greeting to his companion.

Edna bit her handkerchief convulsively, striving to hold back and to hide, even from herself as she would have hidden from another, the emotion which was troubling—tearing—her. Her eyes were brimming with tears.

For the first time she recognized anew the symptoms of infatuation which she felt incipiently as a child, as a girl in her earliest teens, and later as a young woman. The recognition did not lessen the reality, the poignancy of the revelation by any suggestion or

* **How unlike Robert:** 「참으로 Robert 답지 않았다」

* **striving to hold back and to hide:** 「감정을 억제하고 감추려 하면서」

promise of instability. The past was nothing to her; offered no lesson which she was willing to heed. The future was a mystery which she never attempted to penetrate. The present alone was significant; was hers, to torture her as it was doing then with the biting conviction that she had lost that which she had held, that she had been denied that which her impassioned, newly awakened being demanded.

XVI

"Do you miss your friend greatly?" asked Mademoiselle Reisz one morning as she came creeping up behind Edna, who had just left her cottage on her way to the beach. She spent much of her time in the water since she had acquired finally the art of swimming. As their stay at Grand Isle drew near its close, she felt that she could not give too much time to a diversion, which afforded her the only real pleasurable moments that she knew. When Mademoiselle Reisz came and touched her upon the shoulder and spoke to her, the woman seemed to echo the thought which was ever in Edna's mind; or, better, the feeling which constantly possessed her.

Robert's going had some way taken the brightness, the color, the meaning out of everything. The conditions of her life were in no way changed, but her whole existence was dulled, like a faded garment which seems to be no longer worth wearing. She sought him everywhere—in others whom she induced to talk about him. She went up in the mornings to Madame Lebrun's room, braving the clatter of the old sewing-machine. She sat there and chatted at intervals as Robert had done. She gazed around the room at the pictures and photographs hanging upon the wall, and discovered in some corner an old family album, which she examined with the

* **The past was ... newly awakened being demanded:** 「과거는 그녀에게 아무것도 아니었고, 미래는 미지수고 현재만이 의미있는 것이었다. 열정적이고 새로이 깨어난 자아가 요구하는 것을 거부당했다는 현재만이 그녀를 괴롭혔다」

* **As their stay ... near its close:** 「Grand Isle을 떠날 때가 다가옴에 따라」

* **Robert's going ... out of everything:** 「Robert의 떠남은 어떤 식으로든지, 모든 것으로부터 광채와 색채와 의미를 빼앗아 갔다」

* **her whole existence ... no longer worth wearing:** 「그녀의 삶 전체가 마치 더 이상 입을 가치가 없어진 빛 바랜 옷처럼 무료해 졌다」

keenest interest, appealing to Madame Lebrun for enlightenment concerning the many figures and faces which she discovered between its pages.

There was a picture of Madame Lebrun with Robert as a baby, seated in her lap, a round-faced infant with a fist in his mouth. The eyes alone in the baby suggested the man. And that was he also in kilts, at the age of five, wearing long curls and holding a whip in his hand. It made Edna laugh, and she laughed, too, at the portrait in his first long trousers; while another interested her, taken when he left for college, looking thin, long-faced, with eyes full of fire, ambition and great intentions. But there was no recent picture, none which suggested the Robert who had gone away five days ago, leaving a void and wilderness behind him. 여기서 사진은

"Oh, Robert stopped having his pictures taken when he had to pay for them himself! He found wiser use for his money, he says," explained Madame Lebrun. She had a letter from him, written before he left New Orleans. Edna wished to see the letter, and Madame Lebrun told her to look for it either on the table or the dresser, or perhaps it was on the mantelpiece. 그녀

The letter was on the bookshelf. It possessed the greatest interest and attraction for Edna; the envelope, its size and shape, the postmark, the handwriting. She examined every detail of the outside before opening it. There were only a few lines, setting forth that he would leave the city that afternoon, that he had packed his trunk in good shape, that he was well, and sent her his love and begged to be affectionately remembered to all. There was no special message to Edna except a postscript saying that if Mrs. Pontellier desired to finish the book which he had been reading to her, his mother would find it in his room, among other books there on the table. Edna experienced a pang of jealousy because he had written to his mother rather than to her. 기분

Every one seemed to take for granted that she missed him. Even her husband, when he came down the Saturday following Robert's departure, expressed regret that he had gone.

* **Robert stopped having his picture taken:** 여기서 taken은 수동의 의미를 갖는다. = Robert stopped having someone take his pictures.

* **take for granted:** 「당연한 것으로 생각하다」

Mr. Pontellier
Robert 9/18

"How do you get on without him, Edna?" he asked.

"It's very dull without him," she admitted. Mr. Pontellier had seen Robert in the city, and Edna asked him a dozen questions or more. Where had they met? On Carondelet Street, in the morning. They had gone "in" and had a drink and a cigar together. What had they talked about? Chiefly about his prospects in Mexico, which Mr. Pontellier thought were promising. How did he look? How did he seem—grave, or gay, or how? Quite cheerful, and wholly taken up with the idea of his trip, which Mr. Pontellier found altogether natural in a young fellow about to seek fortune and adventure in a strange, queer country.

Edna tapped her foot impatiently, and wondered why the children persisted in playing in the sun when they might be under the trees. She went down and led them out of the sun, scolding the quadron for not being more attentive.

Edna, Ratignolle
9/18 9/18

It did not strike her as in the least grotesque that she should be making of Robert the object of conversation and leading her husband to speak of him. The sentiment which she entertained for Robert in no way resembled that which she felt for her husband, or had ever felt, or ever expected to feel. She had all her life long been accustomed to harbor thoughts and emotions which never voiced themselves. They had never taken the form of struggles. They belonged to her and were her own, and she entertained the conviction that she had a right to them and that they concerned no one but herself. Edna had once told Madame Ratignolle that she would never sacrifice herself for her children, or for any one. Then had followed a rather heated argument; the two women did not appear to understand each other or to be talking the same language. Edna tried to appease her friend, to explain.

"I would give up the unessential; I would give my money, I would give my life for my children; but I wouldn't give myself. I can't make it more clear; it's only something which I am beginning to comprehend, which is revealing itself to me."

* that she should be ... to speak of him: 「그녀는 Robert를 대화의 대상으로 삼고 남편에게 그에 관해 얘기하도록 하는 것」 It~that 문장.

* I would give up the unessential: 「본질적이 아닌것은 포기할 것이지만 (나 자신을 주지는 않겠어요)」. 자아의식 self-identity가 강렬해짐.

"I don't know what you would call the essential, or what you mean by the unessential," said Madame Ratignolle, cheerfully; "but a woman who would give her life for her children could do no more than that—your Bible tells you so. I'm sure I couldn't do more than that."

"Oh, yes you could!" laughed Edna.

She was not surprised at Mademoiselle Reisz's question the morning that lady, following her to the beach, tapped her on the shoulder and asked if she did not greatly miss her young friend.

"Oh, good morning, Mademoiselle; it is you? Why, of course I miss Robert. Are you going down to bathe?"

"Why should I go down to bathe at the very end of the season when I haven't been in the surf all summer?" replied the woman, disagreeably.

"I beg your pardon," offered Edna, in some embarrassment, for she should have remembered that Mademoiselle Reisz's avoidance of the water had furnished a theme for much pleasantry. Some among them thought it was on account of her false hair, or the dread of getting the violets wet, while others attributed it to the natural aversion for water sometimes believed to accompany the artistic temperament. Mademoiselle offered Edna some chocolates in a paper bag, which she took from her pocket, by way of showing that she bore no ill feeling. She habitually ate chocolates for their sustaining quality; they contained much nutriment in small compass, she said. They saved her from starvation, as Madame Lebrun's table was utterly impossible; and no one (save so impertinent a woman as Madame Lebrun) could think of offering such food to people and requiring them to pay for it.

"She must feel very lonely without her son," said Edna, desiring to change the subject. "Her favorite son, too. It must have been quite hard to let him go."

Mademoiselle laughed maliciously.

* **what you mean by the unessential:** 「비본질적이라는 것이 무엇을 뜻하는지」

* **by way of showing that she bore no ill feeling:** 「아무런 악의도 없음을 보여줄 셈으로」. by way of: ~할 셈으로.

* **they:** 영양가를 갖고 있는 초코렛을 가리킴.

Mme. Reisz
performer
prediction

조금씩.

Robert et
Victor
Edna

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"Her favorite son! Oh, dear! Who could have been imposing such a tale upon you? Aline Lebrun lives for Victor, and for Victor alone. She has spoiled him into the worthless creature he is. She worships him and the ground he walks on. Robert is very well in a way, to give up all the money he can earn to the family, and keep the barest pittance for himself. Favorite son, indeed! I miss the poor fellow myself, my dear. I liked to see him and to hear him about the place—the only Lebrun who is worth a pinch of salt. He comes to see me often in the city. I like to play to him. That Victor! hanging would be too good for him. It's a wonder Robert hasn't beaten him to death long ago."

"I thought he had great patience with his brother," offered Edna, glad to be talking about Robert, no matter what was said.

"Oh! he thrashed him well enough a year or two ago," said Mademoiselle. "It was about a Spanish girl, whom Victor considered that he had some sort of claim upon. He met Robert one day talking to the girl, or walking with her, or bathing with her, or carrying her basket—I don't remember what;—and he became so insulting and abusive that Robert gave him a thrashing on the spot that has kept him comparatively in order for a good while. It's about time he was getting another."

"Was her name Mariequita?" asked Edna.

"Mariequita—yes, that was it; Mariequita. I had forgotten. Oh, she's a sly one, and a bad one, that Mariequita!"

Edna looked down at Mademoiselle Reisz and wondered how she could have listened to her venom so long. For some reason she felt depressed, almost unhappy. She had not intended to go into the water; but she donned her bathing suit, and left Mademoiselle alone, seated under the shade of the children's tent. The water was growing cooler as the season advanced. Edna plunged and swam about with an abandon that thrilled and invigorated her. She re-

* **who is worth a pinch of salt**: 「조금이라도 관심을 가질 만한 가치가 있는 사람」

* **to play to him**: = to play the piano to him.

* **It's a wonder ... to death long ago**: 「때려서 죽게하지 않은 것이 놀라워요」

* **with an abandon**: 「마음대로, 흥에겨워 지나치게」

mained a long time in the water, half hoping that Mademoiselle Reisz would not wait for her.

But Mademoiselle waited. She was very amiable during the walk back, and raved much over Edna's appearance in her bathing suit. She talked about music. She hoped that Edna would go to see her in the city, and wrote her address with the stub of a pencil on a piece of card which she found in her pocket.

"When do you leave?" asked Edna.

"Next Monday; and you?"

"The following week," answered Edna, adding, "It has been a pleasant summer, hasn't it, Mademoiselle?"

"Well," agreed Mademoiselle Reisz, with a shrug, "rather pleasant, if it hadn't been for the mosquitoes and the Farival twins."

XVII

The Pontelliers possessed a very charming home on Esplanade Street⁷ in New Orleans. It was a large, double cottage, with a broad front veranda, whose round, fluted columns supported the sloping roof. The house was painted a dazzling white; the outside shutters, or jalousies, were green. In the yard, which was kept scrupulously neat, were flowers and plants of every description which flourishes in South Louisiana. Within doors the appointments were perfect after the conventional type. The softest carpets and rugs covered the floors; rich and tasteful draperies hung at doors and windows. There were paintings, selected with judgment and discrimination, upon the walls. The cut glass, the silver, the heavy damask which daily appeared upon the table were the envy of many women whose husbands were less generous than Mr. Pontellier.

Mr. Pontellier was very fond of walking about his house examining its various appointments and details, to see that nothing was amiss. He greatly valued his possessions, chiefly because they were

* with the stub of a pencil: 「몽땅연필로」

* with a shrug: 「어깨를 들썩이며」

* Esplanade Street: 크레올 귀족들이 사는 가장 고급 주택가. 1830년대에는 "Promenade Publique"라 칭함.

* The cut glass: 세공된 유리잔

* to see that nothing was amiss: 「실통치 않은 것이 없나 알아보기 위하여」

including Edna?

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his, and derived genuine pleasure from contemplating a painting, a statuette, a rare lace curtain—no matter what—after he had bought it and placed it among his household gods.

reception day

On Tuesday afternoons—Tuesday being Mrs. Pontellier's reception day—there was a constant stream of callers—women who came in carriages or in the street cars, or walked when the air was soft and distance permitted. A light-colored mulatto boy, in dress coat and bearing a diminutive silver tray for the reception of cards, admitted them. A maid, in white fluted cap, offered the callers liqueur, coffee, or chocolate, as they might desire. Mrs. Pontellier, attired in a handsome reception gown, remained in the drawing-room the entire afternoon receiving her visitors. Men sometimes called in the evening with their wives.

This had been the programme which Mrs. Pontellier had religiously followed since her marriage, six years before. Certain evenings during the week she and her husband attended the opera or sometimes the play.

Mr. Pontellier left his home in the mornings between nine and ten o'clock, and rarely returned before half-past six or seven in the evening—dinner being served at half-past seven.

He and his wife seated themselves at table on Tuesday evening, a few weeks after their return from Grand Isle. They were alone together. The boys were being put to bed; the patter of their bare, escaping feet could be heard occasionally, as well as the pursuing voice of the quadron, lifted in mild protest and entreaty. Mrs. Pontellier did not wear her usual Tuesday reception gown; she was in ordinary house dress. Mr. Pontellier, who was observant about such things, noticed it, as he served the soup and handed it to the boy in waiting.

"Tired out, Edna? Whom did you have? Many callers?" he asked. He tasted his soup and began to season it with pepper, salt, vinegar, mustard—everything within reach.

"There were a good many," replied Edna, who was eating her

* **Tuesday being Mrs. Pontellier's reception day:** 일주일에 하루인 화요일은 Edna가 집에서 방문객을 맞는 날로 되어 있었다. (이 소설에서는 크레올 문화를 대변해 주는 것 중에 하나다)

* **season:** 「간을 맞추다. ~에 맛을 내다. 조미하다」

I was out, 4:40 AM

soup with evident satisfaction. "I found their cards when I got home; I was out."

"Out!" exclaimed her husband, with something like genuine consternation in his voice as he laid down the vinegar cruet and looked at her through his glasses. "Why, what could have taken you out on Tuesday? What did you have to do?"

"Nothing. I simply felt like going out, and I went out."

"Well, I hope you left some suitable excuse," said her husband, somewhat appeased, as he added a dash of cayenne pepper to the soup.

"No, I left no excuse. I told Joe to say I was out, that was all."

"Why, my dear, I should think you'd understand by this time that people don't do such things; we've got to observe *les convenances* if we ever expect to get on and keep up with the procession. If you felt that you had to leave home this afternoon, you should have left some suitable explanation for your absence."

"This soup is really impossible; it's strange that woman hasn't learned yet to make a decent soup. Any free-lunch stand in town serves a better one. Was Mrs. Belthrop here?"

"Bring the tray with the cards, Joe. I don't remember who was here."

The boy retired and returned after a moment, bringing the tiny silver tray, which was covered with ladies' visiting cards. He handed it to Mrs. Pontellier.

"Give it to Mr. Pontellier," she said.

Joe offered the tray to Mr. Pontellier, and removed the soup.

Mr. Pontellier scanned the names of his wife's callers, reading some of them aloud, with comments as he read.

"The Misses Delasidas.' I worked a big deal in futures for their father this morning; nice girls; it's time they were getting married. 'Mrs. Belthrop.' I tell you what it is, Edna; you can't afford to snub

* **what could have taken you out on Tuesday?** : 「무슨 일로 화요일에 외출을 했던 말입니까?」

* **Nothing. I simply felt like going out:** 「아무 일도 아니었어요. 그저 외출을 하고 싶었을 뿐이었어요」 **feel like ~ing** : ~하고 싶다.

* **we've got to ... with the procession:** 「우리가 계속 관계를 유지하고 그 흐름에 맞춰가기를 원한다면 사회규범을 지켜야 해요」 (**les convenances** = social conventions ; **keep up with** ~에 뒤지지 않는다)

Mr. Pontellier
 Mrs. Belthrop. Why, Belthrop could buy and sell us ten times over His business is worth a good, round sum to me. You'd better write her a note. 'Mrs. James Highcamp.' Hugh! the less you have to do with Mrs. Highcamp, the better. 'Madame Laforcé.' Came all the way from Carrolton, too, poor old soul. 'Miss Wiggs,' 'Mrs. Eleanor Boltons.' " He pushed the cards aside.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Edna, who had been fuming. "Why are you taking the thing so seriously and making such a fuss over it?"

"I'm not making any fuss over it. But it's just such seeming trifles that we've got to take seriously; such things count."

The fish was scorched. Mr. Pontellier would not touch it. Edna said she did not mind a little scorched taste. The roast was in some way not to his fancy, and he did not like the manner in which the vegetables were served.

"It seems to me," he said, "we spend money enough in this house to procure at least one meal a day which a man could eat and retain his self-respect."

"You used to think the cook was a treasure," returned Edna, indifferently.

"Perhaps she was when she first came; but cooks are only human. They need looking after, like any other class of persons that you employ. Suppose I didn't look after the clerks in my office, just let them run things their own way; they'd soon make a nice mess of me and my business."

"Where are you going?" asked Edna, seeing that her husband arose from table without having eaten a morsel except a taste of the highly-seasoned soup.

"I'm going to get my dinner at the club. Good night." He went into the hall, took his hat and stick from the stand, and left the house.

She was somewhat familiar with such scenes. They had often

* **the less you ..., the better:** 「그 여자(Mrs. Highcamp)와 관계하지 않을수록 당신에게 좋을 거예요」

* **Carrolton:** New Orleans의 서부에 있는 마을(후에 뉴올리안스시로 흡수된)

* **make a fuss:** 「~하찮은 일로 야단법석하다」

* **such things count:** 「그런 사소한 것들이 중요한 것이오」

* **make a nice mess of:** 「~을 엉망으로 만들다. ~을 망쳐놓다」

* **somewhat:** (ad) 「어느 정도, 약간」 (=slightly)

made her very unhappy. On a few previous occasions she had been completely deprived of any desire to finish her dinner. Sometimes she had gone into the kitchen to administer a tardy rebuke to the cook. Once she went to her room and studied the cookbook during an entire evening, finally writing out a menu for the week, which left her harassed with a feeling that, after all, she had accomplished no good that was worth the name.

But that evening Edna finished her dinner alone, with forced deliberation. Her face was flushed and her eyes flamed with some inward fire that lighted them. After finishing her dinner she went to her room, having instructed the boy to tell any other callers that she was indisposed.

It was a large, beautiful room, rich and picturesque in the soft, dim light which the maid had turned low. She went and stood at an open window and looked out upon the deep tangle of the garden below. All the mystery and witchery of the night seemed to have gathered there amid the perfumes and the dusky and tortuous outlines of flowers and foliage. She was seeking herself and finding herself in just such sweet, half-darkness which met her moods. But the voices were not soothing that came to her from the darkness and the sky above and the stars. They jeered and sounded mournful notes without promise, devoid even of hope. She turned back into the room and began to walk to and fro down its whole length, without stopping, without resting. She carried in her hands a thin handkerchief, which she tore into ribbons, rolled into a ball, and flung from her. Once she stopped, and taking off her wedding ring, flung it upon the carpet. When she saw it lying there, she stamped her heel upon it, striving to crush it. But her small boot heel did not make an indenture, not a mark upon the little glittering circlet.

Ring

In a sweeping passion she seized a glass vase from the table and

* be deprived of: 「~을 빼앗다. ~을 안 가지다」

* She was seeking ... which met her moods: 「그녀는 자신의 기분과 맞는 바로 그와 같은 달콤한 어스름 속에서 자기 자신을 찾고 있었고 또 발견하고 있었다」

* began to walk to and fro down its whole length: 「이 끝에서 저 끝으로 왔다갔다하기 시작했다」 to and fro 이리 저리로, 이쪽에서 저쪽으로

* take off: 「벗다, 떼다」 여기서는 폭발적인 감정에 사로잡혀 결혼반지를 빼다

flung it upon the tiles of the hearth. She wanted to destroy something. The crash and clatter were what she wanted to hear.

A maid, alarmed at the din of breaking glass, entered the room to discover what was the matter.

"A vase fell upon the hearth," said Edna. "Never mind; leave it till morning."

"Oh! you might get some of the glass in your feet, ma'am," insisted the young woman, picking up bits of the broken vase that were scattered upon the carpet. "And here's your ring, ma'am, under the chair."

Edna held out her hand, and taking the ring, slipped it upon her finger.

XVIII

The following morning Mr. Pontellier, upon leaving for his office, asked Edna if she would not meet him in town in order to look at some new fixtures for the library.

"I hardly think we need new fixtures, Léonce. Don't let us get anything new; you are too extravagant. I don't believe you ever think of saving or putting by."

"The way to become rich is to make money, my dear Edna, not to save it," he said. He regretted that she did not feel inclined to go with him and select new fixtures. He kissed her good-by, and told her she was not looking well and must take care of herself. She was unusually pale and very quiet.

She stood on the front veranda as he quitted the house, and absently picked a few sprays of jessamine that grew upon a trellis near by. She inhaled the odor of the blossoms and thrust them into the bosom of her white morning gown. The boys were dragging along the banquette a small "express wagon," which they had filled with blocks and sticks. The quadroon was following them with little quick steps, having assumed a fictitious animation and alacrity for

* **slipped it upon her:** 「반지를 받아 손가락에 끼었다」

* **upon leaving for his office:** 「사무실을 향해 떠나면서」

* **some new fixtures:** 「몇가지 새로운 비품들(가구나 실내 시설물)」

* **jessamine:** 「재스민꽃」(=jasmine)

* **She inhaled the odor of the blossoms:** 꽃향기가 Edna의 Sensuality를 자극한다. 여기서 재스민 꽃향기의 출현은 그녀의 감각을 일깨워주는 상징으로 구현되고 있다.

the occasion. A fruit vender was crying his wares in the street.

Edna looked straight before her with a self-absorbed expression upon her face. She felt no interest in anything about her. The street, the children, the fruit vender, the flowers growing there under her eyes, were all part and parcel of an alien world which had suddenly become antagonistic.

She went back into the house. She had thought of speaking to the cook concerning her blunders of the previous night; but Mr. Pontellier had saved her that disagreeable mission, for which she was so poorly fitted. Mr. Pontellier's arguments were usually convincing with those whom he employed. He left home feeling quite sure that he and Edna would sit down that evening, and possibly a few subsequent evenings, to a dinner deserving of the name.

Edna spent an hour or two in looking over some of her old sketches. She could see their shortcomings and defects, which were glaring in her eyes. She tried to work a little, but found she was not in the humor. Finally she gathered together a few of the sketches—those which she considered the least discreditable; and she carried them with her when, a little later, she dressed and left the house. She looked handsome and distinguished in her street gown. The tan of the seashore had left her face, and her forehead was smooth, white, and polished beneath her heavy, yellow-brown hair. There were a few freckles on her face, and a small, dark mole near the under lip and one on the temple, half-hidden in her hair.

As Edna walked along the street she was thinking of Robert. She was still under the spell of her infatuation. She had tried to forget him, realizing the inutility of remembering. But the thought of him

* **with a self-absorbed expression upon her face**: 「혼자만의 생각에 골몰한 표정으로」

* **were all part and ... become antagonistic**: 「모두가 갑자기 적의로 가득 차게 된 낯선 세계의 본질적인 중요한 부분들이었다」 **part and parcel**: 본질적인 중요 부분

* **for which she was so poorly fitted**: 「그녀는 그런 일에는 너무나 어울리지 않았다」

* **to a dinner deserving of the name**: 「dinner란 말에 걸맞은 식탁에」

* **she was not in the humor**: 「그녀는 그림 그릴 기분이 내키지 않았다」

* **(was) under the spell of her infatuation**: 「Robert에 대해 열중한 감정에 서 벗어나지 못하였다」

* **realizing the inutility of remembering**: 「기억의 무위성을 깨닫고」

Ratignolle's home
7:02 95

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was like an obsession, ever pressing itself upon her. It was not that she dwelt upon details of their acquaintance, or recalled in any special or peculiar way his personality; it was his being, his existence, which dominated her thought, fading sometimes as if it would melt into the mist of the forgotten, reviving again with an intensity which filled her with an incomprehensible longing.

Edna was on her way to Madame Ratignolle's. Their intimacy, begun at Grand Isle, had not declined, and they had seen each other with some frequency since their return to the city. The Ratignolles lived at no great distance from Edna's home, on the corner of a side street, where Monsieur Ratignolle owned and conducted a drug store which enjoyed a steady and prosperous trade. His father had been in the business before him, and Monsieur Ratignolle stood well in the community and bore an enviable reputation for integrity and clear-headedness. His family lived in commodious apartments over the store, having an entrance on the side within the *porte cochère*. There was something which Edna thought very French, very foreign, about their whole manner of living. In the large and pleasant salon which extended across the width of the house, the Ratignolles entertained their friends once a fortnight with a *soirée musicale*, sometimes diversified by card-playing. There was a friend who played upon the 'cello. One brought his flute and another his violin, while there were some who sang and a number who performed upon the piano with various degrees of taste and agility. The Ratignolles' *soirées musicales* were widely known, and it was considered a privilege to be invited to them.

Edna found her friend engaged in assorting the clothes which had returned that morning from the laundry. She at once abandoned her occupation upon seeing Edna, who had been ushered without ceremony into her presence.

"'Cité can do it as well as I; it is really her business," she explained to Edna, who apologized for interrupting her. And she summoned a young black woman, whom she instructed, in French, to be very careful in checking off the list which she handed her. She told her to notice particularly if a fine linen handkerchief of Mon-

* *porte cochère*: (F) 「지붕이 있는 현관의 차 대는 곳」

* *soirée musicale*: (F) 「음악의 밤」 (=an evening of music)

sieur Ratignolle's, which was missing last week, had been returned; and to be sure to set to one side such pieces as required mending and darning.

Then placing an arm around Edna's waist, she led her to the front of the house, to the salon, where it was cool and sweet with the odor of great roses that stood upon the hearth in jars.

Madame Ratignolle looked more beautiful than ever there at home, in a negligé which left her arms almost wholly bare and exposed the rich, melting curves of her white throat.

"Perhaps I shall be able to paint your picture some day," said Edna with a smile when they were seated. She produced the roll of sketches and started to unfold them. "I believe I ought to work again. I feel as if I wanted to be doing something. What do you think of them? Do you think it worth while to take it up again and study some more? I might study for a while with Laidpore."

She knew that Madame Ratignolle's opinion in such a matter would be next to valueless, that she herself had not alone decided, but determined; but she sought the words and praise and encouragement that would help her to put heart into her venture.

"Your talent is immense, dear!"

"Nonsense!" protested Edna, well pleased.

"Immense, I tell you," persisted Madame Ratignolle, surveying the sketches one by one, at close range, then holding them at arm's length, narrowing her eyes, and dropping her head on one side. "Surely, this Bavarian peasant is worthy of framing; and this basket of apples! never have I seen anything more lifelike. One might almost be tempted to reach out a hand and take one."

Edna could not control a feeling which bordered upon com-

* **I feel as if I wanted to be doing something:** 「무슨일이든지 해야겠다고 느껴요」 경제적으로도 자립할 것을 결심한다.

* **Laidpore:** New Orleans에서 활동했던 그런 이름의 화가가 없는 것으로 미루어 작가가 지어낸 화가 이름.

불어로 laid가 "ugly"를 의미하듯이 풍자적인 의미를 내포한 듯하다

* **next to valueless:** 「거의 소용없는」. **ex.** it was next to impossible: 거의 불가능했다.

* **that would help her to put heart into her venture:** 「자신의 모험에 뛰어들 마음을 갖도록 북돋아줄」

* **be worthy of:** 「~하기에 족하다, ~에 어울리다」

placency at her friend's praise, even realizing, as she did, its true worth. She retained a few of the sketches, and gave all the rest to Madame Ratignolle, who appreciated the gift far beyond its value and proudly exhibited the pictures to her husband when he came up from the store a little later for his midday dinner.

Mr. Ratignolle was one of those men who are called the salt of the earth. His cheerfulness was unbounded, and it was matched by his goodness of heart, his broad charity, and common sense. He and his wife spoke English with an accent which was only discernible through its un-English emphasis and a certain carefulness and deliberation. Edna's husband spoke English with no accent whatever. The Ratignolles understood each other perfectly. If ever the fusion of two human beings into one has been accomplished on this sphere it was surely in their union.

As Edna seated herself at table with them she thought, "Better a dinner of herbs," though it did not take her long to discover that was no dinner of herbs, but a delicious repast, simple, choice, and in every way satisfying.

Monsieur Ratignolle was delighted to see her, though he found her looking not so well as at Grand Isle, and he advised a tonic. He talked a good deal on various topics, a little politics, some city news and neighborhood gossip. He spoke with an animation and earnestness that gave an exaggerated importance to every syllable he uttered. His wife was keenly interested in everything he said, laying down her fork the better to listen, chiming in, taking the words out of his mouth.

Edna felt depressed rather than soothed after leaving them. The little glimpse of domestic harmony which had been offered her, gave her no regret, no longing. It was not a condition of life which fitted her, and she could see in it but an appalling and hopeless ennui. She

* **His cheerfulness was ... and common sense:** 「그의 유쾌한 성격은 멧힌 데가 없었고 선량함과 폭넓은 자비심과 건전한 상식으로 균형잡혀 있었다。」

* **chiming in, taking the words out of his mouth:** 「맞장구를 치면서 그의 말을 거들었다」 **chime in:** (구어)맞장구치다.

* **It was not ... an appalling and hopeless ennui:** not~but 문장=「그것은 그녀에게 삶의 방식이 아니었다. 그녀는 그 속에서 숨막히고 가망없는 무료함을 볼 수 있었다」

was moved by a kind of commiseration for Madame Ratignolle,—a pity for that colorless existence which never uplifted its possessor beyond the region of blind contentment, in which no moment of anguish ever visited her soul, in which she would never have the taste of life's delirium. Edna vaguely wondered what she meant by "life's delirium." It had crossed her thought like some unsought, extraneous impression.

XIX

Edna could not help but think that it was very foolish, very childish, to have stamped upon her wedding ring and smashed the crystal vase upon the tiles. She was visited by no more outbursts, moving her to such futile expedients. She began to do as she liked and to feel as she liked. She completely abandoned her Tuesdays at home, and did not return the visits of those who had called upon her. She made no ineffectual efforts to conduct her household *en bonne ménagère*, going and coming as it suited her fancy, and, so far as she was able, lending herself to any passing caprice.

Mr. Pontellier had been a rather courteous husband so long as he met a certain tacit submissiveness in his wife. But her new and unexpected line of conduct completely bewildered him. It shocked him. Then her absolute disregard for her duties as a wife angered him. When Mr. Pontellier became rude, Edna grew insolent. She had resolved never to take another step backward.

"It seems to me the utmost folly for a woman at the head of a household, and the mother of children, to spend in an atelier days which would be better employed contriving for the comfort of her family."

"I feel like painting," answered Edna. "Perhaps I shan't always feel like it."

* a pity for that colorless existence: 「무미건조한 삶에 대한 연민의 정」

* its possessor: 「그 삶의 주인」

* in which she would ... of life's delirium: 「그 속에서 그녀는 생의 광희를 결코 맛볼 수 없을 것이다」. which는 무미건조한 삶을 가리킨다.

* en bonne ménagère: =as a good housewife.

* going and coming as it ... any passing caprice: 「기분내키는 대로 행동했고 할 수 있는 한 순간적인 변덕에 자신을 허용하면서」

기분 내키는 대로
- Outburst
서각질

Mr. Pon
광양. 영남대

412
 “Then in God’s name paint! but don’t let the family go to the devil. There’s Madame Ratignolle; because she keeps up her music, she doesn’t let everything else go to chaos. And she’s more of a musician than you are a painter.”

“She isn’t a musician, and I’m not a painter. It isn’t on account of painting that I let things go.”

“On account of what, then?”

“Oh! I don’t know. Let me alone; you bother me.”

413
 self
 It sometimes entered Mr. Pontellier’s mind to wonder if his wife were not growing a little unbalanced mentally. He could see plainly that she was not herself. That is, he could not see that she was becoming herself and daily casting aside that fictitious self which we assume like a garment with which to appear before the world.

414
 2월 24일
 Her husband let her alone as she requested, and went away to his office. Edna went up to her atelier—a bright room in the top of the house. She was working with great energy and interest, without accomplishing anything, however, which satisfied her even in the smallest degree. For a time she had the whole household enrolled in the service of art. The boys posed for her. They thought it amusing at first, but the occupation soon lost its attractiveness when they discovered that it was not a game arranged especially for their entertainment. The quadrone sat for hours before Edna’s palette, patient as a savage, while the housemaid took charge of the children, and the drawing-room went undusted. But the housemaid, too, served her term as model when Edna perceived that the young woman’s back and shoulders were molded on classic lines, and that her hair, loosened from its confining cap, became an inspiration. While Edna worked she sometimes sang low the little air, “Ah! si tu savais!”

* **don’t let the family go to the devil**: 「집안을 엉망진창으로 만들지는 마십시오」

* **he could not see... before the world**: 「우리가 세상 사람들 앞에 나타나기 위해서 입는 옷과 같은 가상의 자아를 그녀는 매일같이 벗어버리고 있음을 그는 볼 수가 없었다」

* **take charge of**: 「~을 돌보다. ~을 맡다」

* **she sometimes...**, “**Ah! si tu savais!**”: 「그녀는 때때로 그 가벼운 멜로디 “아, 그대가 안다면~”을 나지막하게 불렀다」

water
moon
wind

It moved her with recollections. She could hear again the ripple of the water, the flapping sail. She could see the glint of the moon upon the bay, and could feel the soft, gusty beating of the hot south wind. A subtle current of desire passed through her body, weakening her hold upon the brushes and making her eyes burn.

There were days when she was very happy without knowing why. She was happy to be alive and breathing, when her whole being seemed to be one with the sunlight, the color, the odors, the luxuriant warmth of some perfect Southern day. She liked then to wander alone into strange and unfamiliar places. She discovered many a sunny, sleepy corner, fashioned to dream in. And she found it good to dream and to be alone and unmolested. 반려, 정한, 아이들 - molestations

There were days when she was unhappy, she did not know why, —when it did not seem worth while to be glad or sorry, to be alive or dead; when life appeared to her like a grotesque pandemonium and humanity like worms struggling blindly toward inevitable annihilation. She could not work on such a day, nor weave fancies to stir her pulses and warm her blood.

XX

It was during such a mood that Edna hunted up Mademoiselle Reisz. She had not forgotten the rather disagreeable impression left upon her by their last interview; but she nevertheless felt a desire to see her—above all, to listen while she played upon the piano. Quite early in the afternoon she started upon her quest for the pianist. Unfortunately she had mislaid or lost Mademoiselle Reisz's card, and looking up her address in the city directory, she found that the woman lived on Bienvilles Street, some distance away. The directory which fell into her hands was a year or more old, however, and

* **could feel the soft ... south wind**: 「부드럽고 격렬하게 부는 뜨거운 남풍을 느낄 수 있었다」 물, 달빛, 뜨거운 바람 등이 다 어우러져 형용키 어려운 욕망이 전류처럼 그녀의 몸을 지나가는 것을 암시해 준다.

* **She was happy to ... perfect Southern day**: 「그녀의 전 존재가 어느 한 벽하게 아름다운 날, 햇빛과 색채와 냄새와 환란한 따스함과 하나가 되는 듯할 때면 그녀는 살아 있는 것이 행복했고 숨쉬는 것도 행복했다」 원초적인 자신의 본능적 욕망에 대한 숨겨진 잠재적인 의식의 표현을 자연의 원시적인 후각, 시각, 촉각을 통해 나타내 주고있다.

* **hunt up**: 「찾아 헤매다. 찾다」

upon reaching the number indicated, Edna discovered that the house was occupied by a respectable family of mulattoes who had *chambres garnies* to let. They had been living there for six months, and knew absolutely nothing of a Mademoiselle Reisz. In fact, they knew nothing of any of their neighbors; their lodgers were all people of the highest distinction, they assured Edna. She did not linger to discuss class distinctions with Madame Pouponne, but hastened to a neighboring grocery store, feeling sure that Mademoiselle would have left her address with the proprietor.

He knew Mademoiselle Reisz a good deal better than he wanted to know her, he informed his questioner. In truth, he did not want to know her at all, anything concerning her—the most disagreeable and unpopular woman who ever lived in Bienville Street. He thanked heaven she had left the neighborhood, and was equally thankful that he did not know where she had gone.

Edna's desire to see Mademoiselle Reisz had increased tenfold since these unlooked-for obstacles had arisen to thwart it. She was wondering who could give her the information she sought, when it suddenly occurred to her that Madame Lebrun would be the one most likely to do so. She knew it was useless to ask Madame Ratignolle, who was on the most distant terms with the musician, and preferred to know nothing concerning her. She had once been almost as emphatic in expressing herself upon the subject as the corner grocer.

Edna knew that Madame Lebrun had returned to the city, for it was the middle of November. And she also knew where the Lebruns lived, on Chartres Street.

Their home from the outside looked like a prison, with iron bars before the door and lower windows. The iron bars were a relic of the old *régime*, and no one had ever thought of dislodging them. At the side was a high fence enclosing the garden. A gate or door opening upon the street was locked. Edna rang the bell at this side garden gate, and stood upon the banquette, waiting to be admitted.

* **these unlooked-for obstacles:** = these unexpected obstacles

* **Chartres Street:** New Orleans의 French Quarter에 있는 중심되는 거리 이름.

* **the old régime:** The Spanish regime (1766~1803).

It was Victor who opened the gate for her. A black woman, wiping her hands upon her apron, was close at his heels. Before she saw them Edna could hear them in altercation, the woman—plainly an anomaly—claiming the right to be allowed to perform her duties, one of which was to answer the bell.

Victor was surprised and delighted to see Mrs. Pontellier, and he made no attempt to conceal either his astonishment or his delight. He was a dark-browed, good-looking youngster of nineteen, greatly resembling his mother, but with ten times her impetuosity. He instructed the black woman to go at once and inform Madame Lebrun that Mrs. Pontellier desired to see her. The woman grumbled a refusal to do part of her duty when she had not been permitted to do it all, and started back to her interrupted task of weeding the garden. Whereupon Victor administered a rebuke in the form of a volley of abuse, which owing to its rapidity and incoherence, was all but incomprehensible to Edna. Whatever it was, the rebuke was convincing, for the woman dropped her hoe and went mumbling into the house.

Edna did not wish to enter. It was very pleasant there on the side porch, where there were chairs, a wicker lounge, and a small table. She seated herself, for she was tired from her long tramp; and she began to rock gently and smooth out the folds of her silk parasol. Victor drew up his chair beside her. He at once explained that the black woman's offensive conduct was all due to imperfect training, as he was not there to take her in hand. He had only come up from the island the morning before, and expected to return next day. He stayed all winter at the island; he lived there, and kept the place in order and got things ready for the summer visitors.

But a man needed occasional relaxation, he informed Mrs. Pontellier, and every now and again he drummed up a pretext to bring him to the city. My! but he had had a time of it the evening before! He wouldn't want his mother to know, and he began to talk in a whisper. He was scintillant with recollections. Of course, he couldn't think of telling Mrs. Pontellier all about it, she being a woman and not comprehending such things. But it all began with a girl peeping and smiling at him through the shutters as he passed by. Oh! but she was a beauty! Certainly he smiled back, and went up and talked to her. Mrs. Pontellier did not know him if she supposed he was one to let an opportunity like that escape him.

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Despite herself, the youngster amused her. She must have betrayed in her look some degree of interest or entertainment. The boy grew more daring, and Mrs. Pontellier might have found herself, in a little while, listening to a highly colored story but for the timely appearance of Madame Lebrun.

That lady was still clad in white, according to her custom of the summer. Her eyes beamed an effusive welcome. Would not Mrs. Pontellier go inside? Would she partake of some refreshment? Why had she not been there before? How was that dear Mr. Pontellier and how were those sweet children? Has Mrs. Pontellier ever known such a warm November?

Victor went and reclined on the wicker lounge behind his mother's chair, where he commanded a view of Edna's face. He had taken her parasol from her hands while he spoke to her, and he now lifted it and twirled it above him as he lay on his back. When Madame Lebrun complained that it was so dull coming back to the city; that she saw so few people now; that even Victor, when he came up from the island for a day or two, had so much to occupy him and engage his time; then it was that the youth went into contortions on the lounge and winked mischievously at Edna. She somehow felt like a confederate in crime, and tried to look severe and disapproving.

There had been but two letters from Robert, with little in them, they told her. Victor said it was really not worth while to go inside for the letters, when his mother entreated him to go in search of them. He remembered the contents, which in truth he rattled off very glibly when put to the test.

One letter was written from Vera Cruz and the other from the City of Mexico. He had met Montel, who was doing everything toward his advancement. So far, the financial situation was no

* **if she supposed ... that escape him**: 「그가 그와 같은 기회를 놓쳐버리는 사람이라고 그녀가 생각한다면」

* **a highly colored story**: 「굉장히 꾸며진 이야기」

* **but for**: 「~이 없었다면, ~이 아니었다면」

* **clad**: clothe의 과거, 과거분사. (옛문어)

* **but**=only

* **with little in them**: 「편지에 별 내용이 없는」

* **put to a test**: 「시험하다」

improvement over the one he had left in New Orleans, but of course the prospects were vastly better. He wrote of the City of Mexico, the buildings, the people and their habits, the conditions of life which he found there. He sent his love to the family. He inclosed a check to his mother, and hoped she would affectionately remember him to all his friends. That was about the substance of the two letters. Edna felt that if there had been a message for her, she would have received it. The despondent frame of mind in which she had left home began again to overtake her, and she remembered that she wished to find Mademoiselle Reisz.

Madame Lebrun knew where Mademoiselle Reisz lived. She gave Edna the address, regretting that she would not consent to stay and spend the remainder of the afternoon, and pay a visit to Mademoiselle Reisz some other day. The afternoon was already well advanced.

Victor escorted her out upon the banquette, lifted her parasol, and held it over her while he walked to the car with her. He entreated her to bear in mind that the disclosures of the afternoon were strictly confidential. She laughed and bantered him a little, remembering too late that she should have been dignified and reserved.

"How handsome Mrs. Pontellier looked!" said Madame Lebrun to her son.

"Ravishing!" he admitted. "The city atmosphere has improved her. Some way she doesn't seem like the same woman."

XXI

Some people contended that the reason Mademoiselle Reisz always chose apartments up under the roof was to discourage the approach of beggars, peddlars and callers. There were plenty of windows in her little front room. They were for the most part dingy, but as they were nearly always open it did not make so much difference. They often admitted into the room a good deal of smoke and soot; but at the same time all the light and air that there was came through them. From her windows could be seen the crescent of the river, the masts of ships and the big chimneys of the Missis-

* the despondent frame of mind: 「의기소침한 [낙담한] 기분」. be in a bad frame of mind: 기분이 언짢다.

* to bear in mine: 「마음에 새기다. 명심하다」

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issippi steamers. A magnificent piano crowded the apartment. In the next room she slept, and in the third and last she harbored a gasoline stove on which she cooked her meals when disinclined to descend to the neighboring restaurant. It was there also that she ate, keeping her belongings in a rare old buffet, dingy and battered from a hundred years of use.

When Edna knocked at Mademoiselle Reisz's front room door and entered, she discovered that person standing beside the window, engaged in mending or patching an old prunella gaiter. The little musician laughed all over when she saw Edna. Her laugh consisted of a contortion of the face and all the muscles of the body. She seemed strikingly homely, standing there in the afternoon light. She still wore the shabby lace and the artificial bunch of violets on the side of her head.

"So you remembered me at last," said Mademoiselle. "I had said to myself, 'Ah, bah! she will never come.'"

"Did you want me to come?" asked Edna with a smile.

"I had not thought much about it," answered Mademoiselle. The two had seated themselves on a little bumpy sofa which stood against the wall. "I am glad, however, that you came. I have the water boiling back there, and was just about to make some coffee. You will drink a cup with me. And how is *la belle dame*? Always handsome! always healthy! always contented!" She took Edna's hand between her strong wiry fingers, holding it loosely without warmth, and executing a sort of double theme upon the back and palm.

"Yes," she went on; "I sometimes thought: 'She will never come. She promised as those women in society always do, without meaning it. She will not come.' For I really don't believe you like me, Mrs. Pontellier."

* **in the third and last:** 「세번째이자 끝방에는」

* **in a rare old ... a hundred years of use:** 「백여년 동안이나 사용해서 고물이 다 된 희귀하고 오래된 찬장속에」

* **gaiter:** 「(고무줄이 든 천을 양쪽에 댄) 장화 구두」

* **Her laugh consisted ... the muscles of the body:** 「그녀는 얼굴과 전신의 근육을 뒤틀며 온몸으로 웃었다」

* **strikingly homely:** 「놀랄 정도로 못생긴」

* **la belle dame** = my elegant friend

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"I don't know whether I like you or not," replied Edna, gazing down at the little woman with a quizzical look.

The candor of Mrs. Pontellier's admission greatly pleased Mademoiselle Reisz. She expressed her gratification by repaying forthwith to the region of the gasoline stove and rewarding her guest with the promised cup of coffee. The coffee and the biscuit accompanying it proved very acceptable to Edna, who had declined refreshment at Madame Lebrun's and was now beginning to feel hungry. Mademoiselle set the tray which she brought in upon a small table near at hand, and seated herself once again on the lumpy sofa.

"I have had a letter from your friend," she remarked, as she poured a little cream into Edna's cup and handed it to her.

"My friend?"

"Yes, your friend Robert. He wrote to me from the City of Mexico."

"Wrote to you?" repeated Edna in amazement, stirring her coffee absently.

"Yes, to me. Why not? Don't stir all the warmth out of your coffee; drink it. Though the letter might as well have been sent to you; it was nothing but Mrs. Pontellier from beginning to end."

"Let me see it," requested the young woman, entreatingly.

"No; a letter concerns no one but the person who writes it and the one to whom it is written."

"Haven't you just said it concerned me from beginning to end?"

"It was written about you, not to you. 'Have you seen Mrs. Pontellier? How is she looking?' he asks. 'As Mrs. Pontellier says,' or 'as Mrs. Pontellier once said.' 'If Mrs. Pontellier should call upon you, play for her that Impromptu of Chopin's, my favorite. I heard it here a day or two ago, but not as you play it. I should like to know how it affects her,' and so on, as if he supposed we were constantly in each other's society."

"Let me see the letter."

"Oh, no."

Reisz, Robert 261?

* with a quizzical look : 「야릇한 표정을 한」

* as if he supposed ... other's society : 「마치 그는 우리가 변함없이 만나고 있다고 생각하는듯 했어요」

Artist

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"Have you answered it?"

"No."

"Let me see the letter."

"No, and again, no."

"Then play the Impromptu for me."

"It is growing late; what time do you have to be home?"

"Time doesn't concern me. Your question seems a little rude. Play the Impromptu."

"But you have told me nothing of yourself. What are you doing?"

"Painting!" laughed Edna. "I am becoming an artist. Think of it!"

"Ah! an artist! You have pretensions, Madame."

"Why pretensions? Do you think I could not become an artist?"

"I do not know you well enough to say. I do not know your talent or your temperament. To be an artist includes much; one must possess many gifts—absolute gifts—which have not been acquired by one's own effort. And, moreover, to succeed, the artist must possess the courageous soul!"

"What do you mean by the courageous soul?"

"Courageous, *ma foi*! The brave soul. The soul that dares and defies."

"Show me the letter and play for me the Impromptu. You see that I have persistence. Does that quality count for anything in art?"

"It counts with a foolish old woman whom you have captivated," replied Mademoiselle, with her wriggling laugh.

The letter was right there at hand in the drawer of the little table upon which Edna had just placed her coffee cup. Mademoiselle opened the drawer and drew forth the letter, the topmost one. She placed it in Edna's hands, and without further comment arose and went to the piano.

* **To be an artist includes much ; —absolute gifts:** 「예술가가 되기 위해선 많은 것이 필요해요.—절대적인 타고난 재능」

* **ma foi:** 「참말로, 사실」

* **The soul that dares and defies:** 「대담하게 도전할 수 있는 영혼」

* **count for anything:** 「무언가 상관이 되다. 중요하다」. cf. count for nothing: 하잘것 없다. 중요치않다.

Mademoiselle played a soft interlude. It was an improvisation. She sat low at the instrument, and the lines of her body settled into ungraceful curves and angles that gave it an appearance of deformity. Gradually and imperceptibly the interlude melted into the soft opening minor chords of the Chopin Impromptu.

Edna did not know when the Impromptu began or ended. She sat in the sofa corner reading Robert's letter by the fading light. Mademoiselle had glided from the Chopin into the quivering love-notes of Isolde's song, and back again to the Impromptu with its soulful and poignant longing.

The shadows deepened in the little room. The music grew strange and fantastic—turbulent, insistent, plaintive and soft with entreaty. The shadows grew deeper. The music filled the room. It floated out upon the night, over the housetops, the crescent of the river, losing itself in the silence of the upper air.

Edna was sobbing, just as she had wept one midnight at Grand Isle when strange, new voices awoke in her. She arose in some agitation to take her departure. "May I come again, Mademoiselle?" she asked at the threshold.

"Come whenever you feel like it. Be careful; the stairs and landings are dark; don't stumble."

Mademoiselle reentered and lit a candle. Robert's letter was on the floor. She stooped and picked it up. It was crumpled and damp with tears. Mademoiselle smoothed the letter out, restored it to the envelope, and replaced it in the table drawer.

XXII

One morning on his way into town Mr. Pontellier stopped at the house of his old friend and family physician, Doctor Mandelet. The Doctor was a semi-retired physician, resting, as the saying is, upon

* **Isolde's song**: 비운의 사랑에 대한 중세 전설에다 기초를 둔 Wagner의 오페라 "Tristan and Isolde"에서 유래된다. Isolde의 사랑과 죽음으로 알려진 이 노래는 그녀가 죽은 연인에게 작별인사하고 그의 팔에 안겨 죽는다는 내용을 노래한다. 이 소설의 주제와 연결지어 생각해 볼 수 있다.

* **The music grew ... soft with entreaty**: 「음악은 이상하고 환상적으로 변했다. 그것은 격렬하고 끈질기고 호소하듯 슬프고 부드러웠다.」 이 작품에서 호소하듯 영혼을 일깨워 주는 음악의 효과는 주인공 Edna의 future action을 예시해준다. —이것은 소설의 중심주제와 조화를 이루면서 물의 이미지와 함께 Edna의 심층구조를 정서적으로 표출해 준다.

his laurels. He bore a reputation for wisdom rather than skill—leaving the active practice of medicine to his assistants and younger contemporaries—and was much sought for in matters of consultation. A few families, united to him by bonds of friendship, he still attended when they required the services of a physician. The Pontelliers were among these.

Mr. Pontellier found the Doctor reading at the open window of his study. His house stood rather far back from the street, in the center of a delightful garden, so that it was quiet and peaceful at the old gentleman's study window. He was a great reader. He stared up disapprovingly over his eye-glasses as Mr. Pontellier entered, wondering who had the temerity to disturb him at that hour of the morning.

"Ah, Pontellier! Not sick, I hope. Come and have a seat. What news do you bring this morning?" He was quite portly, with a profusion of gray hair, and small blue eyes which age had robbed of much of their brightness but none of their penetration.

"Oh! I'm never sick, Doctor. You know that I come of tough fiber—of that old Creole race of Pontelliers that dry up and finally blow away. I came to consult—no, not precisely to consult—to talk to you about Edna. I don't know what ails her."

"Madame Pontellier not well?" marveled the Doctor. "Why, I saw her—I think it was a week ago—walking along Canal Street, the picture of health, it seemed to me."

"Yes, yes; she seems quite well," said Mr. Pontellier, leaning forward and whirling his stick between his two hands; "but she doesn't act well. She's odd, she's not like herself. I can't make her out, and I thought perhaps you'd help me."

"How does she act?" inquired the doctor.

"Well, it isn't easy to explain," said Mr. Pontellier, throwing

* **He bore ... rather than skill:** 「의료기술 보다는 지혜를 주는 자로서의 평판을 갖고 있었다」

* **which age ... of their brightness:** 「세월이 눈동자의 반짝임을 앗아간」

* **that I come of tough fiber:** 「내가 억센 가문출신인 것」

* **Canal Street:** New Orleans 시내의 중심가

* **I can't make her out:** 「나로서는 이해할 수가 없어요」

himself back in his chair. "She lets the housekeeping go to the dickens."

"Well, well; women are not all alike, my dear Pontellier. We've got to consider—"

"I know that; I told you I couldn't explain. Her whole attitude—toward me and everybody and everything—has changed. You know I have a quick temper, but I don't want to quarrel or be rude to a woman, especially my wife; yet I'm driven to it, and feel like ten thousand devils after I've made a fool of myself. She's making it devilishly uncomfortable for me," he went on nervously. "She's got some sort of notion in her head concerning the eternal rights of women; and—you understand—we meet in the morning at the breakfast table."

The old gentleman lifted his shaggy eyebrows, protruded his thick nether lip, and tapped the arms of his chair with his cushioned finger-tips.

"What have you been doing to her, Pontellier?"

"Doing! *Parbleu!*"

"Has she," asked the Doctor, with a smile, "has she been associating of late with a circle of pseudo-intellectual women—super-spiritual superior beings? My wife has been telling me about them."

"That's the trouble," broke in Mr. Pontellier, "she hasn't been associating with any one. She has abandoned her Tuesdays at home, has thrown over all her acquaintances, and goes tramping about by herself, moping in the street-cars, getting in after dark. I tell you she's peculiar. I don't like it; I feel a little worried over it."

This was a new aspect for the Doctor. "Nothing hereditary?" he asked, seriously. "Nothing peculiar about her family antecedents, is there?"

* **"She lets ... to the dickens":** 「도대체 그녀는 집안꼴을 엉망이 되도록 내 버려 둡니다」

* **have a quick temper:** 「성질[성미]이 급하다」

* **make a fool of oneself:** 「웃음거리가 된다. 창피를 당하다」

* **Parbleu!:** 「그렇고 말고, 물론이지」

* **pseudo-intellectual women:** 「가짜 지성인 여자들」. 19세기말 미국에 있던 여성클럽. 정치적인 기관뿐만 아니라 여성 교육의 원천이었다. 의사의 말이 나타내주듯이 이 클럽운동은 조소의 대상이었다.

* **superspiritual superior beings:** 「초월적으로 우수한 존재들」

"Oh, no, indeed! She comes of sound old Presbyterian Kentucky stock. The old gentleman, her father, I have heard, used to atone for his week-day sins with his Sunday devotions. I know for a fact, that his race horses literally ran away with the prettiest bit of Kentucky farming land I ever laid eyes upon. Margaret—you know Margaret—she has all the Presbyterianism undiluted. And the youngest is something of a vixen. By the way, she gets married in a couple of weeks from now."

"Send your wife up to the wedding," exclaimed the Doctor, foreseeing a happy solution. "Let her stay among her own people for a while; it will do her good."

"That's what I want her to do. She won't go to the marriage. She says a wedding is one of the most lamentable spectacles on earth. Nice thing for a woman to say to her husband!" exclaimed Mr. Pontellier, fuming anew at the recollection.

"Pontellier," said the Doctor, after a moment's reflection, "let your wife alone for a while. Don't bother her, and don't let her bother you. Woman, my dear friend, is a very peculiar and delicate organism—a sensitive and highly organized woman, such as I know Mrs. Pontellier to be, is especially peculiar. It would require an inspired psychologist to deal successfully with them. And when ordinary fellows like you and me attempt to cope with their idiosyncrasies the result is bungling. Most women are moody and whimsical. This is some passing whim of your wife, due to some cause or causes which you and I needn't try to fathom. But it will pass happily over, especially if you let her alone. Send her around to see me."

"Oh! I couldn't do that; there'd be no reason for it," objected Mr. Pontellier.

"Then I'll go around and see her," said the Doctor. "I'll drop in to dinner some evening *en bon ami*."

* **some passing whim**: 「어떤 일시적 번덕」

* **due to**: 「~에 기인하는, ~의 탓으로 돌려야 할」

* **fathom**: 「헤아리다. 통찰하다」

* **Send her around to see me** 「그녀를 나한테 보내시오」

* **en bon ami**: =as a friend

"Do! by all means," urged Mr. Pontellier. "What evening will you come? Say Thursday. Will you come Thursday?" he asked, rising to take his leave.

"Very well; Thursday. My wife may possibly have some engagement for me Thursday. In case she has, I shall let you know. Otherwise, you may expect me."

Mr. Pontellier turned before leaving to say:

"I am going to New York on business very soon. I have a big scheme on hand, and want to be on the field proper to pull the ropes and handle the ribbons. We'll let you in on the inside if you say so, Doctor," he laughed.

"No, I thank you, my dear sir," returned the Doctor. "I leave such ventures to you younger men with the fever of life still in your blood."

"What I wanted to say," continued Mr. Pontellier, with his hand on the knob; "I may have to be absent a good while. Would you advise me to take Edna along?"

"By all means, if she wishes to go. If not, leave her here. Don't contradict her. The mood will pass, I assure you. It may take a month, two, three months—possibly longer, but it will pass; have patience."

"Well, good-by, *à jeudi*," said Mr. Pontellier, as he let himself out.

The Doctor would have liked during the course of conversation to ask, "Is there any man in the case?" but he knew his Creole too well to make such a blunder as that.

He did not resume his book immediately, but sat for a while meditatively looking out into the garden.

XXIII

Edna's father was in the city, and had been with them several days. She was not very warmly or deeply attached to him, but they had certain tastes in common, and when together they were com-

* **by all means**: 「반드시, 어떻게 해서든」

* **I have a big scheme on hand**: 「마침 큰 계획을 세우고 있다」

* **handle the ribbons**: 「영향력을 행사하다」 (=handle the reins—that is to be in charge)

* **à jeudi**: =until Thursday

panionable. His coming was in the nature of a welcome disturbance; it seemed to furnish a new direction for her emotions.

He had come to purchase a wedding gift for his daughter, Janet, and an outfit for himself in which he might make a creditable appearance at her marriage. Mr. Pontellier had selected the bridal gift, as every one immediately connected with him always deferred to his taste in such matters. And his suggestions on the question of dress—which too often assumes the nature of a problem—were of inestimable value to his father-in-law. But for the past few days the old gentleman had been upon Edna's hands, and in his society she was becoming acquainted with a new set of sensations. He had been a colonel in the Confederate army, and still maintained, with the title, the military bearing which had always accompanied it. His hair and mustache were white and silky, emphasizing the rugged bronze of his face. He was tall and thin, and wore his coats padded, which gave a fictitious breadth and depth to his shoulders and chest. Edna and her father looked very distinguished together, and excited a good deal of notice during their perambulations. Upon his arrival she began by introducing him to her atelier and making a sketch of him. He took the whole matter very seriously. If her talent had been ten-fold greater than it was, it would not have surprised him, convinced as he was that he had bequeathed to all of his daughters the germs of a masterful capability, which only depended upon their own efforts to be directed toward successful achievement.

Before her pencil he sat rigid and unflinching, as he had faced the cannon's mouth in days gone by. He resented the intrusion of the children, who gaped with wondering eyes at him, sitting so stiff up there in their mother's bright atelier. When they drew near he motioned them away with an expressive action of the foot, loath to disturb the fixed lines of his countenance, his arms, or his rigid shoulders.

* **in the nature of**: 「~의 성질을 가진, ~와 비슷하여」 ex. His words were in the nature of a threat : 그의 말은 마치 협박과 같았다.

* **a colonel in the Confederate army**: 「남부군의 육군대령」. 남북전쟁 시초 (1861년)에 미합중국으로부터 분리한 남부11주의 군대.

* **the military bearing**: 「군인다운 자세」

* **the germs of a masterful capability**: 「대가가 될 소양」

* **in days gone by**: 「지난 날」

Edna, anxious to entertain him, invited Mademoiselle Reisz to meet him, having promised him a treat in her piano playing; but Mademoiselle declined the invitation. So together they attended a soirée musicale at the Ratignolle's. Monsieur and Madame Ratignolle made much of the Colonel, installing him as the guest of honor and engaging him at once to dine with them the following Sunday, or any day which he might select. Madame coquetted with him in the most captivating and naïve manner, with eyes, gestures, and a profusion of compliments, till the Colonel's old head felt thirty years younger on his padded shoulders. Edna marveled, not comprehending. She herself was almost devoid of coquetry.

There were one or two men whom she observed at the soirée musicale; but she would never have felt moved to any kittenish display to attract their notice—to any feline or feminine wiles to express herself toward them. Their personality attracted her in an agreeable way. Her fancy selected them, and she was glad when a lull in the music gave them an opportunity to meet her and talk with her. Often on the street the glance of strange eyes had lingered in her memory, and sometimes had disturbed her.

Mr. Pontellier did not attend these soirées musicales. He considered them bourgeois, and found more diversion at the club. To Madame Ratignolle he said the music dispensed at her soirées was too "heavy," too far beyond his untrained comprehension. His excuse flattered her. But she disapproved of Mr. Pontellier's club, and she was frank enough to tell Edna so.

"It's a pity Mr. Pontellier doesn't stay home more in the evenings. I think you would be more—well, if you don't mind my saying it—more united, if he did."

"Oh! dear no!" said Edna, with a blank look in her eyes. "What should I do if he stayed home? We wouldn't have anything to say to each other."

* soirée musicale: 「저녁 음악회」

* bourgeois: =middle-class, common 「일반인, 중산계급사람」

* heavy =dull(지루한), gloomy(침울한), depressed

* more united, if he did: 「그가 집에서 더 많은 시간을 보낸다면 더 일체감을 느낄텐데요. 여기서 did는 stay의 대동사로 씀.

* with a blank look in her eyes: 「그녀의 두 눈에 멍한 표정을 지은채」

She had not much of anything to say to her father, for that matter; but he did not antagonize her. She discovered that he interested her, though she realized that he might not interest her long; and for the first time in her life she felt as if she were thoroughly acquainted with him. He kept her busy serving him and ministering to his wants. It amused her to do so. She would not permit a servant or one of the children to do anything for him which she might do herself. Her husband noticed, and thought it was the expression of a deep filial attachment which he had never suspected.

The Colonel drank numerous "toddlies" during the course of the day, which left him, however, imperturbed. He was an expert at concocting strong drinks. He had even invented some, to which he had given fantastic names, and for whose manufacture he required diverse ingredients that it devolved upon Edna to procure for him.

When Doctor Mandelet dined with the Pontelliers on Thursday he could discern in Mrs. Pontellier no trace of that morbid condition which her husband had reported to him. She was excited and in a manner radiant. She and her father had been to the race course, and their thoughts when they seated themselves at table were still occupied with the events of the afternoon, and their talk was still of the track. The Doctor had not kept pace with turf affairs. He had certain recollections of racing in what he called "the good old times" when the Lecompte stables flourished, and he drew upon this fund of memories so that he might not be left out and seem wholly devoid of the modern spirit. But he failed to impose upon the Colonel, and was even far from impressing him with this trumped-up knowledge of bygone days. Edna had staked her father on his last venture, with the most gratifying results to both of them. Besides, they had met some very charming people, according to the Colonel's impressions. Mrs. Mortimer Merriman and Mrs. James Highcamp, who were there with Alcée Arobin, had joined them and had enlivened the hours in a fashion that warmed him to think of.

Mr. Pontellier himself had no particular leaning toward horse-

* **toddy**: 위스키 · 럼주 따위에 더운물을 타고 설탕 등을 넣은 음료

* **the Lecompte stables**: New Orleans는 남북전쟁전 유명한 경마 중심지였으며 4개의 경기장을 자랑하고 있었다. Lecompte 경마장은 한 유명한 Creole 경마 가족의 소유였다.

racing, and was even rather inclined to discourage it as a pastime, especially when he considered the fate of that blue-grass farm in Kentucky. He endeavored, in a general way, to express a particular disapproval, and only succeeded in arousing the ire and opposition of his father-in-law. A pretty dispute followed, in which Edna warmly espoused her father's cause and the Doctor remained neutral.

He observed his hostess attentively from under his shaggy brows, and noted a subtle change which had transformed her from the listless woman he had known into a being who, for the moment, seemed palpitant with the forces of life. Her speech was warm and energetic. There was no repression in her glance or gesture. She reminded him of some beautiful, sleek animal waking up in the sun.

The dinner was excellent. The claret was warm and the champagne was cold, and under their beneficent influence the threatened unpleasantness melted and vanished with the fumes of the wine.

Mr. Pontellier warmed up and grew reminiscent. He told some amusing plantation experiences, recollections of old Iberville and his youth, when he hunted 'possum in company with some friendly darky; thrashed the pecan trees, shot the grosbec, and roamed the woods and fields in mischievous idleness.

The Colonel, with little sense of humor and of the fitness of things, related a somber episode of those dark and bitter days, in which he had acted a conspicuous part and always formed a central figure. Nor was the Doctor happier in his selection, when he told the old, ever new and curious story of the waning of a woman's love, seeking strange, new channels, only to return to its legitimate source after days of fierce unrest. It was one of the many little human documents which had been unfolded to him during his long career as a physician. The story did not seem especially to impress Edna. She had one of her own to tell, of a woman who paddled away with her lover one night in a pirogue and never came back.

* **be inclined to (do):** 「~하고 싶다. ~하기 쉽다」

* **'possum:** (구어) 「미국산 주머니쥐(동물)」 (=opossum)

* **darky:** (구어) 경멸적으로 「검둥이」를 가리킴

* **the grosbec:** 「큰 부리를 가진 사냥감 새(조류), 콩새류」 (=grosbeak)

They were lost amid the Baratarian Islands, and no one ever heard of them or found trace of them from that day to this. It was a pure invention. She said that Madame Antoine had related it to her. That, also, was an invention. Perhaps it was a dream she had had. But every glowing word seemed real to those who listened. They could feel the hot breath of the Southern night; they could hear the long sweep of the pirogue through the glistening moonlit water, the beating of birds' wings, rising startled from among the reeds in the salt-water pools; they could see the faces of the lovers, pale, close together, rapt in oblivious forgetfulness, drifting into the unknown.

The champagne was cold, and its subtle fumes played fantastic tricks with Edna's memory that night.

Outside, away from the glow of the fire and the soft lamplight, the night was chill and murky. The Doctor doubled his old-fashioned cloak across his breast as he strode home through the darkness. He knew his fellow-creatures better than most men; knew that inner life which so seldom unfolds itself to unanointed eyes. He was sorry he had accepted Pontellier's invitation. He was growing old, and beginning to need rest and an imperturbed spirit. He did not want the secrets of other lives thrust upon him.

"I hope it isn't Arobin," he muttered to himself as he walked. "I hope to heaven it isn't Alcée Arobin."

XXIV

Edna and her father had a warm, and almost violent dispute upon the subject of her refusal to attend her sister's wedding. Mr. Pontellier declined to interfere, to interpose either his influence or his authority. He was following Doctor Mandelet's advice, and letting her do as she liked. The Colonel reproached his daughter for her lack of filial kindness and respect, her want of sisterly affection and womanly consideration. His arguments were labored and unconvincing. He doubted if Janet would accept any excuse—forgetting that Edna had offered none. He doubted if Janet would ever speak to her again, and he was sure Margaret would not.

* **The Doctor ... across his breast:** 「의사는 오래된 망토로 가슴을 두겹으로 여몄다」

Edna was glad to be rid of her father when he finally took himself off with his wedding garments and his bridal gifts, with his padded shoulders, his Bible reading, his "toddlies" and ponderous oaths.

Mr. Pontellier followed him closely. He meant to stop at the wedding on his way to New York and endeavor by every means which money and love could devise to atone somewhat for Edna's incomprehensible action.

"You are too lenient, too lenient by far, Léonce," asserted the Colonel. "Authority, coercion are what is needed. Put your foot down good and hard; the only way to manage a wife. Take my word for it."

The Colonel was perhaps unaware that he had coerced his own wife into her grave. Mr. Pontellier had a vague suspicion of it which he thought it needless to mention at that late day.

Edna was not so consciously gratified at her husband's leaving home as she had been over the departure of her father. As the day approached when he was to leave her for a comparatively long stay, she grew melting and affectionate, remembering his many acts of consideration and his repeated expressions of an ardent attachment. She was solicitous about his health and his welfare. She bustled around, looking after his clothing, thinking about heavy underwear, quite as Madame Ratignolle would have done under similar circumstances. She cried when he went away, calling him her dear, good friend, and she was quite certain she would grow lonely before very long and go to join him in New York.

But after all, a radiant peace settled upon her when she at last found herself alone. Even the children were gone. Old Madame

* **be rid of**: 「~을 벗어나다. ~을 면하다」 ex. I'm glad to be rid of him: 그가 없어지자 마음이 가뿐하다.

* **take off**: 「떠나가다. 물러나다」

* **by far**: 「단연, 훨씬」

* **Take my word for it**: 「내 말을 명심하십시오」

* **after all**: 「드디어, 결국」

* **a radiant peace... herself alone**: 「자신이 홀로임을 발견하자 눈분신 평화가 그녀를 감쌌다」 이 소설 안에서 Edna 주변의 중요한 인물들이 여러 차례 Edna를 떠난다. 이를테면 Robert, 남편, 아이들까지——이렇게 홀로 존재함을 자각하면서 자아성찰을 통해 자아가 원하는 것이 무엇인지를 인지한다.

Pontellier had come herself and carried them off to Iberville with their quadroom. The old madame did not venture to say she was afraid they would be neglected during Léonce's absence; she hardly ventured to think so. She was hungry for them—even a little fierce in her attachment. She did not want them to be wholly "children of the pavement," she always said when begging to have them for a space. She wished them to know the country, with its streams, its fields, its woods, its freedom, so delicious to the young. She wished them to taste something of the life their father had lived and known and loved when he, too, was a little child.

When Edna was at last alone, she breathed a big, genuine sigh of relief. A feeling that was unfamiliar but very delicious came over her. She walked all through the house, from one room to another, as if inspecting it for the first time. She tried the various chairs and lounges, as if she had never sat and reclined upon them before. And she perambulated around the outside of the house, investigating, looking to see if windows and shutters were secure and in order. The flowers were like new acquaintances; she approached them in a familiar spirit, and made herself at home among them. The garden walks were damp, and Edna called to the maid to bring out her rubber sandals. And there she stayed, and stooped, digging around the plants, trimming, picking dead, dry leaves. The children's little dog came out, interfering, getting in her way. She scolded him, laughing at him, played with him. The garden smelled so good and looked so pretty in the afternoon sunlight. Edna plucked all the bright flowers she could find, and went into the house with them, she and the little dog.

Even the kitchen assumed a sudden interesting character which she had never before perceived. She went in to give directions to the cook, to say that the butcher would have to bring much less meat, that they would require only half their usual quantity of bread, of milk and groceries. She told the cook that she herself would be greatly occupied during Mr. Pontellier's absence, and she begged her to take all thought and responsibility of the larder upon her own shoulders.

* **She wished them ... was a little child:** 「그녀는 그들의 아버지 또한 어린 아이였을 때 사랑하고 알고 살았던 그런 생활의 무엇인가를 맛보게 되기를 바랬다」

That night Edna dined alone. The candelabra, with a few candles in the center of the table, gave all the light she needed. Outside the circle of light in which she sat, the large dining-room looked solemn and shadowy. The cook, placed upon her mettle, served a delicious repast—a luscious tenderloin broiled à point. The wine tasted good; the marron glacé seemed to be just what she wanted. It was so pleasant, too, to dine in a comfortable peignoir.

She thought a little sentimentally about Léonce and the children, and wondered what they were doing. As she gave a dainty scrap or two to the doggie, she talked intimately to him about Etienne and Raoul. He was beside himself with astonishment and delight over these companionable advances, and showed his appreciation by his little quick, snappy barks and a lively agitation.

Then Edna sat in the library after dinner and read Emerson until she grew sleepy. She realized that she had neglected her reading, and determined to start anew upon a course of improving studies, now that her time was completely her own to do with as she liked.

After a refreshing bath, Edna went to bed. And as she snuggled comfortably beneath the eiderdown a sense of restfulness invaded her, such as she had not known before.

XXV

When the weather was dark and cloudy Edna could not work. She needed the sun to mellow and temper her mood to the sticking point. She had reached a stage when she seemed to be no longer feeling her way, working, when in the humor, with sureness and ease. And being devoid of ambition, and striving not toward ac-

* **a luscious tenderloin broiled à point**: 「알맞게 구워진 연한 고기」. à point: 알맞게

* **marron glacé**: 「밤초 (밤을 설탕에 절인 것)」

* **Ralph Waldo Emerson**(1803~1882): 미국의 철학자, 수필가, 초월주의 시인. 비평가들은 이 미국 작가에 대한 하나의 언급을 놓고 다양하게 해석해왔다. Ringe는 이것을 이 소설이 낭만적 전통에 입각한 것이라는 확증으로 삼고, 반면 Arms는 Emerson이 Edna를 잠들게 하고 있다고 해석한다.

* **(to) temper her mood to the sticking point**: 「자신의 기분을 절정에 유지시키기 위해서」

* **when in the humor**: 「기분이 좋을 때면」

* **being devoid of**: 「~이 전혀없으므로」

complishment, she drew satisfaction from the work in itself.

On rainy or melancholy days Edna went out and sought the society of the friends she had made at Grand Isle. Or else she stayed indoors and nursed a mood with which she was becoming too familiar for her own comfort and peace of mind. It was not despair; but it seemed to her as if life were passing by, leaving its promise broken and unfulfilled. Yet there were other days when she listened, was led on and deceived by fresh promises which her youth held out to her.

She went again to the races, and again. Alcée Arobin and Mrs. Highcamp called for her one bright afternoon in Arobin's drag. Mrs. Highcamp was a worldly but unaffected, intelligent, slim, tall blonde woman in the forties, with an indifferent manner and blue eyes that stared. She had a daughter who served her as a pretext for cultivating the society of young men of fashion. Alcée Arobin was one of them. He was a familiar figure at the race course, the opera, the fashionable clubs. There was a perpetual smile in his eyes, which seldom failed to awaken a corresponding cheerfulness in any one who looked into them and listened to his good-humored voice. His manner was quiet, and at times a little insolent. He possessed a good figure, a pleasing face, not overburdened with depth of thought or feeling; and his dress was that of the conventional man of fashion.

He admired Edna extravagantly, after meeting her at the races with her father. He had met her before on other occasions, but she had seemed to him unapproachable until that day. It was at his instigation that Mrs. Highcamp called to ask her to go with them to the Jockey Club to witness the turf event of the season.

There were possibly a few track men out there who knew the race horse as well as Edna, but there was certainly none who knew it better. She sat between her two companions as one having authority to speak. She laughed at Arobin's pretensions, and deplored Mrs. Highcamp's ignorance. The race horse was a friend and intimate associate of her childhood. The atmosphere of the stables and the

* **drag**: 「네필의 말이 끄는 마차」

* **the Jockey club**: The New Louisiana Jockey Club을 말함. New Orleans의 가장 저명하고 부유한 몇백명으로 제한된 회원의 사교클럽

breath of the blue grass paddock revived in her memory and lingered in her nostrils. She did not perceive that she was talking like her father as the sleek geldings ambled in review before them. She played for very high stakes, and fortune favored her. The fever of the game flamed in her cheeks and eyes, and it got into her blood and into her brain like an intoxicant. People turned their heads to look at her, and more than one lent an attentive ear to her utterances, hoping thereby to secure the elusive but ever-desired "tip." Arobin caught the contagion of excitement which drew him to Edna like a magnet. Mrs. Highcamp remained, as usual, unmoved, with her indifferent stare and uplifted eyebrows.

Edna stayed and dined with Mrs. Highcamp upon being urged to do so. Arobin also remained and sent away his drag.

The dinner was quiet and uninteresting, save for the cheerful efforts of Arobin to enliven things. Mrs. Highcamp deplored the absence of her daughter from the races, and tried to convey to her what she had missed by going to the "Dante reading" instead of joining them. The girl held a geranium leaf up to her nose and said nothing, but looked knowing and noncommittal. Mr. Highcamp was a plain, bald-headed man, who only talked under compulsion. He was unresponsive. Mrs. Highcamp was full of delicate courtesy and consideration toward her husband. She addressed most of her conversation to him at table. They sat in the library after dinner and read the evening papers together under the drop-light; while the younger people went into the drawing-room near by and talked. Miss Highcamp played some selections from Grieg upon the piano. She seemed to have apprehended all of the composer's coldness and none of his poetry. While Edna listened she could not help wondering if she had lost her taste for music.

When the time came for her to go home, Mr. Highcamp grunted a lame offer to escort her, looking down at his slippered feet with tactless concern. It was Arobin who took her home. The car ride

* **play for high stakes**: 「큰 도박을 하다. 모험을 하다」

* **fortune favored her**: 「행운은 그녀의 것이었다」

* **Dante Alighieri**(1265~1321): 이탈리아의 시인. *The Divine Comedy*의 작가

* **The drop-light**: 「이동식 현수등」. 상들리에나 벽에 부착된 이동가능한 gas 등.

* **with tactless concern**: 「눈치없게」

was long, and it was late when they reached Esplanade Street. Arobin asked permission to enter for a second to light his cigarette—his match safe was empty. He filled his match safe, but did not light his cigarette until he left her, after she had expressed her willingness to go to the races with him again.

Edna was neither tired nor sleepy. She was hungry again, for the Highcamp dinner, though of excellent quality, had lacked abundance. She rummaged in the larder and brought forth a slice of “Gruyère” and some crackers. She opened a bottle of beer which she found in the ice-box. Edna felt extremely restless and excited. She vacantly hummed a fantastic tune as she poked at the wood embers on the hearth and munched a cracker.

She wanted something to happen—something, anything; she did not know what. She regretted that she had not made Arobin stay a half hour to talk over the horses with her. She counted the money she had won. But there was nothing else to do, so she went to bed, and tossed there for hours in a sort of monotonous agitation.

In the middle of the night she remembered that she had forgotten to write her regular letter to her husband; and she decided to do so next day and tell him about her afternoon at the Jockey Club. She lay wide awake composing a letter which was nothing like the one which she wrote next day. When the maid awoke her in the morning Edna was dreaming of Mr. Highcamp playing the piano at the entrance of a music store on Canal Street, while his wife was saying to Alcée Arobin, as they boarded an Esplanade Street car:

“What a pity that so much talent has been neglected! but I must go.”

When, a few days later, Alcée Arobin again called for Edna in his drag, Mrs. Highcamp was not with him. He said they would pick her up. But as that lady had not been apprised of his intention of picking her up, she was not at home. The daughter was just

* **match safe:** 「성냥갑」

* **a slice of Gruyère:** 「치즈 한 조각」. 본래 치즈는 스위스의 Gruyère에서만 들어졌다.

* **lay wide awake composing a letter:** 「정신이 말짱한 채 누워서 편지를 구상했다」

leaving the house to attend the meeting of a branch Folk Lore Society, and regretted that she could not accompany them. Arobin appeared nonplused, and asked Edna if there were any one else she cared to ask.

She did not deem it worth while to go in search of any of the fashionable acquaintances from whom she had withdrawn herself. She thought of Madame Ratignolle, but knew that her fair friend did not leave the house, except to take a languid walk around the block with her husband after nightfall. Mademoiselle Reisz would have laughed at such a request from Edna. Madame Lebrun might have enjoyed the outing, but for some reason Edna did not want her. So they went alone, she and Arobin.

The afternoon was intensely interesting to her. The excitement came back upon her like a remittent fever. Her talk grew familiar and confidential. It was no labor to become intimate with Arobin. His manner invited easy confidence. The preliminary stage of becoming acquainted was one which he always endeavored to ignore when a pretty and engaging woman was concerned.

He stayed and dined with Edna. He stayed and sat beside the wood fire. They laughed and talked; and before it was time to go he was telling her how different life might have been if he had known her years before. With ingenuous frankness he spoke of what a wicked, ill-disciplined boy he had been, and impulsively drew up his cuff to exhibit upon his wrist the scar from a saber cut which he had received in a duel outside of Paris when he was nineteen. She touched his hand as she scanned the red cicatrice on the inside of his white wrist. A quick impulse that was somewhat spasmodic impelled her fingers to close in a sort of clutch upon his hand. He

* **Folk Lore Society**: 「민속학회」 Tulane대학교의 Alcée Fortier에 의해 1892년 창립된 미국 민속학회의 New Orleans협회. 1892-95년 동안 대단히 적극적으로 활동했다.

* **care to do (something)**: 「~(무엇)을 하고 싶다」

* **the fashionable acquaintances**: 「사교계의 아는 사람들」

* **the outing**: 「산책, 소풍」 (=excursion)

* **The preliminary stage of becoming acquainted**: 「사람을 사귄 때의 준비과정」

* **a saber cut**: 「결투용 칼의 상처, 사브르에 의한 일격」 saber: 군도, 사브르.

* **the red cicatrice**: (=the red scar) 「붉은 흔적」

felt the pressure of her pointed nails in the flesh of his palm.

She arose hastily and walked toward the mantel.

"The sight of a wound or scar always agitates and sickens me," she said. "I shouldn't have looked at it."

"I beg your pardon," he entreated, following her; "it never occurred to me that it might be repulsive."

He stood close to her, and the effrontery in his eyes repelled the old, vanishing self in her, yet drew all her awakening sensuousness. He saw enough in her face to impel him to take her hand and hold it while he said his lingering good night.

"Will you go to the races again?" he asked.

"No," she said. "I've had enough of the races. I don't want to lose all the money I've won, and I've got to work when the weather is bright, instead of—"

"Yes; work; to be sure. You promised to show me your work. What morning may I come up to your atelier? To-morrow?"

"No!"

"Day after?"

"No, no."

"Oh, please don't refuse me! I know something of such things. I might help you with a stray suggestion or two."

"No. Good night. Why don't you go after you have said good night? I don't like you," she went on in a high, excited pitch, attempting to draw away her hand. She felt that her words lacked dignity and sincerity, and she knew that he felt it.

"I'm sorry you don't like me. I'm sorry I offended you. How have I offended you? What have I done? Can't you forgive me?" And he bent and pressed his lips upon her hand as if he wished never more to withdraw them.

"Mr. Arobin," she complained, "I'm greatly upset by the excitement of the afternoon; I'm not myself. My manner must have misled you in some way. I wish you to go, please." She spoke in a monotonous, dull tone. He took his hat from the table, and stood with eyes turned from her, looking into the dying fire. For a moment or two he kept an impressive silence.

"Your manner has not misled me, Mrs. Pontellier," he said finally. "My own emotions have done that. I couldn't help it. When I'm near you, how could I help it? Don't think anything of it, don't bother, please. You see, I go when you command me. If you wish

me to stay away, I shall do so. If you let me come back, I—oh! you will let me come back?”

He cast one appealing glance at her, to which she made no response. Alcée Arobin's manner was so genuine that it often deceived even himself.

Edna did not care or think whether it were genuine or not. When she was alone she looked mechanically at the back of her hand which he had kissed so warmly. Then she leaned her head down on the mantelpiece. She felt somewhat like a woman who in a moment of passion is betrayed into an act of infidelity, and realizes the significance of the act without being wholly awakened from its glamour. The thought was passing vaguely through her mind, “What would he think?”

She did not mean her husband; she was thinking of Robert Lebrun. Her husband seemed to her now like a person whom she had married without love as an excuse.

She lit a candle and went up to her room. Alcée Arobin was absolutely nothing to her. Yet his presence, his manners, the warmth of his glances, and above all the touch of his lips upon her hand had acted like a narcotic upon her.

She slept a languorous sleep, interwoven with vanishing dreams.

XXVI

Alcée Arobin wrote Edna an elaborate note of apology, palpitant with sincerity. It embarrassed her; for in a cooler, quieter moment it appeared to her absurd that she should have taken his action so seriously, so dramatically. She felt sure that the significance of the whole occurrence had lain in her own self-consciousness. If she ignored his note it would give undue importance to a trivial affair. If she replied to it in a serious spirit it would still leave in his mind the impression that she had in a susceptible moment yielded to his influence. After all, it was no great matter to have one's hand kissed. She was provoked at his having written the apology. She answered in as light and bantering a spirit as she fancied it de-

* **one appealing glance**: 「애원하는 눈길」

* **like a woman ... an act of infidelity**: 「걱정의 순간에 자신을 부정의 행위로 내맡긴 여인처럼」

* **had acted like a narcotic upon her**: 「마취제처럼 그녀에게 작용했다」

* **in as light and bantering a spirit**: 「가볍고도 장난기어린 기분으로」

served, and said she would be glad to have him look in upon her at work whenever he felt the inclination and his business gave him the opportunity.

He responded at once by presenting himself at her home with all his disarming naïveté. And then there was scarcely a day which followed that she did not see him or was not reminded of him. He was prolific in pretexts. His attitude became one of good-humored subservience and tacit adoration. He was ready at all times to submit to her moods, which were as often kind as they were cold. She grew accustomed to him. They became intimate and friendly by imperceptible degrees, and then by leaps. He sometimes talked in a way that astonished her at first and brought the crimson into her face; in a way that pleased her at last, appealing to the animalism that stirred impatiently within her.

There was nothing which so quieted the turmoil of Edna's senses as a visit to Mademoiselle Reisz. It was then, in the presence of that personality which was offensive to her, that the woman, by her divine art, seemed to reach Edna's spirit and set it free.

It was misty, with heavy, lowering atmosphere, one afternoon, when Edna climbed the stairs to the pianist's apartments under the roof. Her clothes were dripping with moisture. She felt chilled and pinched as she entered the room. Mademoiselle was poking at a rusty stove that smoked a little and warmed the room indifferently. She was endeavoring to heat a pot of chocolate on the stove. The room looked cheerless and dingy to Edna as she entered. A bust of Beethoven, covered with a hood of dust, scowled at her from the mantelpiece.

"Ah! here comes the sunlight!" exclaimed Mademoiselle, rising from her knees before the stove. "Now it will be warm and bright enough; I can let the fire alone."

She closed the stove door with a bang, and approaching, assisted

* whenever he felt the inclination: 「그가 기분내키는 때면 언제든지」

* with all his disarming naïveté: 「천진난만하고 순진한 모습으로」

* grew accustomed to: 「~에 익숙해졌다」

* by imperceptible degrees: 「알아 차릴 수 없을 정도로」

* by leaps: 「급속하게, 일사천리로」

* appealing to ... within her: 「그녀 안에서 참지못하여 동요하는 본능에 호소하면서」

in removing Edna's dripping mackintosh.

"You are cold; you look miserable. The chocolate will soon be hot. But would you rather have a taste of brandy? I have scarcely touched the bottle which you brought me for my cold." A piece of red flannel was wrapped around Mademoiselle's throat; a stiff neck compelled her to hold her head on one side.

"I will take some brandy," said Edna, shivering as she removed her gloves and overshoes. She drank the liquor from the glass as a man would have done. Then flinging herself upon the uncomfortable sofa she said, "Mademoiselle, I am going to move away from my house on Esplanade Street."

"Ah!" ejaculated the musician, neither surprised nor especially interested. Nothing ever seemed to astonish her very much. She was endeavoring to adjust the bunch of violets which had become loose from its fastening in her hair. Edna drew her down upon the sofa, and taking a pin from her own hair, secured the shabby artificial flowers in their accustomed place.

"Aren't you astonished?"

"Passably. Where are you going? To New York? to Iberville? to your father in Mississippi? where?"

"Just two steps away," laughed Edna, "in a little four-room house around the corner. It looks so cozy, so inviting and restful, whenever I pass by; and it's for rent. I'm tired looking after that big house. It never seemed like mine, anyway—like home. It's too much trouble. I have to keep too many servants. I am tired bothering with them."

"That is not your true reason, *ma belle*. There is no use in telling me lies. I don't know your reason, but you have not told me the truth." Edna did not protest or endeavor to justify herself.

"The house, the money that provides for it, are not mine. Isn't that enough reason?"

"They are your husband's," returned Mademoiselle, with a shrug and a malicious elevation of the eyebrows.

"Oh! I see there is no deceiving you. Then let me tell you: It is a

* **look after:** 「～을 보살피다. 돌보다」

* **ma belle:** 「부인」

* **there is no deceiving you:** 「당신을 속일 수는 없군요」

caprice. I have a little money of my own from my mother's estate, which my father sends me by driblets. I won a large sum this winter on the races, and I am beginning to sell my sketches. Laidpore is more and more pleased with my work; he says it grows in force and individuality. I cannot judge of that myself, but I feel that I have gained in ease and confidence. However, as I said, I have sold a good many through Laidpore. I can live in the tiny house for little or nothing, with one servant. Old Celestine, who works occasionally for me, says she will come stay with me and do my work. I know I shall like it, like the feeling of freedom and independence."

"What does your husband say?"

"I have not told him yet. I only thought of it this morning. He will think I am demented, no doubt. Perhaps you think so."

Mademoiselle shook her head slowly. "Your reason is not yet clear to me," she said.

Neither was it quite clear to Edna herself; but it unfolded itself as she sat for a while in silence. Instinct had prompted her to put away her husband's bounty in casting off her allegiance. She did not know how it would be when he returned. There would have to be an understanding, an explanation. Conditions would some way adjust themselves, she felt; but whatever came, she had resolved never again to belong to another than herself.

"I shall give a grand dinner before I leave the old house!" Edna exclaimed. "You will have to come to it, Mademoiselle. I will give you everything that you like to eat and to drink. We shall sing and laugh and be merry for once." And she uttered a sigh that came from the very depths of her being.

If Mademoiselle happened to have received a letter from Robert during the interval of Edna's visits, she would give her the letter

* **by driblets:** 「조금씩」

* **it grows in force and individuality:** 「그림이 강렬해지고 개성을 띠기 시작하다」

* **for little or nothing:** 「저의 아무것도 없이」

* **Instinct had prompted... her allegiance:** 「본능은 그녀의 충절을 벗어 버리는 데 있어서 그녀로 하여금 남편의 재물들을 치워 버리도록 충동했다」

* **she had resolved... than herself:** 「그녀는 다시는 자기 자신 아닌 다른 사람에게 속하지 않기로 결심했다」

* **from the very depths of her being:** 「존재의 바로 그 근원으로 부터」

unsolicited. And she would seat herself at the piano and play as her humor prompted her while the young woman read the letter.

The little stove was roaring; it was red-hot, and the chocolate in the tin sizzled and sputtered. Edna went forward and opened the stove door, and Mademoiselle rising, took a letter from under the bust of Beethoven and handed it to Edna.

"Another! so soon!" she exclaimed, her eyes filled with delight. "Tell me, Mademoiselle, does he know that I see his letters?" letter

"Never in the world! He would be angry and would never write to me again if he thought so. Does he write to you? Never a line. Does he send you a message? Never a word. It is because he loves you, poor fool, and is trying to forget you, since you are not free to listen to him or to belong to him."

"Why do you show me his letters, then?"

"Haven't you begged for them? Can I refuse you anything? Oh! you cannot deceive me," and Mademoiselle approached her beloved instrument and began to play. Edna did not at once read the letter. She sat holding it in her hand, while the music penetrated her whole being like an effulgence, warming and brightening the dark places of her soul. It prepared her for joy and exultation.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, letting the letter fall to the floor. "Why did you not tell me?" She went and grasped Mademoiselle's hands up from the keys. "Oh! unkind! malicious! Why did you not tell me?"

"That he was coming back? No great news, *ma foi*. I wonder he did not come long ago."

"But when, when?" cried Edna, impatiently. "He does not say when."

"He says 'very soon.' You know as much about it as I do; it is all in the letter."

"But why? Why is he coming? Oh, if I thought—" and she snatched the letter from the floor and turned the pages this way and that way, looking for the reason, which was left untold.

"If I were young and in love with a man," said Mademoiselle, turning on the stool and pressing her wiry hands between her knees as she looked down at Edna, who sat on the floor holding the letter, "it seems to me he would have to be some *grand esprit*; a man with lofty aims and ability to reach them; one who stood high enough to

* *ma foi* = in fact

attract the notice of his fellow-men. It seems to me if I were young and in love I should never deem a man of ordinary caliber worthy of my devotion."

"Now it is you who are telling lies and seeking to deceive me, Mademoiselle; or else you have never been in love, and know nothing about it. Why," went on Edna, clasping her knees and looking up into Mademoiselle's twisted face, "do you suppose a woman knows why she loves? Does she select? Does she say to herself: 'Go to! Here is a distinguished statesman with presidential possibilities; I shall proceed to fall in love with him.' Or, 'I shall set my heart upon this musician, whose fame is on every tongue?' Or, 'This financier, who controls the world's money markets?'"

"You are purposely misunderstanding me, *ma reine*. Are you in love with Robert?"

"Yes," said Edna. It was the first time she had admitted it, and a glow overspread her face, blotching it with red spots.

"Why?" asked her companion. "Why do you love him when you ought not to?"

Edna, with a motion or two, dragged herself on her knees before Mademoiselle Reisz, who took the glowing face between her two hands.

"Why? Because his hair is brown and grows away from his temples; because he opens and shuts his eyes, and his nose is a little out of drawing; because he has two lips and a square chin, and a little finger which he can't straighten from having played baseball too energetically in his youth. Because—"

"Because you do, in short," laughed Mademoiselle. "What will you do when he comes back?" she asked.

"Do? Nothing, except feel glad and happy to be alive."

She was already glad and happy to be alive at the mere thought of his return. The murky, lowering sky, which had depressed her a few hours before, seemed bracing and invigorating as she splashed through the streets on her way home.

* **ma reine** = my love (literally, "my queen")

* **blotching it with red spots**: 「얼굴은 붉은 반점으로 얼룩지면서」

* **on her knees**: 「무릎을 꿇고」

* **in short**: 「요컨대, 결국」

She stopped at a confectioner's and ordered a huge box of bonbons for the children in Iberville. She slipped a card in the box, on which she scribbled a tender message and sent an abundance of kisses.

Before dinner in the evening Edna wrote a charming letter to her husband, telling him of her intention to move for a while into the little house around the block, and to give a farewell dinner before leaving, regretting that he was not there to share it, to help her out with the menu and assist her in entertaining the guests. Her letter was brilliant and brimming with cheerfulness.

XXVII

"What is the matter with you?" asked Arobin that evening. "I never found you in such a happy mood." Edna was tired by that time, and was reclining on the lounge before the fire.

"Don't you know the weather prophet has told us we shall see the sun pretty soon?"

"Well, that ought to be reason enough," he acquiesced. "You wouldn't give me another if I sat here all night imploring you." He sat close to her on a low tabouret, and as he spoke his fingers lightly touched the hair that fell a little over her forehead. She liked the touch of his fingers through her hair, and closed her eyes sensitively.

"One of these days," she said, "I'm going to pull myself together for a while and think—try to determine what character of a woman I am; for, candidly, I don't know. By all the codes which I am acquainted with, I am a devilishly wicked specimen of the sex. But some way I can't convince myself that I am. I must think about it."

"Don't. What's the use? Why should you bother thinking about it when I can tell you what manner of woman you are." His fingers strayed occasionally down to her warm, smooth cheeks and firm chin, which was growing a little full and double.

* a confectioner's: 「과자점」

* I'm going to pull my self together for a while: 「잠시 스스로 정신을 차리려 해요」. pull one self together: 정신(기운)을 차리다.

* By all the codes which I am acquainted with: 「내가 알고 있는 모든 규약에 의하면」 (ex. moral code 도덕률)

* wicked specimen of the sex: 「여성의 사악한(나쁜) 표본」

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"Oh, yes! You will tell me that I am adorable; everything that is captivating. Spare yourself the effort."

"No; I shan't tell you anything of the sort, though I shouldn't be lying if I did."

"Do you know Mademoiselle Reisz?" she asked irrelevantly.

"The pianist? I know her by sight. I've heard her play."

"She says queer things sometimes in a bantering way that you don't notice at the time and you find yourself thinking about afterward."

"For instance?"

"Well, for instance, when I left her today, she put her arms around me and felt my shoulder blades, to see if my wings were strong, she said. 'The bird that would soar above the level plain of tradition and prejudice must have strong wings. It is a sad spectacle to see the weaklings bruised, exhausted, fluttering back to earth.'"

"Whither would you soar?"

"I'm not thinking of any extraordinary flights. I only half comprehend her."

"I've heard she's partially demented," said Arobin.

"She seems to me wonderfully sane," Edna replied.

"I'm told she's extremely disagreeable and unpleasant. Why have you introduced her at a moment when I desired to talk of you?"

"Oh! talk of me if you like," cried Edna, clasping her hands beneath her head; "but let me think of something else while you do."

"I'm jealous of your thoughts to-night. They're making you a little kinder than usual; but some way I feel as if they were wandering, as if they were not here with me." She only looked at him and smiled. His eyes were very near. He leaned upon the lounge with an arm extended across her, while the other hand still rested upon her hair. They continued silently to look into each other's eyes. When he leaned forward and kissed her, she clasped his head, holding his

* **The bird that would ... have strong wings:** 「인습과 편견의 차원을 뛰어 넘어 높이 날아갈 새는 튼튼한 날개를 가져야 해요」

* **It is a sad ... back to earth:** 「허약한 새들이 상처를 입고 지쳐서 피독거리며 도로 땅에 떨어지는 것을 보는 것은 슬픈 광경이에요」. It~to문장

* **whither:** where?, where ... to? (의문사로 「어디에, 어느 방향으로」)

* **partially demented:** 「반쯤 미친」

lips to hers.

It was the first kiss of her life to which her nature had really responded. It was a flaming torch that kindled desire.

XXVIII

Edna cried a little that night after Arobin left her. It was only one phase of the multitudinous emotions which had assailed her. There was with her an overwhelming feeling of irresponsibility. There was the shock of the unexpected and the unaccustomed. There was her husband's reproach looking at her from the external things around her which he had provided for her external existence. There was Robert's reproach making itself felt by a quicker, fiercer, more overpowering love, which had awakened within her toward him. Above all, there was understanding. She felt as if a mist had been lifted from her eyes, enabling her to look upon and comprehend the significance of life, that monster made up of beauty and brutality. But among the conflicting sensations which assailed her, there was neither shame nor remorse. There was a dull pang of regret because it was not the kiss of love which had inflamed her, because it was not love which had held this cup of life to her lips.

XXIX

Without even waiting for an answer from her husband regarding his opinion or wishes in the matter, Edna hastened her preparations for quitting her home on Esplanade Street and moving into the little house around the block. A feverish anxiety attended her every action in that direction. There was no moment of deliberation, no interval of repose between the thought and its fulfillment. Early upon the morning following those hours passed in Arobin's society, Edna set about securing her new abode and hurrying her arrangements for occupying it. Within the precincts of her home she felt

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- * **her nature had really responded** : 「그녀의 본능이 진실로 응답한」
 - * **enabling her ... the significance of life** : 「생의 의미를 바라보고 이해할 수 있게 되었다」
 - * **that monster made up of beauty and brutality** : 「아름다움과 잔인함으로 이루어진 그 괴물」. life와 동격
 - * **between the thought and its fulfillment** : 「그 생각과 그 생각의 실천 사이에」
 - * **the morning ... in Arobin's society** : 「Arobin과 함께 보낸 뒤의 그날 아침」

like one who has entered and lingered within the portals of some forbidden temple in which a thousand muffled voices bade her begone.

Whatever was her own in the house, everything which she had acquired aside from her husband's bounty, she caused to be transported to the other house, supplying simple and meager deficiencies from her own resources.

Arobin found her with rolled sleeves, working in company with the house-maid when he looked in during the afternoon. She was splendid and robust, and had never appeared handsomer than in the old blue gown, with a red silk handkerchief knotted at random around her head to protect her hair from the dust. She was mounted upon a high step-ladder, unhooking a picture from the wall when he entered. He had found the front door open, and had followed his ring by walking in unceremoniously.

"Come down!" he said. "Do you want to kill yourself?" She greeted him with affected carelessness, and appeared absorbed in her occupation.

If he had expected to find her languishing, reproachful, or indulging in sentimental tears, he must have been greatly surprised.

He was no doubt prepared for any emergency, ready for any one of the foregoing attitudes, just as he bent himself easily and naturally to the situation which confronted him.

"Please come down," he insisted, holding the ladder and looking up at her.

"No," she answered; "Ellen is afraid to mount the ladder. Joe is working over at the 'pigeon house'—that's the name Ellen gives it, because it's so small and looks like a pigeon house—and some one has to do this."

Arobin pulled off his coat, and expressed himself ready and willing to tempt fate in her place. Ellen brought him one of her dust-caps, and went into contortions of mirth, which she found it impossible to control, when she saw him put it on before the mirror as

* **a thousand muffled voices bade her begone** : 「수천의 숨죽인 소리들이 그녀의 퇴장을 명했다」

* **in company with** : 「~와 함께, ~을 동반하여」

* **pull off** : 「벗다」

* **in her place** : 「그녀 대신에」. *in a person's place, or in place of* : ~의 대신에

grotesquely as he could. Edna herself could not refrain from smiling when she fastened it at his request. So it was he who in turn mounted the ladder, unhooking pictures and curtains, and dislodging ornaments as Edna directed. When he had finished he took off his dust-cap and went out to wash his hands.

Edna was sitting on the tabouret, idly brushing the tips of a feather duster along the carpet when he came in again.

"Is there anything more you will let me do?" he asked.

"That is all," she answered. "Ellen can manage the rest." She kept the young woman occupied in the drawing-room, unwilling to be left alone with Arobin.

"What about the dinner?" he asked; "the grand event, the *coup d'état*?"

"It will be day after to-morrow. Why do you call it the '*coup d'état*?' Oh! it will be very fine; all my best of everything—crystal, silver and gold, Sèvres, flowers, music, and champagne to swim in. I'll let Léonce pay the bills. I wonder what he'll say when he sees the bills."

"And you ask me why I call it a *coup d'état*?" Arobin had put on his coat, and he stood before her and asked if his cravat was plumb. She told him it was, looking no higher than the tip of his collar.

"When do you go to the 'pigeon house?'—with all due acknowledgment to Ellen."

"Day after to-morrow, after the dinner. I shall sleep there."

"Ellen, will you very kindly get me a glass of water?" asked Arobin. "The dust in the curtains, if you will pardon me for hinting such a thing, has parched my throat to a crisp."

"While Ellen gets the water," said Edna, rising, "I will say good-by and let you go. I must get rid of this grime, and I have a million things to do and think of."

"When shall I see you?" asked Arobin, seeking to detain her, the maid having left the room.

"At the dinner, of course. You are invited."

"Not before?—not to-night or to-morrow morning or to-morrow noon or night? or the day after morning or noon? Can't you see yourself, without my telling you, what an eternity it is?"

* **get rid of** : 「～을 제거하다」

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He had followed her into the hall and to the foot of the stairway, looking up at her as she mounted with her face half turned to him.

"Not an instant sooner," she said. But she laughed and looked at him with eyes that at once gave him courage to wait and made it torture to wait.

XXX

Though Edna had spoken of the dinner as a very grand affair, it was in truth a very small affair and very select, in so much as the guests invited were few and were selected with discrimination. She had counted upon an even dozen seating themselves at her round mahogany board, forgetting for the moment that Madame Ratignolle was to the last degree *souffrante* and unrepresentable, and not foreseeing that Madame Lebrun would send a thousand regrets at the last moment. So there were only ten, after all, which made a cozy, comfortable number.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Merriman, a pretty, vivacious little woman in the thirties; her husband, a jovial fellow, something of a shallow-pate, who laughed a good deal at other people's witticisms, and had thereby made himself extremely popular. Mrs. Highcamp had accompanied them. Of course, there was Alcée Arobin; and Mademoiselle Reisz had consented to come, Edna had sent her a fresh bunch of violets with black lace trimmings for her hair. Monsieur Ratignolle brought himself and his wife's excuses. Victor Lebrun, who happened to be in the city, bent upon relaxation, had accepted with alacrity. There was a Miss Mayblunt, no longer in her teens, who looked at the world through lorgnettes and with the keenest interest. It was thought and said that she was intellectual; it was suspected of her that she wrote under a *nom de guerre*. She had come with a gentleman by the name of Gouvernail, connected with one of the daily papers, of whom nothing special could be said,

* the foot of the stairway : 「층계 밑바닥」

* count upon : 「생각하다, 맞추다」

* souffrante = ill

* something of : 「다소, 얼마간」

* other people's witticisms : 「다른 사람들의 익살」

* a nom de guerre = pseudonym 「가명」

except that he was observant and seemed quiet and inoffensive. Edna herself made the tenth, and at half-past eight they seated themselves at table, Arobin and Monsieur Ratignolle on either side of their hostess.

Mrs. Highcamp sat between Arobin and Victor Lebrun. Then came Mrs. Merriman, Mr. Gouvernail, Miss Mayblunt, Mr. Merri-man, and Mademoiselle Reisz next to Monsieur Ratignolle.

There was something extremely gorgeous about the appearance of the table, an effect of splendor conveyed by a cover of pale yellow satin under strips of lace-work. There were wax candles in massive brass candelabra, burning softly under yellow silk shades; full, fragrant roses, yellow and red, abounded. There were silver and gold, as she had said there would be, and crystal which glittered like the gems which the women wore.

The ordinary stiff dining chairs had been discarded for the occasion and replaced by the most commodious and luxurious which could be collected throughout the house. Mademoiselle Reisz, being exceedingly diminutive, was elevated upon cushions, as small children are sometimes hoisted at table upon bulky volumes.

"Something new, Edna?" exclaimed Miss Mayblunt, with lorgnette directed toward a magnificent cluster of diamonds that sparkled, that almost sputtered, in Edna's hair, just over the center of her forehead.

"Quite new; 'brand' new, in fact; a present from my husband. It arrived this morning from New York. I may as well admit that this is my birthday, and that I am twenty-nine. In good time I expect you to drink my health. Meanwhile, I shall ask you to begin with this cocktail, composed—would you say 'composed?' " with an appeal to Miss Mayblunt—"composed by my father in honor of Sister Janet's wedding."

Before each guest stood a tiny glass that looked and sparkled like a garnet gem.

"Then, all things considered," spoke Arobin, "it might not be amiss to start out by drinking the Colonel's health in the cocktail which he composed, on the birthday of the most charming of women—the daughter whom he invented."

* **I expect you to drink my health** : 「여러분들의 축하를 들어주시겠조」

* **in good time** : 「때 맞춰, 마침. 제때에」

Mr. Merriman's laugh at this sally was such a genuine outburst and so contagious that it started the dinner with an agreeable swing that never slackened.

Miss Mayblunt begged to be allowed to keep her cocktail untouched before her, just to look at. The color was marvelous! She could compare it to nothing she had ever seen, and the garnet lights which it emitted were unspeakably rare. She pronounced the Colonel an artist, and stuck to it.

Monsieur Ratignolle was prepared to take things seriously; the *mets*, the *entre-mets*, the service, the decorations, even the people. He looked up from his pompono and inquired of Arobin if he were related to the gentleman of that name who formed one of the firm of Laitner and Arobin, lawyers. The young man admitted that Laitner was a warm personal friend, who permitted Arobin's name to decorate the firm's letterheads and to appear upon a shingle that graced Perdido Street.

"There are so many inquisitive people and institutions abounding," said Arobin, "that one is really forced as a matter of convenience these days to assume the virtue of an occupation if he has it not."

Monsieur Ratignolle stared a little, and turned to ask Mademoiselle Reisz if she considered the symphony concerts up to the standard which had been set the previous winter. Mademoiselle Reisz answered Monsieur Ratignolle in French, which Edna thought a little rude, under the circumstances, but characteristic. Mademoiselle had only disagreeable things to say of the symphony concerts, and insulting remarks to make of all the musicians of New Orleans, singly and collectively. All her interest seemed to be centered upon the delicacies placed before her.

Mr. Merriman said that Mr. Arobin's remark about inquisitive people reminded him of a man from Waco the other day at the St. Charles Hotel—but as Mr. Merriman's stories were always lame

* **the mets, the entre-mets** = the main courses, the side dishes

* **pompono** : 대령이 칵테일에 붙인 이름인 듯하다.

* **Perdido Street** : "perdido"는 스페인어로 "lost"를 의미한다. 여행자들이 길을 잃었던 삼나무 늪에서 길이 끊겨 있다는 전설에서 유래

* **Waco** = Texas

and lacking point, his wife seldom permitted him to complete them. She interrupted him to ask if he remembered the name of the author whose book she had bought the week before to send to a friend in Geneva. She was talking "books" with Mr. Gouvernail and trying to draw from him his opinion upon current literary topics. Her husband told the story of the Waco man privately to Miss Mayblunt, who pretended to be greatly amused and to think it extremely clever.

Mrs. Highcamp hung with languid but unaffected interest upon the warm and impetuous volubility of her left-hand neighbor, Victor Lebrun. Her attention was never for a moment withdrawn from him after seating herself at table; and when he turned to Mrs. Merriman, who was prettier and more vivacious than Mrs. Highcamp, she waited with easy indifference for an opportunity to reclaim his attention. There was the occasional sound of music, of mandolins, sufficiently removed to be an agreeable accompaniment rather than an interruption to the conversation. Outside the soft, monotonous splash of a fountain could be heard; the sound penetrated into the room with the heavy odor of jessamine that came through the open windows.

The golden shimmer of Edna's satin gown spread in rich folds on either side of her. There was a soft fall of lace encircling her shoulders. It was the color of her skin, without the glow, the myriad living tints that one may sometimes discover in vibrant flesh. There was something in her attitude, in her whole appearance when she leaned her head against the high-backed chair and spread her arms, which suggested the regal woman, the one who rules, who looks on, who stands alone.

But as she sat there amid her guests, she felt the old ennui overtaking her; the hopelessness which so often assailed her, which came upon her like an obsession, like something extraneous, independent of volition. It was something which announced itself; a

* **her left-hand neighbor** : 「그녀의 왼쪽 옆에 있는」

* **in rich folds** : 「주름을 많이 잡으면서」

* **the myriad living tints** : 「무수한 살아있는 색채의 배합」

* **the regal woman** : 「왕후다운, 당당한 여인」

* **felt the old ennui overtaking her** : 「해묵은 권태가 그녀 자신을 휩싸는 것을 느꼈다」

chill breath that seemed to issue from some vast cavern wherein discords wailed. There came over her the acute longing which always summoned into her spiritual vision the presence of the beloved one, overpowering her at once with a sense of the unattainable.

The moments glided on, while a feeling of good fellowship passed around the circle like a mystic cord, holding and binding these people together with jest and laughter. Monsieur Ratignolle was the first to break the pleasant charm. At ten o'clock he excused himself. Madame Ratignolle was waiting for him at home. She was *bien souffrante*, and she was filled with vague dread, which only her husband's presence could allay.

Mademoiselle Reisz arose with Monsieur Ratignolle, who offered to escort her to the car. She had eaten well; she had tasted the good, rich wines, and they must have turned her head, for she bowed pleasantly to all as she withdrew from table. She kissed Edna upon the shoulder, and whispered: "*Bonne nuit, ma reine; soyez sage.*" She had been a little bewildered upon rising, or rather, descending from her cushions, and Monsieur Ratignolle gallantly took her arm and led her away.

Mrs. Highcamp was weaving a garland of roses, yellow and red. When she had finished the garland, she laid it lightly upon Victor's black curls. He was reclining far back in the luxurious chair, holding a glass of champagne to the light.

As if a magician's wand had touched him, the garland of roses transformed him into a vision of Oriental beauty. His cheeks were the color of crushed grapes, and his dusky eyes glowed with a languishing fire.

"*Sapristi!*" exclaimed Arobin.

But Mrs. Highcamp had one more touch to add to the picture. She took from the back of her chair a white silken scarf, with which she had covered her shoulders in the early part of the evening. She

* **The moments glided on** : 「순간들은 계속 사라져갔다 (시간 따위가 흘러 가다)」

* **bien souffrante** = very ill

* "**Bonne nuit, ma reine ; soyez sage**" = "Good night, my love; be good."

* **As if a magician's wand had touched him** : 「마치 요술장이의 지팡이가 그를 건드린 것처럼」

* "**Sapristi!**" : (F) "*sacristi*" 「재기랄, 빌어먹을」

draped it across the boy in graceful folds, and in a way to conceal his black, conventional evening dress. He did not seem to mind what she did to him, only smiled, showing a faint gleam of white teeth, while he continued to gaze with narrowing eyes at the light through his glass of champagne.

"Oh! to be able to paint in color rather than in words!" exclaimed Miss Mayblunt, losing herself in a rhapsodic dream as she looked at him.

"There was a graven image of Desire
Painted with red blood on a ground of gold."

murmured Gouvernail, under his breath.

The effect of the wine upon Victor was, to change his accustomed volubility into silence. He seemed to have abandoned himself to a reverie, and to be seeing pleasing visions in the amber bead.

"Sing," entreated Mrs. Highcamp. "Won't you sing to us?"

"Let him alone," said Arobin.

"He's posing," offered Mr. Merriman; "let him have it out."

"I believe he's paralyzed," laughed Mrs. Merriman. And leaning over the youth's chair, she took the glass from his hand and held it to his lips. He sipped the wine slowly, and when he had drained the glass she laid it upon the table and wiped his lips with her little filmy handkerchief.

"Yes, I'll sing for you," he said, turning in his chair toward Mrs. Highcamp. He clasped his hands behind his head, and looking up at the ceiling began to hum a little, trying his voice like a musician tuning an instrument. Then, looking at Edna, he began to sing:

"Ah! si tu savais!"

"Stop!" she cried, "don't sing that. I don't want you to sing it," and she laid her glass so impetuously and blindly upon the table as

* **losing herself in a rhapsodic dream** : 「광란하는 듯 꿈에 취한채」

* **"There was a ... on a ground of gold."** : 「욕망의 모습이 새겨져 있다. 황금의 땅 위에 붉은 피로 칠해져 있다」. A. C. Swinburne(1837~1909)의 Sonnet "A Cameo"에 나오는 구절.

* **abandoned himself to a reverie** : 「공상에 잠긴 듯」

* **"Ah! si tu ... yeux me disent"** — : 「아 그대가 안다면 내게 말하는게 그대 눈임을——」

to shatter it against a caraffe. The wine spilled over Arobin's legs and some of it trickled down upon Mrs. Highcamp's black gauze gown. Victor had lost all idea of courtesy, or else he thought his hostess was not in earnest, for he laughed and went on:

“Ah! si tu savais
Ce que tes yeux me disent”—

“Oh! you mustn't! you mustn't,” exclaimed Edna, and pushing back her chair she got up, and going behind him placed her hand over his mouth. He kissed the soft palm that pressed upon his lips.

“No, no, I won't, Mrs. Pontellier. I didn't know you meant it,” looking up at her with caressing eyes. The touch of his lips was like a pleasing sting to her hand. She lifted the garland of roses from his head and flung it across the room.

“Come, Victor; you've posed long enough. Give Mrs. Highcamp her scarf.”

Mrs. Highcamp undraped the scarf from about him with her own hands. Miss Mayblunt and Mr. Gouvernail suddenly conceived the notion that it was time to say good night. And Mr. and Mrs. Merriman wondered how it could be so late.

Before parting from Victor, Mrs. Highcamp invited him to call upon her daughter, who she knew would be charmed to meet him and talk French and sing French songs with him. Victor expressed his desire and intention to call upon Miss Highcamp at the first opportunity which presented itself. He asked if Arobin were going his way. Arobin was not.

The mandolin players had long since stolen away. A profound stillness had fallen upon the broad, beautiful street. The voices of Edna's disbanding guests jarred like a discordant note upon the quiet harmony of the night.

XXXI

“Well?” questioned Arobin, who had remained with Edna after the others had departed.

“Well,” she reiterated, and stood up, stretching her arms, and

* a pleasing sting to her hand : 「그녀의 손에 기분좋은 아픔」

* The voices of Edna's... harmony of the night : 「헤어지는 손님들의 음성
이 밤의 조화를 깨는 불협화음으로 진동했다」

feeling the need to relax her muscles after having been so long seated.

"What next?" he asked.

"The servants are all gone. They left when the musicians did. I have dismissed them. The house has to be closed and locked, and I shall trot around to the pigeon house, and shall send Celestine over in the morning to straighten things up."

He looked around, and began to turn out some of the lights.

"What about upstairs?" he inquired.

"I think it is all right; but there may be a window or two unlatched. We had better look; you might take a candle and see. And bring me my wrap and hat on the foot of the bed in the middle room."

He went up with the light, and Edna began closing doors and windows. She hated to shut in the smoke and the fumes of the wine. Arobin found her cape and hat, which he brought down and helped her to put on.

When everything was secured and the lights put out, they left through the front door, Arobin locking it and taking the key, which he carried for Edna. He helped her down the steps.

"Will you have a spray of jessamine?" he asked, breaking off a few blossoms as he passed.

"No; I don't want anything."

She seemed disheartened, and had nothing to say. She took his arm, which he offered her, holding up the weight of her satin train with the other hand. She looked down, noticing the black line of his leg moving in and out so close to her against the yellow shimmer of her gown. There was the whistle of a railway train somewhere in the distance, and the midnight bells were ringing. They met no one in their short walk.

* to straighten things up : 「사물들을 정리하기 위해서」

* in the smoke and the fumes of the wine : 「담배연기와 포도주 냄새 속에」

* put out : 「불을 끄다」

* breaking off a few blossoms : 「두 어깨의 꽃송이를 따면서」

* holding up ... with the other hand : 「다른 손으로는 그녀의 사틴 드레스를 모두어 들면서」

The "pigeon-house" stood behind a locked gate, and a shallow *parterre* that had been somewhat neglected. There was a small front porch, upon which a long window and the front door opened. The door opened directly into the parlor; there was no side entry. Back in the yard was a room for servants, in which old Celestine had been ensconced.

Edna had left a lamp burning low upon the table. She had succeeded in making the room look habitable and homelike. There were some books on the table and a lounge near at hand. On the floor was a fresh matting, covered with a rug or two; and on the walls hung a few tasteful pictures. But the room was filled with flowers. These were a surprise to her. Arobin had sent them, and had had Celestine distribute them during Edna's absence. Her bedroom was adjoining, and across a small passage were the dining-room and kitchen.

Edna seated herself with every appearance of discomfort.

"Are you tired?" he asked.

"Yes, and chilled, and miserable. I feel as if I had been wound up to a certain pitch—too tight—and something inside of me had snapped." She rested her head against the table upon her bare arm.

"You want to rest," he said, "and to be quiet. I'll go; I'll leave you and let you rest."

"Yes," she replied.

He stood up beside her and smoothed her hair with his soft, magnetic hand. His touch conveyed to her a certain physical comfort. She could have fallen quietly asleep there if he had continued to pass his hand over her hair. He brushed the hair upward from the nape of her neck.

"I hope you will feel better and happier in the morning," he said. "You have tried to do too much in the past few days. The dinner was the last straw; you might have dispensed with it."

"Yes," she admitted; "it was stupid."

* as if I had been wound up to a certain pitch : 「마치 어느 정도까지 너무 팽팽하게 잠긴 것처럼」

* the last straw : 「(그것으로 인하여 파탄을 초래하는) 최후의 사소한 일」

* dispense with : 「~없이 매우다. ~할 수고를 덜다」

"No, it was delightful; but it has worn you out." His hand had strayed to her beautiful shoulders, and he could feel the response of her flesh to his touch. He seated himself beside her and kissed her lightly upon the shoulder.

"I thought you were going away," she said, in an uneven voice.

"I am, after I have said good night."

"Good night," she murmured.

He did not answer, except to continue to caress her. He did not say good night until she had become supple to his gentle, seductive entreaties.

XXXII

When Mr. Pontellier learned of his wife's intention to abandon her home and take up her residence elsewhere, he immediately wrote her a letter of unqualified disapproval and remonstrance. She had given reasons which he was unwilling to acknowledge as adequate. He hoped she had not acted upon her rash impulse; and he begged her to consider first, foremost, and above all else, what people would say. He was not dreaming of scandal when he uttered this warning; that was a thing which would never have entered into his mind to consider in connection with his wife's name or his own. He was simply thinking of his financial integrity. It might get noised about that the Pontelliers had met with reverses, and were forced to conduct their *ménage* on a humbler scale than heretofore. It might do incalculable mischief to his business prospects.

But remembering Edna's whimsical turn of mind of late, and foreseeing that she had immediately acted upon her impetuous determination, he grasped the situation with his usual promptness and handled it with his well-known business tact and cleverness.

The same mail which brought to Edna his letter of disapproval carried instructions—the most minute instructions—to a well-known architect concerning the remodeling of his home, changes which he had long contemplated, and which he desired carried forward during his temporary absence.

Expert and reliable packers and movers were engaged to convey

* **worn you out** : 「눅초가 되다. 완전히 지치게 하다」. worn을 wear의 p.p.

* **ménage** = household

* **of late** : 「최근에」 (=lately)

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the furniture, carpets, pictures—everything movable, in short—to places of security. And in an incredibly short time the Pontellier house was turned over to the artisans. There was to be an addition—a small snugger; there was to be frescoing, and hardwood flooring was to be put into such rooms as had not yet been subjected to this improvement.

Furthermore, in one of the daily papers appeared a brief notice to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Pontellier were contemplating a summer sojourn abroad, and that their handsome residence on Esplanade Street was undergoing sumptuous alterations, and would not be ready for occupancy until their return. Mr. Pontellier had saved appearances!

Edna admired the skill of his maneuver, and avoided any occasion to balk his intentions. When the situation as set forth by Mr. Pontellier was accepted and taken for granted, she was apparently satisfied that it should be so.

The pigeon-house pleased her. It at once assumed the intimate character of a home, while she herself invested it with a charm which it reflected like a warm glow. There was with her a feeling of having descended in the social scale, with a corresponding sense of having risen in the spiritual. Every step which she took toward relieving herself from obligations added to her strength and expansion as an individual. She began to look with her own eyes; to see and to apprehend the deeper undercurrents of life. No longer was she content to “feed upon opinion” when her own soul had invited her.

After a little while, a few days, in fact, Edna went up and spent a week with her children in Iberville. They were delicious February days, with all the summer’s promise hovering in the air.

* **a small snugger** : 「아늑한 작은 사실(私室)」

* **was to be** : be to(do)의 형식으로 「~하기로 되어 있다. ~할 예정이다」

* **frescoing** : 「프레스코 벽화를 그리기」. 갓 바른 회벽위에 수채로 그리는 화법.

* **Mr. Pontellier had saved appearances** : 「Pontellier씨는 체면을 세웠다」

* **a feeling of having ... in the spiritual** : 「정신적인 영역에서 올라갔다는 상응하는 느낌과 더불어, 사회적 지위에서는 하락했다는 느낌」

* **“feed upon opinion”** : 「남의 말대로 사는 것」. (feed on (upon) : ~으로 살아가다.)

children (1st visit)
Edna 7/21, 2nd 7/24
relation?

How glad she was to see the children! She wept for very pleasure when she felt their little arms clasping her; their hard, ruddy cheeks pressed against her own glowing cheeks. She looked into their faces with hungry eyes that could not be satisfied with looking. And what stories they had to tell their mother! About the pigs, the cows, the mules! About riding to the mill behind Gluglu; fishing back in the lake with their Uncle Jasper; picking pecans with Lidie's little black brood, and hauling chips in their express wagon. It was a thousand times more fun to haul real chips for old lame Susie's real fire than to drag painted blocks along the banquettes on Esplanade Street!

She went with them herself to see the pigs and the cows, to look at the darkies laying the cane, to thrash the pecan trees, and catch fish in the back lake. She lived with them a whole week long, giving them all of herself, and gathering and filling herself with their young existence. They listened, breathless, when she told them the house in Esplanade Street was crowded with workmen, hammering, nailing, sawing, and filling the place with clatter. They wanted to know where their bed was; what had been done with their rocking-horse; and where did Joe sleep, and where had Ellen gone, and the cook? But, above all, they were fired with a desire to see the little house around the block. Was there any place to play? Were there any boys next door? Raoul, with pessimistic foreboding, was convinced that there were only girls next door. Where would they sleep, and where would papa sleep? She told them the fairies would fix it all right.

The old Madame was charmed with Edna's visit, and showered all manner of delicate attentions upon her. She was delighted to know that the Esplanade Street house was in a dismantled condition. It gave her the promise and pretext to keep the children indefinitely.

It was with a wrench and a pang that Edna left her children. She carried away with her the sound of their voices and the touch of their cheeks. All along the journey homeward their presence lingered with her like the memory of a delicious song. But by the time

* **with hungry eyes... with looking** : 「바라보는 것으로 채워질 수 없는 갈망하는 눈으로」

* **by the time** : 「~할 때쯤은」, *by this time* : 이때쯤은. 이때까지.

she had regained the city the song no longer echoed in her soul. She was again alone.

XXXIII

It happened sometimes when Edna went to see Mademoiselle Reisz that the little musician was absent, giving a lesson or making some small necessary household purchase. The key was always left in a secret hiding-place in the entry, which Edna knew. If Mademoiselle happened to be away, Edna would usually enter and wait for her return.

When she knocked at Mademoiselle Reisz's door one afternoon there was no response; so unlocking the door, as usual, she entered and found the apartment deserted, as she had expected. Her day had been quite filled up, and it was for a rest, for a refuge, and to talk about Robert, that she sought out her friend.

She had worked at her canvas—a young Italian character study—all the morning, completing the work without the model; but there had been many interruptions, some incident to her modest housekeeping, and others of a social nature.

Madame Ratignolle had dragged herself over, avoiding the too public thoroughfares, she said. She complained that Edna had neglected her much of late. Besides, she was consumed with curiosity to see the little house and the manner in which it was conducted. She wanted to hear all about the dinner party; Monsieur Ratignolle had left so early. What had happened after he left? The champagne and grapes which Edna sent over were too delicious. She had so little appetite; they had refreshed and toned her stomach. Where on earth was she going to put Mr. Pontellier in that little house, and the boys? And then she made Edna promise to go to her when her hour of trial overtook her.

"At any time—any time of the day or night, dear," Edna assured her.

* in the entry : 「입구에」

* had been quite filled up : 「상당히 바빴다」

* some incident to her ... of a social nature : 「어떤 일이든 그녀의 조출한 집안 일에 속하는 것들이었고, 또 다른 일들은 사회적인 성질의 것들」

* the too public thoroughfares : 「너무 사람 왕래가 많은 통로」

* of late = lately (최근에)

Before leaving Madame Ratignolle said:

"In some way you seem to me like a child, Edna. You seem to act without a certain amount of reflection which is necessary in this life. That is the reason I want to say you mustn't mind if I advise you to be a little careful while you are living here alone. Why don't you have some one come and stay with you? Wouldn't Mademoiselle Reisz come?"

"No; she wouldn't wish to come, and I shouldn't want her always with me."

"Well, the reason—you know how evil-minded the world is—some one was talking of Alcée Arobin visiting you. Of course, it wouldn't matter if Mr. Arobin had not such a dreadful reputation. Monsieur Ratignolle was telling me that his attentions alone are considered enough to ruin a woman's name."

"Does he boast of his successes?" asked Edna, indifferently, squinting at her picture.

"No, I think not. I believe he is a decent fellow as far as that goes. But his character is so well known among the men. I shan't be able to come back and see you; it was very, very imprudent to-day."

"Mind the step!" cried Edna.

"Don't neglect me," entreated Madame Ratignolle; "and don't mind what I said about Arobin, or having some one to stay with you."

"Of course not," Edna laughed. "You may say anything you like to me." They kissed each other good-bye. Madame Ratignolle had not far to go, and Edna stood on the porch a while watching her walk down the street.

Then in the afternoon Mrs. Merriman and Mrs. Highcamp had made their "party call." Edna felt that they might have dispensed with the formality. They had also come to invite her to play *vingt-et-un** one evening at Mrs. Merriman's. She was asked to go early, to

* **you know how evil-minded the world is** : 「당신도 세상이 얼마나 악의에 찼는지 아시죠」

* **his attentions alone ... to ruin a woman's name** : 「그의(Mr. Arobin) 관심 하나만으로도 여자의 명예를 망쳐버리는데 충분한 것으로 여겨진다」

* **as far as that goes** : 「그 점에 관한 한」

* **play vingt-et-un** = play a card game "Twenty-one" 「카드놀이하다」

Robert 30-24

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dinner, and Mr. Merriman or Mr. Arabin would take her home. Edna accepted in a half-hearted way. She sometimes felt very tired of Mrs. Highcamp and Mrs. Merriman.

Late in the afternoon she sought refuge with Mademoiselle Reisz, and stayed there alone, waiting for her, feeling a kind of repose invade her with the very atmosphere of the shabby, unpretentious little room.

Edna sat at the window, which looked out over the house-tops and across the river. The window frame was filled with pots of flowers, and she sat and picked the dry leaves from a rose geranium. The day was warm, and the breeze which blew from the river was very pleasant. She removed her hat and laid it on the piano. She went on picking the leaves and digging around the plants with her hat pin. Once she thought she heard Mademoiselle Reisz approaching. But it was a young black girl, who came in, bringing a small bundle of laundry, which she deposited in the adjoining room, and went away.

Edna seated herself at the piano, and softly picked out with one hand the bars of a piece of music which lay open before her. A half-hour went by. There was the occasional sound of people going and coming in the lower hall. She was growing interested in her occupation of picking out the aria, when there was a second rap at the door. She vaguely wondered what these people did when they found Mademoiselle's door locked.

"Come in," she called, turning her face toward the door. And this time it was Robert Lebrun who presented himself. She attempted to rise; she could not have done so without betraying the agitation which mastered her at sight of him, so she fell back upon the stool, only exclaiming, "Why, Robert!"

He came and clasped her hand, seemingly without knowing what he was saying or doing.

"Mrs. Pontellier! How do you happen—oh! how well you look! Is Mademoiselle Reisz not here? I never expected to see you."

* the bars of a piece of music : 「악보의 소절들」 (bar : 음악에서는 마디나 소절을 의미한다.)

* "Why, Robert!" : 「어머(발견), 아니」 예기치 않았던 Robert의 출현에 대한 감탄의 표현.

"When did you come back?" asked Edna in an unsteady voice, wiping her face with her handkerchief. She seemed ill at ease on the piano stool, and he begged her to take the chair by the window. She did so, mechanically, while he seated himself on the stool.

"I returned day before yesterday," he answered, while he leaned his arm on the keys, bringing forth a crash of discordant sound.

"Day before yesterday!" she repeated, aloud; and went on thinking to herself, "day before yesterday," in a sort of an uncomprehending way. She had pictured him seeking her at the very first hour, and he had lived under the same sky since day before yesterday; while only by accident had he stumbled upon her. Mademoiselle must have lied when she said, "Poor fool, he loves you."

"Day before yesterday," she repeated, breaking off a spray of Mademoiselle's geranium; "then if you had not met me here to-day you wouldn't—when—that is, didn't you mean to come and see me?"

"Of course, I should have gone to see you. There have been so many things—" he turned the leaves of Mademoiselle's music nervously. "I started in at once yesterday with the old firm. After all there is as much chance for me here as there was there—that is, I might find it profitable some day. The Mexicans were not very congenial."

So he had come back because the Mexicans were not congenial; because business was as profitable here as there; because of any reason, and not because he cared to be near her. She remembered the day she sat on the floor, turning the pages of his letter, seeking the reason which was left untold.

She had not noticed how he looked—only feeling his presence; but she turned deliberately and observed him. After all, he had been

* ill at ease : 「불안하여, 얼어서」

* bringing forth a crash of discordant sound : 「불협화음이 깨지듯 생겨 나왔다」

* at the very first hour : 「그가 돌아오는 바로 그 시간에」

* by accident : 「우연히」

* stumble upon : 「부딪치다」

* After all there is ... as there was there : 「결국 저를 위한 기회가 거기에서만 이곳에도 있어요」

absent but a few months, and was not changed. His hair—the color of hers—waved back from his temples in the same way as before. His skin was not more burned than it had been at Grand Isle. She found in his eyes, when he looked at her for one silent moment, the same tender caress, with an added warmth and entreaty which had not been there before—the same glance which had penetrated to the sleeping places of her soul and awakened them.

A hundred times Edna had pictured Robert's return, and imagined their first meeting. It was usually at her home, whither he had sought her out at once. She always fancied him expressing or betraying in some way his love for her. And here, the reality was that they sat ten feet apart, she at the window, crushing geranium leaves in her hand and smelling them, he twirling around on the piano stool, saying:

"I was very much surprised to hear of Mr. Pontellier's absence; it's a wonder Mademoiselle Reisz did not tell me; and your moving—mother told me yesterday. I should think you would have gone to New York with him, or to Iberville with the children, rather than be bothered here with housekeeping. And you are going abroad, too, I hear. We shan't have you at Grand Isle next summer; it won't seem—do you see much of Mademoiselle Reisz? She often spoke of you in the few letters she wrote."

"Do you remember that you promised to write to me when you went away?" A flush overspread his whole face.

"I couldn't believe that my letters would be of any interest to you."

"That is an excuse; it isn't the truth." Edna reached for her hat on the piano. She adjusted it, sticking the hat pin through the heavy coil of hair with some deliberation.

"Are you not going to wait for Mademoiselle Reisz?" asked Robert.

* **but**=only

* **the same glance which ... awakened them** : 「그녀의 잠든 영혼의 곳곳에 파고 들어와 깨워놓았던 바로 그 눈길」

* **She always fancied ... his love for her** : 「그녀는 그가 어떤 식으로든 그녀에 대한 사랑을 표현하거나 무심코 드러내보이는 것을 상상했었다」

* **of any interest** : 「무슨 재미있는」 (of+명사=형용사)

* **with some deliberation** : 「약간 신중하게」

"No; I have found when she is absent this long, she is liable not to come back till late." She drew on her gloves, and Robert picked up his hat.

"Won't you wait for her?" asked Edna.

"Not if you think she will not be back till late," adding, as if suddenly aware of some discourtesy in his speech, "and I should miss the pleasure of walking home with you." Edna locked the door and put the key back in its hiding-place.

They went together, picking their way across muddy streets and sidewalks encumbered with the cheap display of small tradesmen. Part of the distance they rode in the car, and after disembarking, passed the Pontellier mansion, which looked broken and half torn asunder. Robert had never known the house, and looked at it with interest.

"I never knew you in your home," he remarked.

"I am glad you did not."

"Why?" She did not answer. They went on around the corner, and it seemed as if her dreams were coming true after all, when he followed her into the little house.

"You must stay and dine with me, Robert. You see I am all alone, and it is so long since I have seen you. There is so much I want to ask you."

She took off her hat and gloves. He stood irresolute, making some excuse about his mother who expected him; he even muttered something about an engagement. She struck a match and lit the lamp on the table; it was growing dusk. When he saw her face in the lamp-light, looking pained, with all the soft lines gone out of it, he threw his hat aside and seated himself.

"Oh! you know I want to stay if you will let me!" he exclaimed. All the softness came back. She laughed, and went and put her hand on his shoulder.

"This is the first moment you have seemed like the old Robert. I'll go tell Celestine." She hurried away to tell Celestine to set an extra place. She even sent her off in search of some added delicacy which

* looking pained, with ... gone out of it : 「그녀의 얼굴에는 부드러운 선들이 모두 사라지고 고통스러워 보였다」

* in search of : 「~을 찾아」

she had not thought of for herself. And she recommended great care in dripping the coffee and having the omelet done to a proper turn.

When she reëntered, Robert was turning over magazines, sketches, and things that lay upon the table in great disorder. He picked up a photograph, and exclaimed:

"Alcée Arobin! What on earth is his picture doing here?"

"I tried to make a sketch of his head one day," answered Edna, "and he thought the photograph might help me. It was at the other house. I thought it had been left there. I must have packed it up with my drawing materials."

"I should think you would give it back to him if you have finished with it."

"Oh! I have a great many such photographs. I never think of returning them. They don't amount to anything." Robert kept on looking at the picture.

"It seems to me—do you think his head worth drawing? Is he a friend of Mr. Pontellier's? You never said you knew him."

"He isn't a friend of Mr. Pontellier's; he's a friend of mine. I always knew him—that is, it is only of late that I know him pretty well. But I'd rather talk about you, and know what you have been seeing and doing and feeling out there in Mexico." Robert threw aside the picture.

"I've been seeing the waves and the white beach of Grand Isle; the quiet, grassy street of the *Chênrière*; the old fort at Grande Terre. I've been working like a machine, and feeling like a lost soul. There was nothing interesting."

She leaned her head upon her hand to shade her eyes from the light.

"And what have you been seeing and doing and feeling all these days?" he asked.

* **to a proper turn** : 「알맞게 뒤집도록」

* **in great disorder** : 「난잡하게, 어지럽게」

* **They don't amount to anything** : 「아무 뜻도 없는 것들이예요. 무가치한 것들이예요」

* **feeling like a lost soul** : 「방황하는 영혼처럼 느꼈어요」

* **to shade her eyes** : 「눈을 가리기 위해서」

"I've been seeing the waves and the white beach of Grand Isle; the quiet, grassy street of the *Chênière Caminada*; the old sunny fort at Grande Terre. I've been working with little more comprehension than a machine, and still feeling like a lost soul. There was nothing interesting."

"Mrs. Pontellier, you are cruel," he said, with feeling, closing his eyes and resting his head back in his chair. They remained in silence till old Celestine announced dinner.

XXXIV

The dining-room was very small. Edna's round mahogany would have almost filled it. As it was there was but a step or two from the little table to the kitchen, to the mantel, the small buffet, and the side door that opened out on the narrow brick-paved yard.

A certain degree of ceremony settled upon them with the announcement of dinner. There was no return to personalities. Robert related incidents of his sojourn in Mexico, and Edna talked of events likely to interest him, which had occurred during his absence. The dinner was of ordinary quality, except for the few delicacies which she had sent out to purchase. Old Celestine, with a *bandana tignon* twisted about her head, hobbled in and out, taking a personal interest in everything; and she lingered occasionally to talk patois⁶ with Robert, whom she had known as a boy.

He went out to a neighboring cigar stand to purchase cigarette papers, and when he came back he found that Celestine had served the black coffee in the parlor.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have come back," he said. "When you are tired of me, tell me to go."

what misinhered...

* **with little comprehension than a machine** : 「기계보다 좀 나은 이해력을 갖고」

* **There was no return to personalities** : 「개인적인 것에 대한 화제는 다시 하지 않았다」

* **of ordinary quality** : 「평범한 수준의 (저녁 식사)」

* **except for** : 「~을 제외하면, ~이 있을 뿐으로」

* **with a bandana tignon** : 「스카프로 머리를 동여맨」. bandana는 큰 비단 손수건이나 스카프를 뜻하며, Tignon은 목덜미에 들어올린 머리나 쪽진머리를 나타내 주는 chignon(f)으로 Arcadian이 쓰는 말투임.

* **patois** : 「(Acadian 후예들의) 사투리의, 방언의」

* **a neighboring cigar stand** : 「이웃에 있는 시가파는 가게」

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"You never tire me. You must have forgotten the hours and hours at Grand Isle in which we grew accustomed to each other and used to being together."

"I have forgotten nothing at Grand Isle," he said, not looking at her, but rolling a cigarette. His tobacco pouch, which he laid upon the table, was a fantastic embroidered silk affair, evidently the handiwork of a woman.

"You used to carry your tobacco in a rubber pouch," said Edna, picking up the pouch and examining the needlework.

"Yes; it was lost."

"Where did you buy this one? In Mexico?"

"It was given to me by a Vera Cruz girl; they are very generous," he replied, striking a match and lighting his cigarette.

"They are very handsome, I suppose, those Mexican women; very picturesque, with their black eyes and their lace scarfs."

"Some are; others are hideous. Just as you find women everywhere."

"What was she like—the one who gave you the pouch? You must have known her very well."

"She was very ordinary. She wasn't of the slightest importance. I knew her well enough."

"Did you visit at her house? Was it interesting? I should like to know and hear about the people you met, and the impressions they made on you."

"There are some people who leave impressions not so lasting as the imprint of an oar upon the water."

"Was she such a one?"

"It would be ungenerous for me to admit that she was of that order and kind." He thrust the pouch back in his pocket, as if to put away the subject with the trifle which had brought it up.

A robin dropped in with a message from Mrs. Merriman, to say

* **grow accustomed to each other** : 「서로에게 익숙해지다」

* **used to being together** : 「함께 같이 있는 것이 버릇이 되었다」

* **She wasn't of the slightest importance** : 「조금도 중요하지 않은 여자였어요」

* **not so lasting as the imprint of an oar upon the water** : 「노가 물에 자국을 남기는 만큼도 지속되지 않는다」

that the card party was postponed on account of the illness of one of her children.

"How do you do, Arobin?" said Robert, rising from the obscurity.

"Oh! Lebrun. To be sure! I heard yesterday you were back. How did they treat you down in Mexique?"

"Fairly well."

"But not well enough to keep you there. Stunning girls, though, in Mexico. I thought I should never get away from Vera Cruz when I was down there a couple of years ago."

"Did they embroider slippers and tobacco pouches and hat-bands and things for you?" asked Edna.

"Oh! my! no! I didn't get so deep in their regard. I fear they made more impression on me than I made on them."

"You were less fortunate than Robert, then."

"I am always less fortunate than Robert. Has he been imparting tender confidences?"

"I've been imposing myself long enough," said Robert, rising, and shaking hands with Edna. "Please convey my regards to Mr. Pontellier when you write."

He shook hands with Arobin and went away.

"Fine fellow, that Lebrun," said Arobin when Robert had gone. "I never heard you speak of him."

"I knew him last summer at Grand Isle," she replied. "Here is that photograph of yours. Don't you want it?"

"What do I want with it? Throw it away." She threw it back on the table.

"I'm not going to Mrs. Merriman's," she said. "If you see her, tell her so. But perhaps I had better write. I think I shall write now, and say that I am sorry her child is sick, and tell her not to count on me."

"It would be a good scheme," acquiesced Arobin. "I don't blame you; stupid lot!"

Edna opened the blotter, and having procured paper and pen,

* rising from the obscurity : 「어둠 속에서 일어나면서」

* I didn't get so deep in their regard : 「나는 그렇게 깊은 관계를 맺지 않았지요」

* imposing myself long : 「오래 머무르다」

began to write the note. Arobin lit a cigar and read the evening paper, which he had in his pocket.

"What is the date?" she asked. He told her.

"Will you mail this for me when you go out?"

"Certainly." He read to her little bits out of the newspaper, while she straightened things on the table.

"What do you want to do?" he asked, throwing aside the paper. "Do you want to go out for a walk or a drive or anything? It would be a fine night to drive."

"No; I don't want to do anything but just be quiet. You go away and amuse yourself. Don't stay."

"I'll go away if I must; but I shan't amuse myself. You know that I only live when I am near you."

He stood up to bid her good night.

"Is that one of the things you always say to women?"

"I have said it before, but I don't think I ever came so near meaning it," he answered with a smile. There were no warm lights in her eyes; only a dreamy, absent look.

"Good night. I adore you. Sleep well," he said, and he kissed her hand and went away.

She stayed alone in a kind of reverie—a sort of stupor. Step by step she lived over every instant of the time she had been with Robert after he had entered Mademoiselle Reisz's door. She recalled his words, his looks. How few and meager they had been for her hungry heart! A vision—a transcendently seductive vision of a Mexican girl arose before her. She writhed with a jealous pang. She wondered when he would come back. He had not said he would come back. She had been with him, had heard his voice and touched his hand. But some way he had seemed nearer to her off there in Mexico.

* **I don't think I ever came so near meaning it** : 「내가 말하는 것을 진정으로 의미했던 적은 거의 없지요」

* **a kind of reverie** : 「일종의 몽상」

* **a sort of stupor** : 「일종의 마비상태」

* **How few and meager... hungry heart!** : 「갈망하는 그녀의 심장에 비하면 그것들은 얼마나 보잘것 없고 사소한 것들이었던가!」

* **with a jealous pang** : 「질투에 찬 고통으로」

* **some way he had seemed... in Mexico** : 「어느 면에서 그는 거기 멕시코에 멀리 떨어져 있었을 때가 그녀에게 더 가까웠던 것 같았다」

XXXV

The morning was full of sunlight and hope. Edna could see before her no denial—only the promise of excessive joy. She lay in bed awake, with bright eyes full of speculation. “He loves you, poor fool.” If she could but get that conviction firmly fixed in her mind, what mattered about the rest? She felt she had been childish and unwise the night before in giving herself over to despondency. She recapitulated the motives which no doubt explained Robert’s reserve. They were not insurmountable; they would not hold if he really loved her; they could not hold against her own passion, which he must come to realize in time. She pictured him going to his business that morning. She even saw how he was dressed; how he walked down one street, and turned the corner of another; saw him bending over his desk, talking to people who entered the office, going to his lunch, and perhaps watching for her on the street. He would come to her in the afternoon or evening, sit and roll his cigarette, talk a little, and go away as he had done the night before. But how delicious it would be to have him there with her! She would have no regrets, nor seek to penetrate his reserve if he still chose to wear it.

Edna ate her breakfast only half dressed. The maid brought her a delicious printed scrawl from Raoul, expressing his love, asking her to send him some bonbons, and telling her they had found that morning ten tiny white pigs all lying in a row beside Lidie’s big white pig.

A letter also came from her husband, saying he hoped to be back early in March, and then they would get ready for that journey abroad which he had promised her so long, which he felt now fully able to afford; he felt able to travel as people should, without any thought of small economies—thanks to his recent speculations in Wall Street.

Much to her surprise she received a note from Arobin, written at midnight from the club. It was to say good morning to her, to hope

* with bright eyes full of speculation : 「두 눈은 수많은 생각들로 반짝이면서」

* in giving herself over to despondency : 「(우물에 빠진 것에) 그녀 자신이 의기소침해진 데에」

* Wall Street : 「월가」, 뉴욕시의 증권거래소가 있는 미국 금융계의 중심지

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that she had slept well, to assure her of his devotion, which he trusted she in some faintest manner returned.

All these letters were pleasing to her. She answered the children in a cheerful frame of mind, promising them bonbons, and congratulating them upon their happy find of the little pigs.

She answered her husband with friendly evasiveness,—not with any fixed design to mislead him, only because all sense of reality had gone out of her life; she had abandoned herself to Fate, and awaited the consequences with indifference.

To Arobin's note she made no reply. She put it under Celestine's stove-lid.

Edna worked several hours with much spirit. She saw no one but a picture dealer, who asked her if it were true that she was going abroad to study in Paris.

She said possibly she might, and he negotiated with her for some Parisian studies to reach him in time for the holiday trade in December.

Robert did not come that day. She was keenly disappointed. He did not come the following day, nor the next. Each morning she awoke with hope, and each night she was a prey to despondency. She was tempted to seek him out. But far from yielding to the impulse, she avoided any occasion which might throw her in his way. She did not go to Mademoiselle Reisz's nor pass by Madame Lebrun's, as she might have done if he had still been in Mexico.

When Arobin, one night, urged her to drive with him, she went—out to the lake, on the Shell Road. His horses were full of mettle, and even a little unmanageable. She liked the rapid gait at which they spun along, and the quick, sharp sound of the horses' hoofs on the hard road. They did not stop anywhere to eat or to drink. Arobin was not needlessly imprudent. But they ate and they drank when they regained Edna's little dining-room—which was com-

* in a cheerful frame of mind : 「유쾌한 기분으로」

* abandoned herself to Fate : 「운명에 자신을 내 맡겼다」

* with much spirit : 「정력적으로」

* be a prey to despondency : 「우울증에 걸리다. 낙담이 되다」

* far from yielding to the impulse : 「충동에 몸을 맡기기는 커녕」

* The Shell Road : 미국의 Louisiana주의 Pontchartrain호에 인접해 있는 거리. 말의 속력을 시험해 보는데 아주 좋은 거리로 정평이 있다.

paratively early in the evening.

It was late when he left her. It was getting to be more than a passing whim with Arobin to see her and be with her. He had detected the latent sensuality, which unfolded under his delicate sense of her nature's requirements like a torpid, torrid, sensitive blossom.

There was no despondency when she fell asleep that night; nor was there hope when she awoke in the morning.

XXXVI

There was a garden out in the suburbs; a small, leafy corner, with a few green tables under the orange trees. An old cat slept all day on the stone step in the sun, and an old *mulatresse* slept her idle hours away in her chair at the open window, till some one happened to knock on one of the green tables. She had milk and cream cheese to sell, and bread and butter. There was no one who could make such excellent coffee or fry a chicken so golden brown as she.

The place was too modest to attract the attention of people of fashion, and so quiet as to have escaped the notice of those in search of pleasure and dissipation. Edna had discovered it accidentally one day when the high-board gate stood ajar. She caught sight of a little green table, blotched with the checkered sunlight that filtered through the quivering leaves overhead. Within she had found the slumbering *mulatresse*, the drowsy cat, and a glass of milk which reminded her of the milk she had tasted in Iberville.

She often stopped there during her perambulations; sometimes taking a book with her, and sitting an hour or two under the trees when she found the place deserted. Once or twice she took a quiet dinner there alone, having instructed Celestine beforehand to prepare no dinner at home. It was the last place in the city where she would have expected to meet any one she knew.

Still she was not astonished when, as she was partaking of a modest dinner late in the afternoon, looking into an open book, stroking the cat, which had made friends with her—she was not greatly astonished to see Robert come in at the tall garden gate.

* an old *mulatresse* : 「한 늙은 흑인 혼혈여자」

* catch sight of : 「～을 발견하다」

"I am destined to see you only by accident," she said, shoving the cat off the chair beside her. He was surprised, ill at ease, almost embarrassed at meeting her thus so unexpectedly.

"Do you come here often?" he asked.

"I almost live here," she said.

"I used to drop in very often for a cup of Catiche's good coffee. This is the first time since I came back."

"She'll bring you a plate, and you will share my dinner. There's always enough for two—even three." Edna had intended to be indifferent and as reserved as he when she met him; she had reached the determination by a laborious train of reasoning, incident to one of her despondent moods. But her resolve melted when she saw him before her, seated there beside her in the little garden, as if a designing Providence had led him into her path.

"Why have you kept away from me, Robert?" she asked, closing the book that lay open upon the table.

"Why are you so personal, Mrs. Pontellier? Why do you force me to idiotic subterfuges?" he exclaimed with sudden warmth. "I suppose there's no use telling you I've been very busy, or that I've been sick, or that I've been to see you and not found you at home. Please let me off with any one of these excuses."

"You are the embodiment of selfishness," she said. "You save yourself something—I don't know what—but there is some selfish motive, and in sparing yourself you never consider for a moment what I think, or how I feel your neglect and indifference. I suppose this is what you would call unwomanly; but I have got into a habit of expressing myself. It doesn't matter to me, and you may think me unwomanly if you like."

"No; I only think you cruel, as I said the other day. Maybe not intentionally cruel; but you seem to be forcing me into disclosures which can result in nothing; as if you would have me bare a wound for the pleasure of looking at it, without the intention or power of

* **by accident** : 「우연히」

* **shoving the cat off** : 「고양이를 밀어 내면서」

* **by a laborious train of reasoning** : 「힘든 일련의 이성적인 판단으로」

* **You save yourself something** : 「당신은 솔직하지 못해요」

* **as if you would have ... looking at it** : 「마치 당신은 바라보는 즐거움을 위해 상처를 노출시키도록 강요하는 것 같소」

healing it.”

“I’m spoiling your dinner, Robert; never mind what I say. You haven’t eaten a morsel.”

“I only came in for a cup of coffee.” His sensitive face was all disfigured with excitement.

“Isn’t this a delightful place?” she remarked. “I am so glad it has never actually been discovered. It is so quiet, so sweet, here. Do you notice there is scarcely a sound to be heard? It’s so out of the way; and a good walk from the car. However, I don’t mind walking. I always feel so sorry for women who don’t like to walk; they miss so much—so many rare little glimpses of life; and we women learn so little of life on the whole.

“Catiche’s coffee is always hot. I don’t know how she manages it, here in the open air. Celestine’s coffee gets cold bringing it from the kitchen to the dining-room. Three lumps! How can you drink it so sweet? Take some of the cress with your chop; it’s so biting and crisp. Then there’s the advantage of being able to smoke with your coffee out here. Now, in the city—aren’t you going to smoke?”

“After a while,” he said, laying a cigar on the table.

“Who gave it to you?” she laughed.

“I bought it. I suppose I’m getting reckless; I bought a whole box.” She was determined not to be personal again and make him uncomfortable.

The cat made friends with him, and climbed into his lap when he smoked his cigar. He stroked her silky fur, and talked a little about her. He looked at Edna’s book, which he had read; and he told her the end, to save her the trouble of wading through it, he said.

Again he accompanied her back to her home; and it was after dusk when they reached the little “pigeon-house.” She did not ask him to remain, which he was grateful for, as it permitted him to stay without the discomfort of blundering through an excuse which he had no intention of considering. He helped her to light the lamp; then she went into her room to take off her hat and to bathe her face and hands.

* **out of the way** : 「~이 미치지 못하는 곳에, ~을 피해서, 동떨어진 곳에」

* **so many rare little glimpses of life** : 「그렇게도 많은 희귀한 인생의 모습들」

* **on the whole** : 「전체로 보아서, 대체로」

When she came back Robert was not examining the pictures and magazines as before; he sat off in the shadow, leaning his head back on the chair as if in a reverie. Edna lingered a moment beside the table, arranging the books there. Then she went across the room to where he sat. She bent over the arm of his chair and called his name.

"Robert," she said, "are you asleep?"

"No," he answered, looking up at her.

She leaned over and kissed him—a soft, cool, delicate kiss, whose voluptuous sting penetrated his whole being—then she moved away from him. He followed, and took her in his arms, just holding her close to him. She put her hand up to his face and pressed his cheek against her own. The action was full of love and tenderness. He sought her lips again. Then he drew her down upon the sofa beside him and held her hand in both of his.

"Now you know," he said, "now you know what I have been fighting against since last summer at Grand Isle; what drove me away and drove me back again."

"Why have you been fighting against it?" she asked. Her face glowed with soft lights.

"Why? Because you were not free; you were Léonce Pontellier's wife. I couldn't help loving you if you were ten times his wife; but so long as I went away from you and kept away I could help telling you so." She put her free hand up to his shoulder, and then against his cheek, rubbing it softly. He kissed her again. His face was warm and flushed.

"There in Mexico I was thinking of you all the time, and longing for you."

"But not writing to me," she interrupted.

"Something put into my head that you cared for me; and I lost my senses. I forgot everything but a wild dream of your some way becoming my wife."

* **sat off in the shadow** : 「떨어져서 어둠속에 앉아 있었다」

* **as if in a reverie** : 「생각에 잠긴듯」

* **couldn't help loving** : 「사랑하지 않을 수 없었다」

* **care for** = like

* **lose one's senses** : 「제 정신이 아니다. 미치다」

Robert's
Confession

"Your wife!"

"Religion, loyalty, everything would give way if only you cared."

"Then you must have forgotten that I was Léonce Pontellier's wife."

"Oh! I was demented, dreaming of wild, impossible things, recalling men who had set their wives free, we have heard of such things."

"Yes, we have heard of such things."

"I came back full of vague, mad intentions. And when I got here—"

"When you got here you never came near me!" She was still caressing his cheek.

"I realized what a cur I was to dream of such a thing, even if you had been willing."

She took his face between her hands and looked into it as if she would never withdraw her eyes more. She kissed him on the forehead, the eyes, the cheeks, and the lips.

"You have been a very, very foolish boy, wasting your time dreaming of impossible things when you speak of Mr. Pontellier setting me free! I am no longer one of Mr. Pontellier's possessions to dispose of or not. I give myself where I choose. If he were to say, 'Here, Robert, take her and be happy; she is yours,' I should laugh at you both."

His face grew a little white. "What do you mean?" he asked.

There was a knock at the door. Old Celestine came in to say that Madame Ratignolle's servant had come around the back way with a message that Madame had been taken sick and begged Mrs. Pontellier to go to her immediately.

"Yes, yes," said Edna, rising; "I promised. Tell her yes—to wait for me. I'll go back with her."

"Let me walk over with you," offered Robert.

"No," she said; "I will go with the servant." She went into her room to put on her hat, and when she came in again she sat once more upon the sofa beside him. He had not stirred. She put her

* **give way** : 「물러나다. 양보하다. 무너지다. 꺾이다」

* **what a cur I was to dream of such a thing** : 「그런 일을 꿈꾼 내가 얼마나 비겁한자인지」

arms about his neck.

"Good-by, my sweet Robert. Tell me good-by." He kissed her with a degree of passion which had not before entered into his caress, and strained her to him.

"I love you," she whispered, "only you; no one but you. It was you who awoke me last summer out of a life-long, stupid dream. Oh! you have made me so unhappy with your indifference. Oh! I have suffered, suffered! Now you are here we shall love each other, my Robert. We shall be everything to each other. Nothing else in the world is of any consequence. I must go to my friend; but you will wait for me? No matter how late; you will wait for me, Robert?"

"Don't go; don't go! Oh! Edna, stay with me," he pleaded. "Why should you go? Stay with me, stay with me."

"I shall come back as soon as I can; I shall find you here." She buried her face in his neck, and said good-by again. Her seductive voice, together with his great love for her, had enthralled his senses, had deprived him of every impulse but the longing to hold her and keep her.

XXXVII

Edna looked in at the drug store. Monsieur Ratignolle was putting up a mixture himself, very carefully, dropping a red liquid into a tiny glass. He was grateful to Edna for having come; her presence would be a comfort to his wife. Madame Ratignolle's sister, who had always been with her at such trying times, had not been able to come up from the plantation, and Adele had been inconsolable until Mrs. Pontellier so kindly promised to come to her. The nurse had been with them at night for the past week, as she lived a great distance away. And Dr. Mandelet had been coming and going all the afternoon. They were then looking for him any moment.

Edna hastened upstairs by a private stairway that led from the rear of the store to the apartments above. The children were all sleeping in a back room. Madame Ratignolle was in the salon, whither she had strayed in her suffering impatience. She sat on the

* of any consequence : 「중요한」

* at such trying times : 「그 것처럼 견디기 어려운 때에」

* any moment : 「곧, 당장이라도」

sofa, clad in an ample white *peignoir*, holding a handkerchief tight in her hand with a nervous clutch. Her face was drawn and pinched, her sweet blue eyes haggard and unnatural. All her beautiful hair had been drawn back and plaited. It lay in a long braid on the sofa pillow, coiled like a golden serpent. The nurse, a comfortable looking *Griffe* woman in white apron and cap, was urging her to return to her bedroom.

"There is no use, there is no use," she said at once to Edna. "We must get rid of Mandelet; he is getting too old and careless. He said he would be here at half-past seven; now it must be eight. See what time it is, Joséphine."

The woman was possessed of a cheerful nature, and refused to take any situation too seriously, especially a situation with which she was so familiar. She urged Madame to have courage and patience. But Madame only set her teeth hard into her under lip, and Edna saw the sweat gather in beads on her white forehead. After a moment or two she uttered a profound sigh and wiped her face with the handkerchief rolled in a ball. She appeared exhausted. The nurse gave her a fresh handkerchief, sprinkled with cologne water.

neglected

"This is too much!" she cried. "Mandelet ought to be killed! Where is Alphonse? Is it possible I am to be abandoned like this—neglected by every one?"

"Neglected, indeed!" exclaimed the nurse. Wasn't she there? And here was Mrs. Pontellier leaving, no doubt, a pleasant evening at home to devote to her? And wasn't Monsieur Ratignolle coming that very instant through the hall? And Joséphine was quite sure she had heard Doctor Mandelet's coupé. Yes, there it was, down at the door.

* **clad** : (옛문어) Clothe의 p., pp.

* **peignoir** : 「실내복」

* **Griffe woman** : 「혹인 혼혈 여자」

* **get rid of** : 「제거하다. 없애다」

* **Edna saw the sweat gather in beads on her white forehead** : 「Edna는 그녀의 흰 이마 위에 구슬처럼 땀이 맺히는 것을 보았다. 여기서 지각동사 see + 목적어 + bare infinitive-용법에 유의.

* **sprinkled with cologne water** : 「화장수를 뿌린」

* **coupé** : 「2인승 4륜마차」

Adèle consented to go back to her room. She sat on the edge of a little low couch next to her bed.

Doctor Mandelet paid no attention to Madame Ratignolle's upbraidings. He was accustomed to them at such times, and was too well convinced of her loyalty to doubt it.

He was glad to see Edna, and wanted her to go with him into the salon and entertain him. But Madame Ratignolle would not consent that Edna should leave her for an instant. Between agonizing moments, she chatted a little, and said it took her mind off her sufferings.

Edna began to feel uneasy. She was seized with a vague dread. Her own like experiences seemed far away, unreal, and only half remembered. She recalled faintly an ecstasy of pain, the heavy odor of chloroform, a stupor which had deadened sensation, and an awakening to find a little new life to which she had given being, added to the great unnumbered multitude of souls that come and go.

She began to wish she had not come; her presence was not necessary. She might have invented a pretext for staying away; she might even invent a pretext now for going. But Edna did not go. With an inward agony, with a flaming, outspoken revolt against the ways of Nature, she witnessed the scene [of] torture.

She was still stunned and speechless with emotion when later she leaned over her friend to kiss her and softly say good-by. Adèle, pressing her cheek, whispered in an exhausted voice: "Think of the children, Edna. Oh think of the children! Remember them!"

XXXVIII

Edna still felt dazed when she got outside in the open air. The Doctor's coupé had returned for him and stood before the *porte cochère*. She did not wish to enter the coupé, and told Doctor Mandelet she would walk; she was not afraid, and would go alone. He directed his carriage to meet him at Mrs. Pontellier's, and he started to walk home with her.

* with a flaming outspoken of nature : 「자연의 섭리에 대한 타오르는 격나라한 혐오감으로」

* the *porte cochère* : 「차가 드나드는 문, 정문」

Up—away up, over the narrow street between the tall houses, the stars were blazing. The air was mild and caressing, but cool with the breath of spring and the night. They walked slowly, the Doctor with a heavy, measured tread and his hands behind him; Edna, in an absent-minded way, as she had walked one night at Grand Isle, as if her thoughts had gone ahead of her and she was striving to overtake them.

“You shouldn’t have been there, Mrs. Pontellier,” he said. “That was no place for you. Adèle is full of whims at such times. There were a dozen women she might have had with her, unimpressible women. I felt that it was cruel, cruel. You shouldn’t have gone.”

“Oh, well!” she answered, indifferently. “I don’t know that it matters after all. One has to think of the children some time or other; the sooner the better.”

“When is Léonce coming back?”

“Quite soon. Some time in March.”

“And you are going abroad?”

“Perhaps—no, I am not going. I’m not going to be forced into doing things. I don’t want to go abroad. I want to be let alone. Nobody has any right—except children, perhaps—and even then, it seems to me—or it did seem—” She felt that her speech was voicing the incoherency of her thoughts, and stopped abruptly.

“The trouble is,” sighed the Doctor, grasping her meaning intuitively, “that youth is given up to illusions. It seems to be a provision of Nature; a decoy to secure mothers for the race. And Nature takes no account of moral consequences, of arbitrary conditions which we create, and which we feel obliged to maintain at any cost.”

* in an absent-minded way : 「넋이 나간듯한 모습으로」

* That was no place for you : 「당신이 제실 곳이 아니었어요」

* be full of whims : 「변덕으로 가득차다」

* that youth is given up to illusions : 「청춘이 환상에 바쳐졌다는 것」

* Nature takes no account of moral consequences : 「자연은 도덕적인 결과에 대해 상관하지 않는다」

* at any cost : 「어떤 희생을 치르고라도」

"Yes," she said. "The years that are gone seem like dreams—if one might go on sleeping and dreaming—but to wake up and find—oh! well! perhaps it is better to wake up after all, even to suffer, rather than to remain a dupe to illusions all one's life."

"It seems to me, my dear child," said the Doctor at parting, holding her hand, "you seem to me to be in trouble. I am not going to ask for your confidence. I will only say that if ever you feel moved to give it to me, perhaps I might help you. I know I would understand, and I tell you there are not many who would—not many, my dear."

"Some way I don't feel moved to speak of things that trouble me. Don't think I am ungrateful or that I don't appreciate your sympathy. There are periods of despondency and suffering which take possession of me. But I don't want anything but my own way. That is wanting a good deal, of course, when you have to trample upon the lives, the hearts, the prejudices of others—but no matter—still, I shouldn't want to trample upon the little lives. Oh! I don't know what I'm saying, Doctor. Good night. Don't blame me for anything."

"Yes, I will blame you if you don't come and see me soon. We will talk of things you never have dreamt of talking about before. It will do us both good. I don't want you to blame yourself, whatever comes. Good night, my child."

She let herself in at the gate, but instead of entering she sat upon the step of the porch. The night was quiet and soothing. All the tearing emotion of the last few hours seemed to fall away from her like a somber, uncomfortable garment, which she had but to loosen to be rid of. She went back to that hour before Adèle had sent for her; and her senses kindled afresh in thinking of Robert's words, the pressure of his arms, and the feeling of his lips upon her own. She could picture at that moment no greater bliss on earth than possession of the beloved one. His expression of love had already given him to her in part. When she thought that he was there at hand,

* **rather than to remain a dupe to illusions all one's life** : 「평생동안 환상의 노예(열간이)로 남는 것 보다는」

* **which she had but to loosen to be rid of** : 「그 옷을 벗기 위해 오로지 옷을 헐렁하게 하기만 하면 되었다. 여기서 which는 garment를 가리킴.

* **at hand** : 「바로 가까이에」

waiting for her, she grew numb with the intoxication of expectancy. It was so late; he would be asleep perhaps. She would awaken him with a kiss. She hoped he would be asleep that she might arouse him with her caresses.

Still, she remembered Adèle's voice whispering, "Think of the children; think of them." She meant to think of them; that determination had driven into her soul like a death wound—but not to-night. To-morrow would be time to think of everything.

Robert was not waiting for her in the little parlor. He was nowhere at hand. The house was empty. But he had scrawled on a piece of paper that lay in the lamplight:

"I love you. Good-by—because I love you."

Edna grew faint when she read the words. She went and sat on the sofa. Then she stretched herself out there, never uttering a sound. She did not sleep. She did not go to bed. The lamp sputtered and went out. She was still awake in the morning, when Celestine unlocked the kitchen door and came in to light the fire.

XXXIX

Victor, with hammer and nails and scraps of scantling, was patching a corner of one of the galleries. Mariequita sat near by, dangling her legs, watching him work, and handing him nails from the tool-box. The sun was beating down upon them. The girl had covered her head with her apron folded into a square pad. They had been talking for an hour or more. She was never tired of hearing Victor describe the dinner at Mrs. Pontellier's. He exaggerated every detail, making it appear a veritable Lucillean feast. The flowers were in tubs, he said. The champagne was quaffed from huge golden goblets. Venus rising from the foam could have presented

* **she grew numb with the intoxication of expectancy** : 「그녀는 기대에 대한 흥분으로 마비되었다」

* **that determination ... like a death wound** : 「그 결심이 치명상처럼 그녀의 영혼 속으로 파고들었다」

* **Lucillean** : 사회의 방종을 조소했던 로마의 풍자가 Gaius Lucillius (180 ~ 103 B.C.)의 이름을 딴 것이다.

* **the foam** : 로마 신화의 Jupiter와 Dione의 딸이 사랑과 미의 여신으로 태어날 때 바다의 거품에서 솟아났다. 그리스 신화 중 비너스에 해당하는 Aphrodite의 신화에 그녀도 아름다운 젊은이와의 연애사건 때문에 부끄러워 물에 빠져 죽으려 했으나 사람의 얼굴을 한 물고기로 변했다고 한다.

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no more entrancing a spectacle than Mrs. Pontellier, blazing with beauty and diamonds at the head of the board, while the other women were all of them youthful houris possessed of incomparable charms.

She got it into her head that Victor was in love with Mrs. Pontellier, and he gave her evasive answers, framed so as to confirm her belief. She grew sullen and cried a little, threatening to go off and leave him to his fine ladies. There were a dozen men crazy about her at the *Chênrière*; and since it was the fashion to be in love with married people, why, she could run away any time she liked to New Orleans with Céline's husband.

Céline's husband was a fool, a coward, and a pig, and to prove it to her, Victor intended to hammer his head into a jelly the next time he encountered him. This assurance was very consoling to Mariequita. She dried her eyes, and grew cheerful at the prospect.

They were still talking of the dinner and the allurements of city life when Mrs. Pontellier herself slipped around the corner of the house. The two youngsters stayed dumb with amazement before what they considered to be an apparition. But it was really she in flesh and blood, looking tired and a little travel-stained.

"I walked up from the wharf," she said, "and heard the hammering. I supposed it was you, mending the porch. It's a good thing. I was always tripping over those loose planks last summer. How dreary and deserted everything looks!"

It took Victor some little time to comprehend that she had come in Beaufort's lugger, that she had come alone, and for no purpose but to rest.

"There's nothing fixed up yet, you see. I'll give you my room; it's the only place."

"Any corner will do," she assured him.

"And if you can stand Philomel's cooking," he went on, "though I might try to get her mother while you are here. Do you think she would come?" turning to Mariequita.

Mariequita thought that perhaps Philomel's mother might come

* **houris(s)** : 「영원 불멸의 미와 젊음을 지닌 매혹적인 요정」

* **in Beaufort's lugger** : 「보들레의 작은 돛단배를 타고」

* **for no purpose but to rest** : 「다른 불일 없이 그저 쉬기 위하여」

for a few days, and money enough.

Beholding Mrs. Pontellier make her appearance, the girl had at once suspected a lovers' rendezvous. But Victor's astonishment was so genuine, and Mrs. Pontellier's indifference so apparent, that the disturbing notion did not lodge long in her brain. She contemplated with the greatest interest this woman who gave the most sumptuous dinners in America, and who had all the men in New Orleans at her feet.

"What time will you have dinner?" asked Edna. "I'm very hungry; but don't get anything extra."

"I'll have it ready in little or no time," he said, bustling and packing away his tools. "You may go to my room to brush up and rest yourself. Mariequita will show you."

"Thank you," said Edna. "But, do you know, I have a notion to go down to the beach and take a good wash and even a little swim, before dinner?"

"The water is too cold!" they both exclaimed. "Don't think of it."

"Well, I might go down and try—dip my toes in. Why, it seems to me the sun is hot enough to have warmed the very depths of the ocean. Could you get me a couple of towels? I'd better go right away, so as to be back in time. It would be a little too chilly if I waited till this afternoon."

Mariequita ran over to Victor's room, and returned with some towels, which she gave to Edna.

"I hope you have fish for dinner," said Edna, as she started to walk away; "but don't do anything extra if you haven't."

"Run and find Philomel's mother," Victor instructed the girl. "I'll go to the kitchen and see what I can do. By Gimminy! Women have no consideration! She might have sent me word."

Edna walked on down to the beach rather mechanically, not noticing anything special except that the sun was hot. She was not dwelling upon any particular train of thought. She had done all the

* **don't get anything extra** : 「특별한 준비는 하지 마세요」

* **in little or no time** : 「곧」

* **brush up** : 「다듬다. 솔질을 하다」

* **By Gimminy!** : 「맙소사!」

thinking which was necessary after Robert went away, when she lay awake upon the sofa till morning.

She had said over and over to herself: "To-day it is Arobin; to-morrow it will be some one else. It makes no difference to me, it doesn't matter about Léonce Pontellier—but Raoul and Etienne!" She understood now clearly what she had meant long ago when she said to Adèle Ratignolle that she would give up the unessential, but she would never sacrifice herself for her children.

Despondency had come upon her there in the wakeful night, and had never lifted. There was no one thing in the world that she desired. There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert; and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone. The children appeared before her like antagonists who had overcome her; who had overpowered and sought to drag her into the soul's slavery for the rest of her days. But she knew a way to elude them. She was not thinking of these things when she walked down to the beach.

The water of the Gulf stretched out before her, gleaming with the million lights of the sun. The voice of the sea is seductive, never-ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude. All along the white beach, up and down, there was no living thing in sight. A bird with a broken wing was beating the air above, reeling, fluttering, circling disabled down, down to the water.

Edna had found her old bathing suit still hanging, faded, upon its accustomed peg.

She put it on, leaving her clothing in the bath-house. But when she was there beside the sea, absolutely alone, she cast the unpleasant, pricking garments from her, and for the first time in her life she

* **A bird with a broken wing ... down to the water** : 「부러진 날개를 가진 새 한마리가 공중에서 푸드덕거리며 비틀거리다가 힘이 없어 원을 그리면서 아래로 내려와 물속에 빠졌다.」 공중 높이 날을 수 있는 튼튼한 날개를 갖지 못한 한 마리 새에 비유된 Edna의 암시적인 이미지로 생각할 수 있다.

* **she cast the unpleasant ... in the open air** : 「Edna는 불편하고 거추장스런 옷을 벗어버리고 평생 처음으로 광활한 천지에 맨몸으로 섰다.」 비평가들은 이 행위를 Edna의 전통과 권위에 대해 항거하는 대담한 행동으로 간주하여 새롭게 각성한 여인의 정신과 열정의 표출로 설명한다.

stood naked in the open air, at the mercy of the sun, the breeze that beat upon her, and the waves that invited her.

How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under the sky! how delicious! She felt like some new-born creature, opening its eyes in a familiar world that it had never known.

The foamy wavelets curled up to her white feet, and coiled like serpents about her ankles. She walked out. The water was chill, but she walked on. The water was deep, but she lifted her white body and reached out with a long, sweeping stroke. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.

She went on and on. She remembered the night she swam far out, and recalled the terror that seized her at the fear of being unable to regain the shore. She did not look back now, but went on and on, thinking of the blue-grass meadow that she had traversed when a little child, believing that it had no beginning and no end.

Her arms and legs were growing tired.

She thought of Léonce and the children. They were a part of her life. But they need not have thought that they could possess her, body and soul. How Mademoiselle Reisz would have laughed, perhaps sneered, if she knew! "And you call yourself an artist! What pretensions, Madame! The artist must possess the courageous soul that dares and defies."

Exhaustion was pressing upon and over-powering her.

"Good-by—because, I love you." He did not know; he did not understand. He would never understand. Perhaps Doctor Mandelet would have understood if she had seen him—but it was too late; the shore was far behind her; and her strength was gone.

She looked into the distance, and the old terror flamed up for an instant, then sank again. Edna heard her father's voice and her sister Margaret's. She heard the barking of an old dog that was

* **She felt like ... it had never known** : 「그녀는 낯익은 세상에서 처음으로 눈을 뜨며 모든 것을 새로 발견하는 신생아의 생명처럼 느꼈다.」 한 여성이 자연과 문명의 원초적 대립관계에서 자기세계를 이해하고 자아완성을 향해 분투하는 정신세계를 표현해 준다.

* **look into the distance** : 「멀리 바라보았다」

* **the old terror flamed up** : 「전에 느꼈던 그 공포가 타올랐다」

* **then sank away** : 「그리고 나서 다시 사라졌다」

chained to the sycamore tree. The spurs of the cavalry officer clanged as he walked across the porch. There was the hum of bees, and the musky odor of pinks filled the air.

* filled the air : 「공중에 가득했다」

※ 이 소설의 결말에 대한 비평가들의 견해를 살펴보면, 가장 긍정적인 평가를 하는 Per Seyersted는 feminist와 실존주의자의 시각에서 Edna의 죽음을 “정신적 해방(spiritual emancipation)”을 위한 비타협적인 욕망에서 유도된 것으로 본다. Edna의 자살은 “그녀의 정신적 해방을 수반했던 당혹함에서 인생의 한계와 인간의 본성을 이해하는 명확함에 이르기까지 그 발전 과정에 있어서 더 없는 영광의 극치”(the crowing glory of her development from the bewilderment which accompanied her early emancipation to the clarity with which she understands her own nature and the possibilities of her life as she decides to end it.)—see Per Seyersted, *Kate Chopin : A Critical Biography*, Baton Rouge : Univ. of Louisiana Press, 1969, pp. 134~63).라고 주장한다.

※ Kenneth Eble은 Edna를 인간본성의 열정에 분투하는 (“Struggle with elemental passion”) 고전적인 인물로 간주하고 그녀의 죽음은 Edna를 비극적 주인공의 자질과 위엄과 침착함(“the power, the dignity, the self-possession of a tragic heroine”)을 보여주는 것이라고 Chopin의 예술성과 Edna의 죽음에 공명을 주장한다.(See Kenneth Eble, “A Forgotten Novel : Kate Chopin’s *The Awakening*,” *Western Humanities Review*, 10, Summer 1956, pp. 261~69).

낭만주의적 견해로 보는 Donald A. Ringe는 Edna를 초절주의자의 주체인 자아발견에 결부시키고 있으며 그녀의 죽음은 인간이 본질적으로 고독한 존재임을 깨달은 결과라고 생각한다.

George Arms는 Edna의 성해방에 대한 기본적인 사실주의 입장을 인정하면서도 Edna를 낭만주의 이상을 쫓는 인물로 간주하였고 목적없이 죽음에 휘말려 들었다고 본다.

A Vocation and a Voice

I

"Is this Adams avenue?" asked a boy whose apparel and general appearance marked him as belonging to the lower ranks of society. He had just descended from a street car which had left the city an hour before, and was now depositing its remnant of passengers at the entrance of a beautiful and imposing suburban park.

"Adams avenue?" returned the conductor. "No this is Woodland Park. Can't you see it ain't any avenue? Adams is two miles northeast o'here. Th' Adams Avenue car turned north on Dennison, just ahead of us, a half hour ago. You must a' taken the wrong car."

The boy was for a moment perplexed and undecided. He stood a while staring towards the northeast, then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he turned and walked into the park.

He was rather tall, though he had spoken with the high, treble voice of a girl. His trousers were too short and so were the sleeves of his ill-fitting coat. His brown hair, under a shabby, felt cap, was longer than the prevailing fashion demanded, and his eyes were dark and quiet; they were not alert and seeking mischief, as the eyes of boys usually are.

The pockets into which he had thrust his hands were empty—quite empty; there was not so much as a penny in either of them. This was a fact which gave him cause for some reflection, but apparently no uneasiness. Mrs. Donnelly had given him but the five cents; and her mother, to whom he had been sent to deliver a message of some domestic purport, was expected to pay his return fare. He realized that his own lack of attention had betrayed him into the strait in which he found himself,

* **a vocation and a voice** : 여기서 vocation은 the power of religious consciousness를, a voice는 The strength of sexual attraction을 구현해 주고 있다.

* **a boy** : 인간 만인으로 통할 수 있는 이름없는 한 소년(이 작품의 주인공 입), 집시와의 방랑생활에 합류했다가 후에는 Brother Ludvic으로 변신함.

* **depositing its remnant of passengers** : 「나머지 승객들을 내리고 있는」

* **ill-fitting coat** : 「잘 맞지 않는 코트」

and that his own ingenuity would have to extricate him. The only device which presented itself to him as possible, was to walk back to "The Patch," or out to Mrs. Donnelly's mother's.

It would be night before he could reach either place; he did not know the way anywhere; he was not accustomed to long and sustained walks. These considerations, which he accepted as final, gave him a comfortable sense of irresponsibility.

It was the late afternoon of an October day. The sun was warm and felt good to his shoulders through the old coat which he wore. There was a soft breeze blowing, seemingly from every quarter, playing fantastic tricks with the falling and fallen leaves that ran before him helter-skelter as he walked along the beaten, gravel path. He thought they looked like little live things, birds with disabled wings making the best of it in a mad frolic. He could not catch up with them; they ran on before him. There was a fine sweep of common to one side which gave an impression of space and distance, and men and boys were playing ball there. He did not turn in that direction or even more than glance at the ball-players, but wandered aimlessly across the grass towards the water and sat down upon a bench.

With him was a conviction that it would make no difference to any one whether he got back to "The Patch" or not. The Donnelly household, of which he formed an alien member, was overcrowded for comfort. The few dimes which he earned did not materially swell its sources of income. The seat which he occupied in the parish school for an hour or two each day would not remain long vacant in his absence. There were a dozen boys or more of his neighborhood who would serve Mass as ably as he, and who could run Father Doran's errands and do the priest's

* **his own ingenuity would have to extricate him** : 그의 현명함이 기필코 자신을 구출해야 했다. 여기서 would은 과거의 의지, 주장을 나타냄.

* **present itself** : 「(생각 따위가) 머리에 떠오르다, 나타나다」

* **helter-skelter** : 「허둥지둥, 이리저리 뒹구는」

* **make the best of** : 「~을 될 수 있는대로 이용하다. ~에 순응하다」

* **in a mad frolic** : 「미친듯이 들떠서 떠들어대면서, 야단법석 대면서」

* **catch up with** : 「뒤쫓아 잡다」

* **serve Mass as ably as he** : 「그처럼 훌륭하게 미사드리다」

chores as capably. These reflections embodied themselves in a vague sense of being unessential which always dwelt with him, and which permitted him, at that moment, to abandon himself completely to the novelty and charm of his surroundings.

He stayed there a very long time, seated on the bench, quite still, blinking his eyes at the rippling water which sparkled in the rays of the setting sun. Contentment was penetrating him at every pore. His eyes gathered all the light of the waning day and the russet splendor of the Autumn foliage. The soft wind caressed him with a thousand wanton touches, and the scent of the earth and the trees—damp, aromatic,—came pleasantly to him mingled with the faint odor of distant burning leaves. The blue-gray smoke from a smoldering pile of leaves rolled in lazy billows among the birches on a far slope.

How good it was to be out in the open air. He would have liked to stay there always, far from the noise and grime of “The Patch.” He wondered if Heaven might not be something like this, and if Father Doran was not misled in his conception of a celestial city paved with gold.

He sat blinking in the sun, almost purring with contentment. There were young people out in boats and others making merry on the grass near by. He looked at them, but felt no desire to join in their sports. The young girls did not attract him more than the boys or the little children. He had lapsed into a blessed state of tranquility and contemplation which seemed native to him. The sordid and puerile impulses of an existence which was not living had retired into a semi-oblivion in which he seemed to have no share. He belonged under God’s sky in the free and open air.

When the sun had set and the frogs were beginning to croak in the waste places, the boy got up and stretched and relaxed his muscles which

* **abandon oneself to** : 「~에 빠지다」

* **lapse into** : 「모르는 사이에 빠지다」

* **The sordid and puerile... have no share** : 「살아움직이고 있지 않았던 탐욕스럽고 미숙한 충동들이 그와는 무관한 것같이 생각되는 반 망각의 상태로 빠져들어갔다」

had grown cramped from sitting so long and so still. He felt that he would like to wander, even then, further into the Park, which looked to his unaccustomed eye like a dense forest across the water of the artificial lake. He would like to penetrate beyond into the open country where there were fields and hills and long stretches of wood. As he turned to leave the place he determined within himself that he would speak to Father Doran and ask the priest to assist him in obtaining employment somewhere in the country, somewhere that he might breathe as freely and contentedly as he had been doing for the past hour here in Woodland Park.

II

In order to regain "The Patch" there was nothing for the boy to do but follow the track of the car which had brought him so far from his destination. He started out resolutely, walking between the tracks, taking great strides with his long, growing legs and looking wistfully after each car as he stepped out of the way of its approach. Here and there he passed an imposing mansion in the dusk, splendid and isolated. There were long stretches of vacant land which enterprising dealers had laid out in building lots. Sometimes he left the track and walked along the line of a straggling fence behind which were market-gardens, the vegetables all in stiff geometrical designs and colorless in the uncertain light.

There were few people abroad; an occasional carriage rolled by, and workmen, more fortunate than he, occupied the cars that went jangling along. He sat for awhile at the back of a slow-moving wagon, dropping down into the dust when it turned out of his course.

The boy, as he labored along in the semi-darkness that was settling about him, at once became conscious that he was very hungry. It was the odor of frying bacon and the scent of coffee somewhere near that had suddenly made him aware of the fact.

* **taking great strides** : 「큰 걸음으로 걸으면서」

* **long stretches of vacant land** : 「길게 뻗은 광활한 땅」

* **an occasional carriage rolled by** : 「이따금 마차가 굴러갔다」

At no great distance from the road he saw a canvas-covered wagon and a small tent, the rude paraphernalia of "movers." A woman was occupied in vigorously beating with a stick a strip of burning grass which had caught from the fire with which she had been cooking her evening meal. The boy ran to her assistance, and, thrusting her aside, lest her garments should become ignited, he began stamping the incipient blaze until he had succeeded in extinguishing it. The woman threw aside her stick and standing upright wiped her whole face indiscriminately with her bended arm.

"Damn him," she said, "I wish the whole thing had took fire and burnt up," and turning upon the boy, "did you see a man anywhere coming this way, leading a couple of mules?"

She was robust and young—twenty or thereabouts—and comely, in a certain rude, vigorous fashion. She wore a yellow-cotton handkerchief bound around her head somewhat in the manner of a turban.

Yes, the boy had seen a man watering two mules at the trough before a road-house some distance away. He remembered it because the man was talking loud in some sort of a foreign, unfamiliar accent to a group of men standing by.

"That's him; damn him," she reiterated, and, moving towards the fire where she had been cooking; "want something to eat?" she asked, kindly enough.

The boy was not shocked at her language; he had not been brought up in "The Patch" for nothing. He only thought she had a more emphatic way of expressing herself than good manners or morals demanded. He did not swear himself; he had no positive leaning towards the emphatic, and moreover it was a custom not held in high esteem by Father Doran, whose teachings had not been wholly thrown away upon the boy.

Her offer of food was tempting and gratifying. A premonition that she was a woman who might take a first refusal as final, determined him to overcome all natural shyness and frankly accept without mincing.

* **be occupied in** : 「~에 종사하고 있다」

* **for nothing** : 「무익하게」

* **hold in high esteem** : 「존경(존중)하다」

"I'm mighty hungry," he admitted, turning with her towards the frying-pan and coffee-pot that rested upon the coals near the tent. She went inside and presently emerged bearing a brace of tin cups and a half loaf of bread. He had seated himself upon an inverted pine box; she gave him two slices of bread interlarded with bacon and a mug of coffee. Then, serving herself with the same homely fare, she sat down upon a second box and proceeded to eat her bread and bacon with great relish and to drain her cup of coffee.

It was quite dark now, save for the dim light of a road lamp nearby and the dull glow of the embers. The stars were coming out and the breeze was beating capriciously about the common, blowing the soiled canvas of the tent and buffeting a strip of cotton cambric that was loosely stretched between two poles at the edge of the road. The boy, looking up, remembered that he had read the inscription on the cambric, as he passed in the car: "The Egyptian Fortune Teller," in huge black letters on a yellow back-ground. It was fashioned to arrest the eye.

"Yes," said the woman, following his upward glance, "I'm a fortune-teller. Want your fortune told? But I don't talk like this here when I'm telling fortunes reg'lar. I talk a kind of Egyptian accent. That's his notion," motioning contemptuously with her head, down the road. "Because my skin's dark and my eyes, he goes to work and calls me 'The Egyptian Maid, the Wonder of the Orient.' I guess if my hair was yellow he'd call me 'The Swiss Fortune Teller,' or something like that and make me talk some kind of a *nicks-com-araus*. Only there's too many Dutch in this here country; they'd ketch on."

"You bet," said the boy.

The expression smacked of sympathy and reached her, some way. She

* **with the same homely fare** : 「똑 같은 조촐한 음식으로」

* **with great relish** : 「아주 맛있게」

* **save for** : 「~을 제외하고」

* **It was fashioned to arrest the eye** : 「사람의 눈을 끌도록 만들어져 있었다」

* **a nicks-com-araus** : 「일종의 주문」

* **they'd ketch on** = (구어) they'd catch on 「그들이 인기를 얻을 거예요」

* **"You bet!"** : 「정말이야! 틀림없이」

looked up quickly and laughed. They both laughed. She had taken his cup from him and she was beating the two tins softly together, her arms resting on her knees.

"Where do you come from?" she asked with an awakened interest.

He told her he had come from Woodland Park, and how he had got there and why he was tramping it back to "The Patch." He even told her he was in no haste to regain "The Patch"; that it made no difference whether he ever got back or not; that he detested the crowded city and hoped soon to obtain employment in the country and stay there the rest of his life. These opinions and intentions took positive shape with him in the telling.

A notion or two got into her head as she listened to him. He seemed a companionable boy, though he was a good five years younger than herself. She thought of the long, slow journey ahead of her, the dreary road, the lonely hill-side, of those times in which her only human associate was a man who more than half the while was drunk and abusive.

"Come, go 'long with us," she said abruptly.

"Why?" he demanded. "What for? To do what?"

"Oh! there's lots of things you could do—help around, tell fortune maybe—'taint hard when you once get the hang of it, sell his old herbs and things when he's too drunk to talk. Why, lots o' things. Here, I ought to be pulling up stakes right now. Wait till you hear him when he comes back and finds I ain't done a thing! Hope I may die if I lay a finger to a stick of the measly truck," and she flung the tin cups, one after the other, into the open tent and maintained her careless, restful position on the soap box.

"Let me," offered the boy. "What you got to do? I'll do it." And he arose willingly, prompted by a decent feeling that he should do something in return for his supper.

* **beat** : 「박자 맞추다」

* **good** : 「완전한, 충분한」 (=thorough)

* **her only human... drunk and abusive** : 「그녀의 유일한 인간 동료는 동행하는 시간의 반 이상을 술에 취해서 학대하는 남자였다」

* **get the hang of** : 「~의 요령을 터득하다, 다루는 법을 알게되다」

* **something in return** : 「답례로 무엇인가를」

“You can jerk them poles up and roll up the sign and stick it in the wagon; we’re going to pull out of here in the morning. Then those pots and things got to be hooked under the wagon. Leave out the coffee pot.”

While the boy busied himself in following her various instructions she talked on:

“I guess he’s drunk down there—him and his mules! He thinks more of them mules than he does of me and the whole world put together. Because he paid two hundred and ten dollars for ’em he thinks they are made out o’ some precious composition that’s never been duplicated outside of Paradise. Oh! I’m about sick of playing second fiddle to a team of mules. Mr. Man ’ll wake up some o’ these here mornings and find that I’ve cut an’ run. Here! let that frying pan alone. He forgets I been used to better things than living in a tent. I sung in the chorus of an opera when I wasn’t more than sixteen. Some people said if I’d had means to cultivate my voice I’d be—well, I wouldn’t be here to-day, I can tell you.”

The object of scorn and contumely was even then approaching; a short, broad-girted man, leading his sleek bay mules—splendid looking animals—and talking to them as he came along. In the dim light the boy could see that his hair, as well as his beard, was long, curly and greasy; that he wore a slouch felt hat over a knotted red handkerchief and small golden hoops in his ears. His dialect, when he spoke, was as indescribable as his origin was undiscernable. He might have been Egyptian, for aught the boy could guess, or Zulu—something foreign and bestial for all he knew.

The woman’s name, originally Susan, had been changed to Suzima

* pull out : 「떠나다」

* be sick of ~ing : 「~에 넌더리가 나다, 괴롭게 여기다, 역겨워하다」 (=be tired of ~ing)

* for aught : 「어쨌든」

* Suzima : 주인공 집시여인으로 두 이름과 두 정체(identity)를 가진 인물로 묘사된다. 성모 마리아를 닮은 순결하고 정숙한 여인을 나타내주는 “Susan”과 그 자체가 sexuality의 상징인 “Suzima”는 성적 매력과 열정과 욕망을 나타내 준다.

to meet the exigencies of her oriental character. The Beast pronounced it "Tzutshima."

"You can thank this here boy," she began by way of greeting. "If it hadn't been for him you wouldn't a found nothing here but a pile of ashes."

"So!" exclaimed the man in his greasy guttural, with utter lack of interest.

"Yes, 'so'! The whole blamed shooting-match was afire when he come along and put it out. If it hadn't been for him you wouldn't 'a found nothing here but a pile of ashes. He says he'll go along with us in the morning if we like. Looks like he knows how to work."

"That's good," agreed the man, "bring 'im along. Plenty of room where we live."

Usually "pulling up" time was one of contention between these two, each maintaining that the brunt of the work should be borne by the other. So the presence and timely services of the boy seemed to introduce a certain unlooked-for harmony into this unconventional *menage*. Suzima arose and went over to join the man, still occupied with the well-being of his mules. He was smoking a short-stemmed pipe, which indicated that he had—wherever he got it—a sufficiency of food and drink, and would not trouble her on that score. They chatted pleasantly together.

When they retired into the tent for the night, the boy crept into the wagon, as he was instructed to do. It was broad and roomy and there he slept at ease the night through on a folded cotton "comforter."

* **The beast** : The quack doctor Gutro(가짜 돌팔이 의사)를 가리킴. 이런 호칭에 어울리게 난폭한 기질에 온정(compassion)이 결여된 술고래로 외모가 거무스레한 피부에 턱수염이난 짐시남자.

* **by way of greeting** : 「인사할 셈으로」 by way of : 「~의 대신으로, ~할 셈으로, ~의도로」

* **shooting-match** : (속어) 「전체, 전원」 본래는 사격대회.

* **put it out** : 「불을 끄다」

* **bring 'im along** = bring him along 「그를 데려 오시오」

* **"pulling up" time** : 「휴식 시간」

* **a certain unlooked-for harmony** : 「어떤 예기치 않은[뜻밖의] 조화」

* **menage** : (F) 「살림, 가정」

III

They wandered toward the south, idly, listlessly. The days were a gorgeous, golden processional, good and warm with sunshine, and languorous. There were ten, twelve, twenty such days when the earth, sky, wind and water, light and color and sun, and men's souls and their senses and the odor and breath of animals mingled and melted into the harmony of a joyful existence.

They wandered toward the south; the two vagabonds and the boy. He felt as if he had been transplanted into another sphere, into a native element from which he had all along been excluded. The sight of the country was beautiful to him and his whole being expanded in the space and splendor of it. He liked the scent of the earth and the dry, rotting leaves, the sound of snapping twigs and branches, and the shrill songs of birds. He liked the feel of the soft, springy turf beneath his feet when he walked, or of the rolling pebbles when he mounted a stony hillside.

Gutro, otherwise the Beast, drove his mules and talked to them, watered, washed and curried them; lavished upon them a care prompted by a wealth of affection and esteem. The boy was not permitted to touch the animals; he might not even think of them with their owner's knowledge or consent. But he had plenty else to do, with Suzima shifting the greater part of her work and duties upon him.

"I've got some time to sew now, thank heaven!" she said, and with a coarse thimble upon her clumsy finger and a needle threaded long, she sat at the back of the wagon or on a log in the warm air and constructed, with bits of cotton cloth, awkward-fashioned garments for the boy to wear next to his skin that she might wash those which he had on.

They moved along while the days were pleasant. Suzima must have felt glad as they went; for often-times, as she walked beside the slow-moving wagon through the still woods, she lifted her voice and sang. The boy thought he had never heard anything more beautiful than the

* **by a wealth of affection and esteem** : 「풍부한 애정과 존중하는 마음으로」

* **next to his skin** : 「피부에 직접」

full, free notes that came from her throat, filling the vast, woody temple with melody. It was always the same stately refrain from some remembered opera that she sang as she walked.

But on moonlight nights or when resting beside the camp fire, she brought forth a disabled guitar, and to a strumming accompaniment sang low, pleasant things, popular airs and little bits from the lighter operas. The boy sometimes joined her with his fluty girl voice, and it pleased her very well.

If Gutro was sober he took a degree of interest in the performance and made suggestions which proved that he was not devoid of a certain taste and rude knowledge of music.

But when Gutro was drunk, everyone, everything suffered but the mules. Suzima defied him and suffered the more for her defiance. She went about wincing and rubbing her shoulders and calling him vile names under her breath. But she would not let him beat the boy. She had a tender feeling for helpless and dependent things. She often exclaimed with impulsive pity over the dead and bleeding birds which they brought in from the forest. Gutro was teaching the boy to handle a gun, and many a tasty morsel they procured for their sylvan feasts. Sometimes they picked nuts like squirrels, gathering pecans when they reached the South country.

When it rained they sat bundled and huddled in the wagon under the streaming canopy, Gutro driving and swearing at the elements. Suzima was miserable when it rained and would not sing and would hardly talk. The boy was not unhappy. He peeped out at the water running in the ruts, and liked the sound of the beating rain on the canvas and the noise and crash of the storm in the forest.

"Look, Suzima! Look at the rain coming across the hill, yonder, in sheets! It'll be along here in three minutes."

"Maybe you like it," she would grumble. "I don't," and she would draw her shawl closer and crouch further in the wagon.

* **that he was not devoid of** : 「그가 음악에 대해 전혀 취미나 지식이 없는 게 아니었다는 것」

* **but** = except

* **under her breath** : 「그녀의 작은 목소리로」

* **in sheets** : 「(비가) 억수같이」

Often they traveled at night, when the moon shone; sometimes when it rained. They went creeping, the mules feeling their way cautiously, surely, through the darkness, along the unfamiliar roads. Suzima and the boy slept then in the bottom of the wagon on the folded "comforter." He often wished, at such times, that the wagon was broader or that Suzima would not take up so much room. Sometimes they quarreled about it, shoving, elbowing each other like children in a trundle bed. Gutro, in a rage, would turn and threaten to throw them both into the road and leave them there to perish.

IV

The boy felt no little astonishment when he made Suzima's acquaintance in her official capacity of a fortune teller. It was a sunny afternoon and they had halted at the edge of a small country town and stopped there to rest, to make ready for a fresh start in the morning. Their presence created no little stir, and aroused some curiosity. Small children assembled and followed with absorbing interest the boy's activity in hoisting the sign, stretching the tent and setting forth the various and unique living utensils.

Gutro, robed in a long, loose robe of dingy scarlet and black, arranged, with much precision, upon an improvised table of boards, a quantity of vari-colored herbs and powders, unfailing remedies for any and every ailment which mankind had yet discovered or conceived. He was no faith healer, Gutro. He believed in the efficacy of things that grew, that could be seen and felt and tasted; green and bitter and yellow things. Some he had gathered at risk of life and limb on the steep ascents of the Himalayas. Others he had collected under the burning suns of Egypt;

* **take up so much room** : 「그렇게 많은 공간을 차지하다」

* **in a trundle bed** : 「바퀴달린 침대」

* **upon an improvised table of boards** : 「즉석에서 만들어진 널판지 탁자 위에」

* **a quantity of** : 「다량의 많은」

* **at risk of life** : 「목숨을 걸고」

secret and mysterious, unknown save to himself and a little band of compatriots on the banks of the Nile. So he said. And the best of it, or the worst of it, was that those who listened believed and bought and felt secure in the possession of a panacea for their ailments.

Suzima, giving an extra twist to her yellow turban, sat at the door of the tent with a "lap-board," such as housewives use, extended across her knees. Upon this she laid out in bewildering array a pack of cards covered with pictures and mythical designs: a key, a ring, a letter or a coffin, a fine lady in a train and a finer gentleman on horseback. Suzima could tell fortunes by the cards or without the cards, off-hand, any way. The dialect which she assumed was not alone indescribable, but, for the most part, unintelligible, and required frequent interpretations from Gutro. There was no native Egyptian in that Southwest country to challenge her say and it passed muster and carried conviction. The boy could not withhold a feeling of admiration for her resources and powers of invention.

Suzima was over-blunt in her occult revelations to the negroes and farm-hands who loitered to learn somewhat of their destiny. But later, when youths and maidens from the village began to assemble and linger, half ashamed, wholly eager, then was Suzima all sentiment and sympathy, even delicacy. Oh! the beautiful fortunes that she told! How she lifted the veil of a golden future for each! For Suzima dealt not with the past. She would have scorned to have taken silver for telling anyone that which they already knew. She sent them away with confidence and a sweet agitation. One little maid sickened with apprehension when Suzima predicted for her a journey in the very near future. For the maid was even then planning a trip into Western Texas, and what might not this woman with the penetrating vision next foretell! Perhaps the appalling day and hour of her death.

* **lap-board** : 「무릎 위에 올려놓은 책상대용 평판」, lap은 앉아서 허리에서 무르팍까지의 부분.

* **off-hand** : 「즉석에서, 준비없이」

* **pass muster** : 「검열을 통과하다」

* **carry conviction** : 「설득력이 있다」

Together Suzima and the boy sang their songs. It was the only part of the programme in which he took any part. He had refused to wear any foreign headgear or fantastic garb, or to twist his tongue into deceitful and misleading utterances. But he sang, standing behind Suzima bending over her guitar. There was more color in his face and lips now than when he had sat dreaming in Woodland Park. His eyes looked straight into the hazy distance, over the heads of the small gathering of people. Some of them looking at his upturned face, thought it was very beautiful. There was a tranquil light shining, glowing rather, from within; something which they saw without comprehending, as they saw the glow in the western sky.

At night, when everything was still, the boy walked abroad. He was not afraid of the night or of strange places and people. To step his foot out in the darkness, he did not know where, was like tempting the Unknown. Walking thus he felt as if he were alone and holding communion with something mysterious, greater than himself, that reached out from the far distance to touch him—something he called God. Whenever he had gone alone into the parish church at dusk and knelt before the red light of the tabernacle, he had known a feeling akin to this. The boy was not innocent or ignorant. He knew the ways of men and viewed them with tranquil indifference, as something external to which no impulse within him responded. His soul had passed through dark places untouched, just as his body was passing now, unharmed, through the night, where there were pitfalls into which his feet, some way, did not wander.

V

Along in January the vagabonds felt that they would like to settle

* **the programme in which he took any part** : 「그가 관제(참가)해던 프로그램」. *take part in* ~에 관제하다.

* **holding communion with something mysterious** : 「어떤 신비스런 것과 영적으로 사귀면서」

* **akin to** : 「유사한, 같은 종류의」

* **along in January** : 「일월 동안에」

down for a time and lead a respectable existence, if only for the sake of novelty. Perhaps they would never have been so tempted if they had not stumbled upon a dismantled cabin pre-empted by a family of pigs whose ejection was but a matter of bluff and bluster joined to some physical persuasion. There was no door to the cabin, but there was part of a roof and a suggestion of chimney. And the wanderers were not over-exacting in their requirements, especially with no landlord at hand, to bow to his whims and fancies.

So they settled down to a domestic existence which some way proved to be not so united a one as their life on the road.

Near at hand was a big field where negroes were engaged during the day in clearing away stubble, some in plowing and others in bedding up cotton seed on the dry and unyielding parts.

Gutro, with the mules ever foremost in his mind, went out on the very first day and negotiated for their hire with the owner of the plantation, offering to throw himself in for *lagniappe*. A mule takes to the plow like the proverbial fish to water; then these were fine fellows with the brawn and muscle for freight hauling. When the planter took them for a month, Gutro followed and stuck to them and stayed by them. He sat on the wagon when they were driven to the landing. He kept his beady eyes upon them when they pulled the plow, and he was there at hand to note the quality and quantity of the provender dealt out to them. It would have been an evil hour for the negro who had dared, in his presence, to misuse or abuse one or the other of the animals.

Suzima and the boy went nosing about in search of bits of lumber with which to improve the condition of their temporary abode. But a stray

* **the sake of novelty** : 「새로운 경험을 위해서」

* **stumble upon** : 「우연히 만나다」

* **others in bedding up cotton seed on the dry and unyielding parts** : 다른 사람들은 목화씨를 메마르고 단단한 묘판에 심는일에 열중했다.
(여기서 in은 be engaged in으로 풀이됨)

* **lagniappe** : 「(물건을 산 고객에게 주는) 경품」

* **dealt out** : 「분배된」 dealt는 deal의 pp.

* **nosing about in search of bits of lumber** : 「판자조각을 찾아 냄새맡고 헤매며 다니다」

plank was not easy to find, with everybody around patching fences, so they did not pursue their search with stubborn persistence, but went, instead, down the bank of the bayou and tried to catch some fish. The negroes told them that if they wanted fish they would have to go back to the lake; but they decided to drag crawfishes from the ditches along the field. The canvas-covered wagon marked them as “movers,” and no one questioned or disturbed them.

That first night, when it came bedtime, they were unable to dispute the possession of the cabin with the fleas and, vanquished, they returned to the shelter of the tent. Next morning Suzima sent the boy to the village, a mile away, to learn, if possible, something about the disposition of that particular breed of fleas, and to acquaint himself with a method by which they might be induced to temper their aggressive activity.

It was Saturday. The boy discerned that there was a church in the village, and a pastor, who, arrayed in cassock, happened to be walking through his garden adjacent to the parsonage.

He went and spoke over the fence to the priest, who looked approachable, who was surely more approachable for him than would have been any other soul in that locality whom he might have encountered and addressed.

The priest was kind, sociable and communicative. He knew much about fleas, their habits and vices, and withheld nothing of enlightenment upon the subject from the boy. In turn he expressed some curiosity himself and a desire for information touching the particular stamp of young vagabond who had come sauntering along the road and who addressed him so cavalierly over his own fence. He was gratified to hear that the boy was a Catholic. He was astonished to discover that he could serve Mass, and amazed to hear that he liked to do so. What an anomaly! A boy who liked to serve Mass, who did not have to be coaxed, cajoled,

* **the bayou** : 「미국 남부의 강·호수 따위의 늪 모양의 지류」

* **“movers”** : 「19세기의 미국사에 서부로 간 이주민을 가리킴」

* **to acquaint oneself with** : 「~을 자세히 알다, ~에 통하다」

* **What an anomaly!** : 「얼마나 이례적인 일인가!」

almost lassoed and dragged in to do service at the Holy Sacrifice! And so he would be on hand betimes in the morning, would he? They parted friends, agreeably impressed, one with the other.

The boy was well pleased to find himself once more and so unexpectedly brought in touch with the religious life and the sacred office. As he traversed the road on his way back to the cabin he kept rehearsing the service half audibly.

"Judica me, Deus, et discerna causam meam, de gente non sancta—ab homine iniquo et doloso erue me"—and so forth.

He told Suzima he was going to the village to attend Mass the following morning.

"Go on," she said, "it won't hurt you. I've known people that were helped a sight by prayer-meeting. I'll go along too."

A part of her present scheme of respectability was a temporary discontinuance of the "Egyptian accent" and a suspension of professional performances. The yellow sign was not unfurled. She determined to contribute nothing during that restful month towards the household expenses. When she went into the village to church the following morning, with the boy, she had laid aside her yellow turban and wore a folded veil over her head. She looked not unlike some of the 'Cadian women who were there. But her carriage was freer and there was a vigorous vitality in her movements and in the gleam of her eyes that the milder 'Cadians did not possess. The little church, with its mixed congregation of whites and blacks interested her, and as she sat uncomfortably on the edge of the pew, her hands folded in her lap, she shifted her eyes constantly from one object to the other. But when the boy appeared with the priest before the altar, clad in his long white vestments, she was spell-bound with astonishment and admiration and her attention was not once again diverted from him.

* **bring in touch with** : 「~와 접촉시키다. ~한 일에 능통하게 하다」

* **the sacred office** : 「예배의식」

* **"Judica me, Deus, et discerna... doloso erue me"** : 라틴어로 "하느님이여, 저를 심판하시고, 태초부터 성스럽지 못한 원죄에서 저를 분리시켜 주소서.—인간의 부정함과 사악함에서 건져내어 빛으로 인도하소서."

* **and so forth** (=and so on)

* **she was spell-bound with astonishment and admiration** : 「그녀는 감탄과 놀라움으로 넋을 잃고 있었다」

How tall he looked and how beautiful! He made her think of the picture of an angel. And when she saw him go through the maneuvers of serving with skill and ease, and heard his clear responses in a language which was not familiar to her, she was seized by a sudden respect and consideration which had not before entered into her feelings for him.

"Oh! it's out of sight!" she told him after Mass. "You got to wear one of them gowns on the road and talk that language: the Egyptian ain't in it."

"That's Latin," he said with a little bridling pride. "It only belongs in church, and I ain't going to talk it on the road for you or anybody. What's more, the vestments belong in church, too, and I wouldn't wear 'em outside to save my life. Why, it'd be a sin."

"A sin," marveled Suzima, who knew no delicate shades of distinction in the matter of sinfulness. "Oh pshaw! I didn't mean no harm."

They took their midday meal with the priest, who felt an interest in them and kindly offered them a share of his plain and wholesome fare. Suzima sat stiff and awkward at table, staring, for the most part, straight out of the open door, into the yard, where there were chickens scratching around and a little calf tied under a tree.

The boy feared for her own sake that she might forget herself and drop into the careless, emphatic speech which was habitual with her. But he need not have feared. Suzima spoke not at all, except in monosyllables, when she was politely addressed by the priest. She was plainly ill at ease. When the old gentleman arose to procure something from a side table, she winked at the boy and gave him a playful kick under the table. He returned the kick, not as a confederate, but a little viciously, as one who might say, "be quiet will you, and behave yourself in the company of your betters."

* Oh, pshaw! : [pʃɔ:/ʃɔ:] 「체, 바보같으니」

* she was plainly ill at ease : 「그녀는 명백히 불안해 있었다」

* behave yourself in the company of your betters : 「손위 사람들 있는데서 점잖게 굴어요」

* in company : 「남앞에서, 사람들 가운데서」

For a whole half day and more Suzima had been eminently respectable—almost too respectable for her own comfort. On their way back to the hut, as they passed a desolate strip of woodland, she gave a sudden impatient movement of the shoulders, as if to throw off some burden that had been weighing upon them, and lifting her voice she sang. There was even a ring of defiance in the vibrant notes. She sang the one stately refrain that had grown familiar to the boy and that he heard sometimes in his dreams.

“Oh!” he exclaimed impetuously. “I’d rather hear you sing than anything in the world, Suzima.”

It was not often that she received words of admiration or praise and the boy’s impulsive outburst touched her. She took hold of his hand and swung it as they went along.

“Say!” she called out to him that night, as she flung him his comforter, “it’s good the Beast wasn’t along. He don’t know how to behave in company. He’d a’ given the whole snap away, damn him.”

VI

Suzima’s approval of the boy in sanctuary robes was explainable in view of the contrast offered by his appearance in everyday habiliments. She had done the best for his shabby garments with clumsy darns and patches. But what was her poor best, with himself doing the worst for them with broadening girth and limbs and hardening flesh and swelling muscles! There was no vestige of pallor now in his cheeks. Suzima often told him that he was not worth his salt, because his voice, which had been girlish and melodious, was no better now than the sound of a cracked pot. He was sometimes sensitive and did not like to be told such things. He tried to master the waverings and quaverings, but it was of

* **He’d a’ given the whole snap away, damn him** : 「그가 모든 것을 폭로할 거야, 재기랄」

* **be worth one’s salt** : 「급료만큼의 일을 하다. 유능하다」

* **the waverings and quaverings** : 「떨리는 목소리로 노래하기」

no use, so he gave over joining Suzima in her songs.

The priest at the village did not mind so trifling a thing as the breaking of a boy's voice—a thing, moreover, which could not be helped—but he was concerned over the shabbiness and general misfit of his attire, and thereupon grew compassionate. He found employment for him in a store of the village and the boy, in exchange for his services, received a suit of clothes, taken down, brand new, from the shelf and folded in sharp creases. They were not of the best or finest, but they were adequate, covering his body completely and offering ample room for a fair play of limb and muscle.

He walked away each morning to the village, leaving Suzima alone, and he did not return till evening. His dinner he took at noon with the priest, and the two grew chatty and intimate over their soup. He confided to his venerable friend, when questioned, that he knew nothing of his companions of the road, absolutely nothing, except that they were Gutro and Suzima, who wandered across country in a covered wagon selling drugs and telling fortunes for a livelihood.

A shake of the head and a shrug of the shoulders can be very expressive and the boy read disapproval in these involuntary gestures of his old companion. Within his very own soul—that part of him which thought, compared, weighing considerations—there was also disapproval, but, some way, he was always glad to find Suzima sauntering down the road at evening to meet him. Walking beside her, he told her how his whole day had been spent, without reserve, as he would have spoken in the confessional.

"I don't know what the Beast's thinking about," she grumbled. "It's time to be pulling out of this here."

"I can't go till I'm through paying for my clothes," he told her determinedly.

* **give over ~ing** : 「~하기를 그만두다」

* **within his very own soul—that part of him which thought, compared, weighing considerations** : 「생각할 수 있고, 비교하며, 신중하게 심사숙고할 수 있는 바로 그 자신의 영혼속에는」

* **without reserve** : 「저리낌 없이」

* **It's time to be pulling out of this here** : 「이 곳을 떠나야 할 시간이다」

"I got a few dollars that'll pay for these things," she told him. "They mighty poor stuff for the price, any way you look at it."

Poor stuff or not they had to be paid for, and this boy stood firm in his resolution to work out the balance due.

He brought religious newspapers and sometimes a book, which the priest gave him.

"What you want with them?" questioned Suzima, mistrustfully.

"Why, to read when I get a chance. A feller's got to read sometime, I guess." He put them carefully away in his pack, as he cared not to read by the flickering light of a candle or the uncertain flare of the brushwood in the dilapidated chimney. Suzima looked suspiciously upon these signs of ambition for enlightenment, especially as the papers and books were not of a character to entertain her. She examined them during the boy's absence.

One day she came to his encounter quite at the edge of the village, radiant, greeting him with a sounding slap on the shoulder. She was not so tall as the boy, but she felt he was an insignificant personage nevertheless, when not arrayed in canonicals, one whom she might patronize and with whom she might assume the liberty of equality and *camaraderie*, when so inclined.

"What you say? We going to pull out in the morning. He came back to-day with the mules. He made the devil of a noise when he didn't find you here to pack up, but I pitched in myself, and we got everything ready for an early start."

"Then I must go right back and tell them," said the boy, halting in the road.

-
- * **this boy stood firm ... the balance due** : 「이 소년은 부족액을 해내기 위하여 굳게 결심하고 의연한 태도를 취했다」
 - * **care to** = like to 「~하고 싶다」
 - * **as the papers and books ... to entertain her** : 「신문과 책들의 그녀를 즐겁게 하는데 걸맞지 않는 것이었으므로」
 - * **camaraderie** : (F) 「우정, 우의」
 - * **pull out** : 「떠나다」
 - * **make the devil of a noise** : 「야단 법석을 피우다」
 - * **pitch in** : 「열심히 착수하다」

"Don't need to tell nobody," she assured him. "You don't owe them nothing." The suit of clothes was, in fact, paid for and, moreover, he carried a small surplus in his pocket.

"No, but I got to go back," he insisted doggedly. He remembered quite distinctly—aside from Suzima reminding him of it—that he had not thought it essential "to go back" four months ago, when he decided to cast his lot with the wayfarers. But he was not now the child of four months ago. A sense of honor was overtaking him, with other manly qualities. He was quite determined to return to the village and bid good-bye to friends and acquaintances he had made there.

"Then I'll wait here," said Suzima, not too well pleased, seating herself on a low, grassy knoll at the edge of the road.

It was already getting dusk in the village. The store was closed, but the proprietor was still loitering near, and the boy went up and spoke to him and took his leave of him. He shook hands with an old gray-haired negro sitting on the porch, and bade goodbye to the children and boys of his own age who were standing about in groups.

The priest had just come in from his barnyard and smelled of the stable and cow. He met the boy on the gallery that was dim with the dying daylight filtering through the vines. Within, an old negress was lighting a lamp.

"I come to say goodbye," said the boy, removing his hat and extending his hand. "We going to start again in the morning." There was an excited ring in his voice that was noticeable.

"Going to start in the morning!" repeated the priest in his slow, careful, broken English. "Oh! no, you must not go."

The boy gave a start and withdrew his hand from the man's grasp, holding it thereafter to himself.

"I got to go," he said, making a motion to retire, "and it's getting kind of late now. I ought to be back."

* with the dying daylight filtering through the vines : 「덤굴풀 사이로 스며나오는 지는 햇빛에」

* kind of : (구어) 약간 (형용사 또는 명사를 수반함)

"But, my friend, wait a moment," urged the priest, detaining him with a touch on the arm. "Sit down. Let us talk over it together." The boy seated himself reluctantly on the upper step of the gallery. He had too great reverence for the old man in his sacred character to refuse outright. But his thoughts were not here, nor was his heart, with the breath of Spring abroad beating softly in his face, and the odors of Spring assailing his senses.

"I got to go," he murmured, anticipating and forestalling his companion. Yet he could not but agree with him. Yes, he wanted to lead an upright, clean existence before God and man. To be sure he meant to settle down, some day, to a respectable employment that would offer him time and opportunity to gather instruction. He liked the village, the people, the life which he had led there. Above all he liked the man whose kindly spirit had been moved to speak and act in his behalf. But the stars were beginning to shine and he thought of the still nights in the forest. A savage instinct stirred within him and revolted against the will of this man who was seeking to detain him.

"I must go," he said again rising resolutely. "I want to go."

"Then, if you must, God bless you and be with you, my son. Forget not your Creator in the days of your youth."

"No—no—never!"

"And bear in mind and in heart always the holy teachings of the church, my child."

"Oh, yes—always. Good-bye, sir; good-bye, and thank you, sir."

He had seen indistinctly the shadowy form of Suzima lurking nearby, waiting for him.

* **the odors of Spring assailing his senses** : 「봄의 향기가 그의 감각에 엄습해 오면서」

* **in his behalf** : 「그를 위하여」. *in a person's behalf* : ~의 이익을 위하여.

* **revolted against the will of this man** : 「이 사람의 의지에 반감을 품었다」

* **bear in mind and in heart** : 「마음과 가슴에 새기다. 명심하다」

VII

And now the wayfarers traveled northward following in the wake of Spring that turned to meet them radiant at every stage.

Many were the drugs and nostrums that Gutro sold as they went; for languor was on every side and people were running hither and thither with their complaints.

"It is the Spring," said the old people and the wise ones, with shrugs, as if to say: "The Spring is no great matter to worry over; it will pass." And then along came Gutro in the nick of time with powders that cleanse the blood and specifics that clear the brain, renew the "system" and reconstruct men and women, making them as it were perfect and whole.

When people are languid and tired they dream—what else can they do? Those day dreams that weave fantastic tricks with that time to come which belongs to them, which they can do with as they choose—in dreams! The young man rested at the plow and lost himself in thoughts of the superlatively fair one whom he had met the winter past in a distant county and whose image arose before him now to trouble him and to move him to devise ways to draw near to her. The maiden dropped the sewing from her hands to dream of she knew not what, and not knowing, it troubled her the more.

Then along came Suzima, the interpreter of dreams, with her mystic cards and Egyptian wisdom that penetrated and revealed.

The boy, on his side, was not idle. He knew the catch-penny trade; a job here and a helpful turn there that brought him small pieces of silver, which he always turned over to Suzima. But he, too, had his dreaming time. His imagination was much stirred by the tales which Gutro told at night beside the camp fire. There was matter for speculation upon the amount of invention which entered into the telling of those personal experiences.

* **in the wake of Spring** : 「봄의 자취를 따라서」

* **hither and thither** : 「여기 저기에」

* **in the nick of time** : 「때 마침, 마침 제때에」

* **the catch-penny trade** : 「돈 벌자주의식의 거래」

But what of that? It was the time when the realities of life clothe themselves in the garb of romance, when Nature's decoys are abroad; when the tempting bait is set and the golden-meshed net is cast for the unwary. What mattered if Gutro's tales were true or not? They were true enough for the season. Some of them left the boy not so tranquil. He began to remember and see, in a new, dawning light, things and people past.

He sometimes brought forth the books and papers which the priest had given him, and tried to read, lying flat on the grass, resting upon his elbows. But he could not find what he sought in the printed page, and he drowsed over it. The woods were full of lights and shades and alive with the flutter and songs of birds. The boy wandered about, for the most part alone, always moving on, restless, expectant, looking for that which lured and eluded him, which he could not overtake.

He would rather have dreamed or done anything that noonday than taken the mules to water. But here was Gutro, who was part human, after all, not wholly a beast, writhing in the clutch of twinges that have attacked more decent men than he. The fellow sat upon a stretched blanket beneath a tree, a huge leg extended, rendered helpless by a sharp and sudden pain which was well nigh unbearable. He could only sit and glare at the afflicted member and curse it.

"Try some of your own magic ointment," suggested the boy; then he turned and swore at the boy. And where was Suzima? Down at the pool, at the foot of the hill, washing the clothes. Oh! the wretch! Oh! the vile woman, to be washing clothes and he here with a hideous fate overtaking him, and the mules there, with lolling tongues, panting for water!

If the boy were not an idiot and a villain (and Gutro strongly suspected

* **It was the time when ... Native's decoys are abroad** : 「생(生)의 실재가 로맨스란 옷으로 감싸여 있고 자연의 유혹들이 산재해 있을 때였다」

* **when the tempting ... cast for the unwary** : 「즉, 유혹하는 미끼가 드리워져 있고, 황금빛 망사 그물이 방심하고 있는 사람들을 향해 던져져 있다」

* **nigh**=near (옛 시어나 방언)

* **at the foot of the hill** : 「언덕의 기슭에」

* **with a hideous fate overtaking him** : 「섬뜩한 운명이 갑자기 그를 엄습해 오는」

* **pant for** : 「그리워 하다, 갈망하다」

him of being both), he might be trusted to lead the valued animals to water. But he must have a care, a hundred cares, for that matter. One of the mules, he must remember, stumbled in going down hill; the other picked up loose stones in his hoof as he went. Then this one should not drink so much as he wanted, while the other should be urged to drink more than he seemed to want. The boy whistled a soft accompaniment to the litany of Gutro's instructions. He had no respect for the man and meant to tell him so some day. He walked away, leading the mules, meaning to deal with them as he saw fit, paying no attention whatever to the stumbling propensity or the instinct for picking up stones.

The air was heavy and hot as a day in summer. Not a leaf stirred on the branches above his head, and not a sound could be heard save the soft splash of the water down at the pool. He felt oppressed and unhappy; he did not know why, and his legs ached as he took long, slow strides down the grassy incline that led through a scattered wood to the water. He wondered what Suzima would say when she saw him for the first time intrusted to care for the mules.

She had finished her washing of the clothes. They were lying, wrung tight, in a small pile, on the pebbly bank. She was seated, naked, upon a broad, flat stone, washing herself, her feet in the water that reached almost up to her round, glistening knees.

He saw her as one sees an object in a flash from a dark sky—sharply, vividly. Her image, against the background of tender green, ate into his brain and into his flesh with the fixedness and intensity of white-hot iron.

"Oh! the devil!" she exclaimed, reaching back hurriedly for the first garment that her hands fell upon, and drawing it across her shoulders. But she need not have troubled to cover herself. After that first flash, he

* whistled a soft accompaniment to the litany of Gutro's instructions : 「구트로의 연속적인 지시에 맞추어 부드럽게 휘파람을 불었다」

* He had no respect for the man : 「그는 인간에 대한 존경심을 전혀 갖고 있지 않았다」

* The air was heavy and hot : 「대기는 침울하고 더웠다」

* Her image, against ... of white-hot iron : 「부드러운 자연의 녹색을 배경으로 하여 그녀의 이미지(영상)는 하얗게 달아오른 강철같이 강렬하게 그리고 확고하게 그의 뇌리속에 그리고 육체 속으로 잠식해 들어 왔다」

did not look again. He kept his face turned from her, leading the mules to the water's edge, and staring down into the pool as they drank. There was no use to look at her; he held her as real and alive in his imagination as she was in the flesh, seated upon the stone.

She said not a word after the first impetuous exclamation. She did not go on with her ablutions, but sat drawn together, clutching the garment over her bosom and staring at him.

When the mules were satisfied he turned and led them up the hill again; but his every action was mechanical. There was a cold moisture on his forehead, and, involuntarily, he took off his hat and wiped his face with his shirt sleeve. His face, all his skin, to the very soles of his feet, was burning and pricking, and every pulse in his body was beating, clamoring, sounding in his ears like confused, distant drum-taps. He shook all over as he dragged his unwilling limbs up the ascent.

The sight of Gutro, bestial, seated helpless there upon the grass, seemed to turn the current of his passion in a new direction. He let the mules go and stood a moment, silent and quivering, before the man. It was only a moment's hesitation in which he seemed to be gathering all his forces to loosen in a torrent of invective and abuse. Where did the rage come from that maddened him? For the first time in his life he uttered oaths and curses that would have made Suzima herself quail. Gutro was suffocating; casting about for any object that his hands fell upon to hurl at the boy.

When the youth's senseless passion had spent itself, he stayed a moment, panting like a wounded animal, then, turning, fled into the woods. When he had gone far and deep into the forest, he threw himself down upon the ground and sobbed.

* **There was a cold moisture on his forehead** : 「그의 이마에는 식은 땀이 났다」

* **take off** : 「(모자를) 벗다」

* **He shook all over... limbs up the ascent** : 「그가 내키지 않는 다리를 질질 끌며 비탈을 오를 때 그의 전신이 떨렸다」

* **casting about for any object** : 「시선을 주위에 돌려 대상을 찾고 있었다」

VIII

Suzima treated the boy as she had never done before. She was less kind to him. She was cross and sulked for a time. It grieved him. He wanted to explain, to tell her that it was not his fault, but he did not dare to approach the subject, while she ignored it. Yet he felt that her ill-humor towards him was unreasonable. There was no renewal of his rage against Gutro, but he did not feel bound to apologize to that individual. Gutro doubted not that the boy was going mad and communicated his misgiving to Suzima. He related to her the scene which had transpired the day she was washing the clothes down at the pool, and intimated that it would be safe to get rid of so dangerous a character.

She had listened, scowling, but interested. Then she told Gutro a few uncomplimentary things on her own account.

The Beast was on his legs again. The pangs and twinges had gone as suddenly and mysteriously as they had come. But he was fearful of a second visitation, and determined to push on towards some point where he might procure professional and skillful treatment. Gutro was in no sense brave, nor was he foolhardy.

There came along some moonlight about that time and the vagabonds took advantage of it to travel by night.

It was the first night out; so beautiful, so still! The wagon moved along the white stony road, its white canopy gleaming in the white moonlight as it crept in and out of the shadows. The iron pots and pans hooked

* **she was cross and sulked for a time** : 「그녀는 한 동안 시무룩하고 부루통해 있었다」

* **ill-humour** : 「기분이 언짢음」

* **he did not feel bound to apologize** : 그는 사죄해야 할 의무가 있다고 느끼지 않았다 (여기서 bound는 bind의 pp.)

* **communicated his misgiving to Suzima** : 스지마(Suzima)에게 그의 걱정을 털어 놓았다.

* **on her own account** : 「자신의 발의로, 그녀 자신의 책임으로」

* **was on his legs again** : 「(회복되어) 다시 거닐 수 있게 되었다」

* **Gutro was in no sense brave, nor was he foolhardy** : 「구트로(Gutro)는 지각없이 용감하지도 않았고 또 무모하지도 않았다」

* **take advantage of** : 「~을 이용하다」

beneath the wagon swung to and fro with a monotonous, scraping sound.

Gutro sat huddled in a heap on the outside seat, half asleep as was his custom when he drove the mules at night. Suzima lay in the wagon and the youth walked on behind it. She, too, had walked some distance—not beside him as she used to, but more abreast of the wagon. She had been singing as she walked along and the echo of her song came back from a distant hillside. But getting tired at last she had sprung into the wagon and now she lay there. She had taken off her shoes and stockings and her bare feet peeped out, gleaming in the moonlight. The youth saw them and looked at them as he walked behind.

He wondered how long he could walk thus—if he could walk the night through. He would not go and sit beside Gutro; the physical repulsion which he felt for the man was too real to admit of such close contact. And there is a question whether Gutro would have permitted it, suspecting the boy, as he did, of being a dangerous and malicious character.

The boy walked on, stumbling. He was troubled, he was distracted and his breath failed him. He wanted sometimes to rush forward and take Suzima's feet between his hands, and then, on the other hand he wanted to turn and flee.

It was in response to neither of these impulses, but in submission to a sudden determination moving him, seemingly, without his volition, that he sprang into the wagon. He sat down at the back with his feet dangling.

The night was cool and pleasant. They were crawling along the edge of a hill, and the whole valley beneath spread out before them more soft, more radiant, more beautiful than brush could ever picture or voice ever tell. The boy did not know that it was pleasant and cool or that the valley was gleaming all for him in a magic splendor. He only knew that

* **to and fro** : 「이리 저리」

* **more abreast of the wagon** : 「마차에 뒤지지 않고 따라갔다」

* **spring into the wagon** : 「마차 안으로 뛰어 오르다」

* **more soft, more radiant, more beautiful than brush could ever picture or voice ever tell** : 「화필로 그림을 그리거나 말로 묘사할 수 있는 것보다 더 부드럽고, 더 빛나고, 더 아름다운」

* **it...that** : 「그가 갑자기 마차 안으로 뛰어 오른 것은 이들 충동에 응해서가 아니라 걸보기엔 강제로 그를 움직이는 갑작스런 결의에 복종해서 이다」

Suzima's bare feet were near him, touching him.

He supposed she was asleep. He drew himself up in the wagon and laid there beside her, rigid, faint, and quivering by turns. Suzima was not asleep. Turning, she folded her arms about him and drew him close to her. She held him fast with her arms and with her lips.

IX

A few days had wrought great changes with the boy. That which he had known before he now comprehended, and with comprehension sympathy awoke. He seemed to have been brought in touch with the universe of men and all things that live. He cared more than ever for the creeping and crawling things, for the beautiful voiceless life that met him at every turn; in sky, in rock, in stream, in the trees and grass and flowers that silently unfolded the mysterious, inevitable existence.

But most of all he cared for Suzima. He talked and laughed and played with her. He watched her as she walked and turned about, and as she worked, helping her where he could. And when she sang her voice penetrated his whole being and seemed to complete the new and bewildering existence that had overtaken him.

There were a thousand new lights in Suzima's eyes that he watched for. She made pretty speeches that sounded in his ears as soft as the slow beating of the south wind. She had become something precious and apart from all things in the world and not to be confounded with them. She was the embodiment of desire and the fulfillment of life.

Suzima was defiant one day because Gutro was drunk. She was always defiant then—when he was brutal and nagging. The boy was near at hand, restless, quivering with apprehension of he knew not what. They

* **bring in touch with** : 「~와 접촉시키다」

* **apart from** : 「~은 별문제로 하고」

* **she was the embodiment of desire and the fulfillment of life** : 「그녀는 욕망의 화신이며 충만한 생명력이었다」

* **quivering with apprehension of he knew not what** : 「그는 무엇인가 알 수 없는 것을 불안해 하며 떨면서」

had stopped to take their rude meal beneath the shade of a tree. Suzima and the boy were gathering up the utensils they had used. Gutro was hooking the mules to the wagon. He talked and nagged and Suzima talked and defied.

"Hush, Suzima," the boy kept whispering. "Oh, hush!"

Suddenly, the man, in a rage, turned to strike her with a halter that he held uplifted, but, quicker than he, the boy was ready with a pointed hunting knife that he seized from the ground.

It was only a scratch that he gave after all, for the woman had thrown herself against him with a force that diverted his deadly aim.

Gutro quaked and reeled with fright; he staggered and stood swaying, livid, with hanging jaw. Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling that came with the dawn of illumination, he began to laugh. Oh, how he laughed! his oily, choking laugh! till the very woods resounded with the vile clamor of it. He leaned up against the wagon holding the fat cushion of his side and pointing a stub of finger. Suzima was red with consciousness, and scowling.

The boy said nothing, but sat down upon the grass. He was not red, like Suzima, but pale and bewildered. He lent no further hand in assisting their departure.

"Go on," he said, when they were ready to start.

"Come," said Suzima, making room for him in the wagon.

"Go on," he told her again. She thought that he would follow, taking a cut through the woods, as he often did. The wagon moved slowly away; the boy stayed leaning on his elbow, picking at the grass.

He had always supposed that he could live in the world a blameless life. He took no merit for he could not recognize within himself a propensity toward evil. He had never dreamed of a devil lurking unknown to him, in his blood, that would some day blind him, disable his will

* **in a rage** : 「성을 내어」

* **quaked and reeled with fright** : 「놀라서 떨며 비틀거렸다」

* **stood swaying livid, with hanging jaw** : 「쭉 내민 턱을 하고 멍이 든 채 흔들거리며 서 있었다」

* **pointing a stub of finger** : 「짧고 몽뚱한 손가락을 가리키면서」

* **taking a cut through the woods** : 「숲속에 지름길을 택해서」

and direct his hands to deeds of violence. For he could not remember that he had willed. He knew that he had seen black and scarlet flashes before his eyes and he was conscious of an impulse which directed him to kill. He had as good as committed a crime for which they hang men. He stayed picking at the grass. An overwhelming confusion of thoughts, fears, intentions crowded upon him. He felt as if he had encountered some hideous being with whom he was not acquainted and who had said to him: "I am yourself." He shrank from trusting himself with this being alone. His soul turned toward the refuge of spiritual help, and he prayed to God and the saints and the Virgin Mary to save him and to direct him.

A mile or more back on the road they had passed an imposing structure built upon a hill. A gilded cross surmounted the pile. There were vineyards covering the slope, gardens and flowers and vegetables, highly and skillfully cultivated. The boy had noticed, when he passed, black-robed figures at work among the vines and in the meadow down along the fence.

The boy arose from the ground and walked away. He did not follow in the direction of the wagon. He turned and walked toward the building on the hill surmounted by a gilded cross.

X

Brother Ludovic was so strong, so stalwart, that the boys of the institution often wished he might be permitted to give an exhibition of his prowess or to enter a contest of some sort whereby they might shine in the reflected honor of his achievements. Some said it all came of sleeping with open windows, winter and summer, because he could not abide the confinement of four walls. Others thought it came of chopping trees. For when he wielded his axe, which was twice the size of any other man's,

* He had as good as committed a crime for which they hang men : 「그는 교수형에 처할 범죄를 저지른거나 다름없었다」.

the forest resounded with the blows. He was not one to dilly-dally about the grape vines or the flower beds, like a woman, mincing with a hoe. He had begun that way, they told each other, but he was soon away in the forest felling trees and out in the fields breaking the stubborn lands. So he had grown to be the young marvel of strength who now excited their youthful imaginations and commanded their respect. He had no mind for books, so they had heard—but what of that! He knew by name every bird and bush and tree, and all the rocks that are buried in the earth and all the soil that covered them. He was a friend of all the seasons and all the elements. He was a hero of the wood, to the vivid imagination of the young.

In reality he was still a youth, hardly past the age when men are permitted to have a voice and a will in the direction of government of the state. There was a stubborn growth of beard upon his face, which he shaved clean every morning and which wore the purple shadow again before night.

He often felt that he had been born anew, the day whereupon he had entered the gate of this holy refuge. That hideous, evil spectre of himself lurking outside, ready at any moment to claim him should he venture within its reach, was, for a long time, a menace to him. But he had come to dread it no longer, secure in the promise of peace which his present life held out to him.

The dreams of the youth found their object among the saintly and celestial beings presented to his imagination constantly, and to his pious contemplation. The bodily energy of youth spent itself in physical labor that taxed his endurance to the utmost. By day he worked, he studied,

* **to dilly-dally** : (구어) 「빈둥거리다」

* **mincing with a hoe** : 「괭이로 다지면서」

* **he had grown to be ... commanded their respect** : 「그는 성장해서 이제 젊은이의 상상력을 자극하며 존경을 받을 만한 놀라운 힘을 지닌 젊은이가 되었다」

* **have no mind for books** : 「책을 볼 마음이 전혀없다」

* **know by name** : 「이름을 알고 있다」 cf. **know by sight** : 이름은 모르나 얼굴을 알고 있다.

* **The bodily energy of ... to the utmost** : 「더이상 참을 수 없게 하는 육체 노동으로 그는 젊음의 정열을 발산했다」

he assisted in the guidance and instruction of boys.

At night he slept a sleep of exhaustion, complete oblivion. Sometimes, at the approach of dawn, when his slumber lightened, some disturbing vision would weave itself into a dream to fool his fancy. Half asleep, half waking, he roamed the woods again, following, following, never overtaking a woman—that one woman he had known—who lured him.

“Come, come on!” she would say while the white-topped wagon drew her always further and further away, out of his reach. But he knew a prayer—a dozen prayers—which could dispel any trick that a dream might put upon him.

XI

Brother Ludovic had a great fancy, all his own, and one whose execution he was permitted to undertake. It was to build, with his own hands, a solid stone wall around the “Refuge.” The idea had come to him like an inspiration, and it took hold of his imagination with the fixedness of a settled purpose in life. He was in a fever till he had begun his work: hauling the stones, laying them in position, binding them firm with sand and mortar. He liked to speculate upon the number of years that it would take him to complete the task. He liked to picture himself an old man, grown feeble with age, living upon this peaceful summit all enclosed by the solid stone wall built with the strength of his youth and manhood.

The Brothers were greatly interested and at the outset would collect together during the hours of recess, in small bands, and crossing vineyard and meadow, would repair to the scene of his labor.

“You’ll not be telling me it’s yourself that lifted the stone, Brother Ludovic?” and each would take turn in vain attempt to heave some

* **Sometimes, at the approach of ... to fool his fancy** : 「때때로 새벽녘에, 선 잠 들게 되면, 어떤 마음을 어지럽히는 환영이 엮어져서 그의 환상을 희롱하는 하나의 꿈을 이루곤 했다」

* **take hold of** : 「사로잡다」

* **in a fever** : 「정신없이, 열광하여」

* **at the outset** : 「~최초에」

monster which the younger man had laid in position. What would Brother Ludovic have done by the end of the year? was a never failing source of amiable controversy among them all. He worked on like the ant.

XII

It was a spring day, just such another day as when he had first entered at the gate. The breeze lashed his gown about his legs as he quitted the group that had assembled after dinner to take their customary exercise around the brick-paved walk.

"It's a prison he'll be putting us in, with his stone wall!" called out a little jovial Brother in spectacles. Brother Ludovic laughed as he walked away, clutching at his hat. He descended the slope, taking long strides. So nearly perfect was his bodily condition that he was never conscious of the motion of limb or the movement of muscle that propelled him.

The wheat was already high in the meadow. He touched it with his finger-tips as he walked through, gathering up his narrow skirt as far as the knees. There were yellow butterflies floating on ahead, and grasshoppers sprang aside in noisy confusion.

He had obtained permission to work the whole afternoon and the prospect elated him. He often wondered whether it were really the work which he enjoyed or the opportunity to be out in the open air, close to the earth and the things growing thereon.

There was a good bit of wall well started. Brother Ludovic stood for a while contemplating with satisfaction the result of his labor; then he set to work with stone and mortar and trowel. There was ease in his every movement and energy in the steady glow of his dark eyes.

* **clutch at** : 「~에 달려들어 붙잡다」

* **taking long strides** : 「큰 걸음으로 걸으면서」

* **There was a good bit of wall well started** : 「담 쌓는 일이 상당히 많이 진척되어 있었다」

Suddenly Brother Ludovic stopped, lifting his head with the mute quivering attention of some animal in the forest, startled at the scent of approaching danger. What had come over him? Was there some invisible, malicious spirit abroad, that for pure wantonness had touched him, floating by, and transported him to other times and scenes? The air was hot and heavy, the leaves were motionless upon the trees. He was walking with aching limbs down a grassy incline, leading the mules to water. He could hear soft splashing at the pool. An image that had once been branded into his soul, that had grown faint and blurred, unfolded before his vision with the poignancy of life. Was he mad?

The moon was shining, and there was a valley that lay in peaceful slumber all bathed in its soft radiance. A white-topped wagon was creeping along a white, stony road, in and out of the shadows. An iron pot scraped as it swung beneath.

He knew now that he had pulses, for they were clamoring, and flesh, for it tingled and burned as if pricked with nettles.

He had heard the voice of a woman singing the catchy refrain from an opera; the voice and song that he heard sometimes in dreams, which vanished at the first holy exhortation. The sound was faint and distant, but it was approaching, coming nearer and nearer. The trowel fell from Brother Ludovic's hand and he leaned upon the wall and listened; not now like a frightened animal at the approach of danger.

The voice drew nearer and nearer; the woman drew nearer and nearer. She was coming; she was here. She was there, passing in the road beneath,

* **What had come over him?** : 「무엇이 그를 엄습했을까?」

* **Was there some invisible, ...to other times and scenes?** : 「순수한 변덕스러움이 그를 자극했으므로 어떤 보이지 않는 사악한 생각이 떠올라 그를 평소 때와 장소에 열중케 했을까」, be trasported : 도취(열중)케 하다. 황홀케 하다.

* **A white-topped wagon was ... of the shadow** : 「꼭대기가 하얀 포장마차가 그림자에 보였다 안 보였다 하면서 하얀 돌길을 따라 미끄러져 나가고 있었다」

* **the catchy refrain from an opera** : 「오페라에 나오는 외우기 쉬운 가락의 후렴」

leading by the bridle a horse attached to a small, light wagon. She was alone, walking with uplifted throat, singing her song.

He watched her as she passed. He sprang upon the bit of wall he had built and stood there, the breeze lashing his black frock. He was conscious of nothing in the world but the voice that was calling him and the cry of his own being that responded. Brother Ludovic bounded down from the wall and followed the voice of the woman.

* **leading by the bridle a horse attached to a small, light wagon** : 「조그마하고 가벼운 포장마차가 부착된 한필의 말을 고삐로 이끌면서」

* **but the voice that... his own being that responded** : 「오로지 그를 부르고 있는 목소리와 그 소리에 응답하는 자신의 울부짖음만을 그는 알 수 있었다」. 여기서 voice는 desire로 볼 수 있다. (금욕주의의 수도사적인 삶과 육체의 본능에 의한 삶 사이에 강렬한 심리적 갈등을 일으킴)

* **bound down** : 「뛰어 내리다」

Criticism

Essays in Criticism

PERCIVAL POLLARD

[The Unlikely Awakening of a Married Woman]†

* * * "The Awakening" asked us to believe that a young woman who had been several years married, and had borne children, had never, in all that time, been properly "awake." It would be an arresting question for students of sleep-walking; but one must not venture down that bypath now. Her name was Edna Pontellier. She was married to a man who had Creole blood in him; yet the marrying, and the having children, and all the rest of it, had left her still slumbrous, still as innocent of her physical self, as the young girl who graduates in the early summer would have us believe she is. She was almost at the age that Balzac held so dangerous—almost she was the Woman of Thirty—yet she had not properly tasted the apple of knowledge. She had to wait until she met a young man who was not her husband, was destined to tarry until she was under the influence of a Southern moonlight and the whispers of the Gulf and many other passionate things, before there began in her the first faint flushings of desire. So, at any rate, Kate Chopin asked us to believe.

The cynic was forced to observe that simply because a young woman showed interest in a man who was not her husband, especially at a fashionable watering-place, in a month when the blood was hottest, there was no need to argue the aforesaid fair female had lain coldly dormant all her life. There are women in the world quite as versatile as the butterfly, and a sprouting of the physical today need not mean that yesterday was all spiritual.

However, taking Kate Chopin's word for it that Edna had been asleep, her awakening was a most champagne-like performance. After she met Robert Lebrun the awakening stirred in her, to use a rough simile, after the manner of ferment in new wine. Robert would, I fancy, at any Northern summer resort have been sure of a lynching; for, after a trifling encounter with him, Edna became utterly unmanageable. She neglected her house; she tried to paint—

† From Percival Pollard, *Their Day in Court* (New York and Washington: Neale Publishing, 1909), pp. 41-45. Footnotes are by the editor.

1. Honoré de Balzac (1799-1850), a master of the French novel. In 1841 he published a novel called *La Femme de Trente Ans* [The Woman of Thirty].

always a bad sign, that, when women want to paint, or act, or sing, or write!—and the while she painted there was “a subtle current of desire passing through her body, weakening her hold upon the brushes and making her eyes burn.”

* * *

All this, mind you, with Robert merely a reminiscence. If the mere memory of him made her weak, what must the touch of him have done? Fancy shrinks at so volcanic a scene. Ah, these sudden awakenings of women, of women who prefer the dead husband to the quick, of women who accept the croupier's caresses while waiting for hubby to come up for the week-end, and of women who have been in a trance, though married! Especially the awakenings of women like Edna!

We were asked to believe that Edna was devoid of coquetry; that she did not know the cheap delights of promiscuous conquests; though sometimes on the street glances from strange eyes lingered in her memory, disturbing her. Well, then those are the women to look out for—those women so easily disturbed by the unfamiliar eye. Those women do not seem to care, once they are awake, so much for the individual as for what he represents. Consider Edna. It was Robert who awoke her. But, when he went away, it was another who continued the arousal. Do you think Edna cared whether it was Robert or Arobin? Not a bit. Arobin's kiss upon her hand acted on her like a narcotic, causing her to sleep “a languorous sleep, interwoven with vanishing dreams.” You see, she was something of a quick-change sleep-artist: first she slept; a look at Robert awakened her; Arobin's kiss sent her off into dreamland again; a versatile somnambulist, this. Yet she must have been embarrassing; you could never have known just when you had her in a trance or out of it.

How wonderful, how magical those Creole kisses of Arobin's must have been, if one of them, upon the hand, could send Edna to sleep! What might another sort of kiss have done? One shivers thinking of it; one has uncanny visions of a beautiful young woman all ablaze with passion as with a robe of fire. Arobin, however, had no such fears. He continued gaily to awake Edna—or to send her to sleep; our author was never clear which was which!—and it was not long before he was allowed to talk to her in a way that pleased her, “appealing to the animalism that stirred impatiently within her.” One wonders what he said! It was not long before a kiss was permitted Arobin. “She clasped his head, holding his lips to hers. It was the first kiss of her life to which her nature had really responded. It was a flaming torch that kindled desire.”

2. The living.

3. Croupier: one who stands second,

usually used in reference to one who runs a gambling table.

Ah, these married women, who have never, by some strange chance, had the flaming torch applied, how they do flash out when the right moment comes! This heroine, after that first flaming torch, went to her finish with lightning speed. She took a walk with Arobin, and paused, mentally, to notice "the black line of his leg moving in and out so close to her against the yellow shimmer of her gown." She let the young man sit down beside her, let him caress her, and they did not "say good-night until she had become supple to his gentle seductive entreaties."

To think of Kate Chopin, who once contented herself with mild yarns about genteel Creole life—pages almost clean enough to put into the Sunday school library, abreast of Geo. W. Cable's stories—blowing us a hot blast like that! Well, San Francisco, and Paris, and London, and New York had furnished *Women Who Did*; why not New Orleans?

* * *

It may seem indelicate, in view of where we left Edna, to return to her at once; we must let some little time elapse. Imagine, then, that time elapsed, and Robert returned. He did not know that Arobin had been taking a hand in Edna's awakening. Robert had gone away, it seems, because he scrupled to love Edna, she being married. But Edna had no scruples left; she hastened to intimate to Robert that she loved him, that her husband meant nothing to her. Never, by any chance, did she mention Arobin. But, dear me, Arobin, to a woman like that, had been merely an incident; he merely happened to hold the torch. Now, what in the world do you suppose that Robert did? Went away—pouff!—like that! Went away, saying he loved Edna too well to—well, to partake of the fire the other youth had lit. Think of it! Edna finally awake—completely, fiercely awake—and the man she had waked up for goes away!

Of course, she went and drowned herself. She realised that you can only put out fire with water, if all other chemical engines go away. She realised that the awakening was too great; that she was too aflame; that it was now merely Man, not Robert or Arobin, that she desired. So she took an infinite dip in the passionate Gulf.

Ah, what a hiss, what a fiery splash, there must have been in those warm waters of the South! But—what a pity that poor Pontellier, Edna's husband, never knew that his wife was in a trance all their wedded days, and that he was away at the moment of her awakening! * * *

DANIEL S. RANKIN

[Influences Upon the Novel]†

* * * What is most curious and valuable to consider, is the relationship between Kate Chopin's life and her study of the feminine mind in *The Awakening*. The author's imagination, as a very young girl, through the zeal and the story-telling propensity of her great-grandmother, had been saturated with a keen interest in woman's nature, and its mysterious vagaries. This curiosity never dimmed.

I believe *The Awakening* had its origin in these story-telling days of impressionable youth. I have no doubt Kate Chopin's sympathies in the stories told her by Madame Victoria Charleville were with Madame Chouteau. One review suggested that her sympathies in *The Awakening* were with Edna (*The Los Angeles Times*, June 25, 1899). I believe they were.

More important than the consideration of the influence of curiosity aroused in youth, is the endeavor to discriminate and discover the literary influences that engendered *The Awakening*. The novel may be similar to D'Annunzio's *Triumph of Death*, Edna may be "la femme de trente ans" whose dangerous attractions Marcel Proust admirably displayed, but it is also possible to decide that Kate Chopin was influenced by Beardsley's hideous and haunting pictures, with their disfiguring leer of sensuality, yet carrying a distinguishing strength and grace and individuality.

An exposition of an author as nothing but a synthesis of influences, strong and sharply defined as links in a chain, does more credit to an investigator's industry and intimate acquaintance with fiction than to a sense of perspective, and to what I must call, for want of a more comprehensive phrase, a knowledge of literary

† From Daniel S. Rankin, *Kate Chopin and Her Creole Stories* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1932), pp. 173-175.

This first biography of Chopin, though containing a number of inaccuracies, is invaluable in its collection of remembrances from Chopin contemporaries. The footnotes are by the editor.

1. Victoria Verdon Charleville (1780-1863), Kate O'Flaherty's maternal great-grandmother, was a contemporary of the first settlers of St. Louis and delighted in telling the young Kate stories and legends about the founding of the city. Marie Thérèse Chouteau, the subject of one of these stories, left her husband after the birth of their son Auguste and formed an unsanctioned but

widely approved union with Pierre Laclède, the founder of St. Louis, by whom she had four children.

2. Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863-1938), Italian novelist, author of *Triumph of Death*, a novel about extramarital love which ends with the death of the lovers in the sea.

3. "The woman of thirty." Odette de Crecy Swan in *Remembrance of Things Past*, by Marcel Proust (1871-1922), may be the woman alluded to. More likely is that Rankin took the idea from Pollard, who more precisely attributes the phrase to Balzac. See note 1, p. 160.

4. Rankin is incorporating the idea and the phraseology of the review which appeared in the *Los Angeles Sunday Times*. See p. 152.

psychology. Kate Chopin was an original genius. Her story may be similar to any number of novels, but all suggestion of direct literary descent in method or manner of treatment is false. Literary influences are deceptive at best, and in the case of Kate Chopin no single author can be said to have contributed the weightiest influential impetus to *The Awakening*. She was a great reader, a contemporary mind. She absorbed the atmosphere and the mood of the ending of the century, as that ending is reflected in Continental European art and literature. Perhaps in St. Louis she was closest in touch with the tendencies of the century's ending—in music, poetry, fiction. She was not imitative in the narrow sense of being completely under the sway of any one writer, but the range of her debts is wide: Flaubert, Tolstoi, Turgénieff, D'Annunzio, Bourget, especially de Maupassant, all contributed to her broad and diverse culture.

The Awakening follows the current of erotic morbidity that flowed strongly through the literature of the last two decades of the nineteenth century. The end of the century became a momentary dizziness over an abyss of voluptuousness, and Kate Chopin in St. Louis experienced a partial attack of the prevailing artistic vertigo. The philosophy of Schopenhauer, the music of Wagner, the Russian novel, Maeterlinck's plays—all this she absorbed. *The Awakening* in her case is the result—an impression of life as a delicious agony of longing.

In *The Awakening* under her touch the Creole life of Louisiana glowed with a rich exotic beauty. The very atmosphere of the book is voluptuous, the atmosphere of the Gulf Coast, a place of strange and passionate moods.

The mania for the exotic that fed upon evocations of a barbaric past—Salome's dance, Cleopatra's luxury, the splendor and cruelty of Salammbo's Carthage—gave energy to the creation in this coun-

5. Gustave Flaubert (1828–1880), French novelist whose *Madame Bovary* has been thought by a number of critics, the first of whom was Willa Cather, to be the model for Chopin's novel. Leo Tolstoy (1828–1910), Russian novelist best known for his *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. He wrote a novel originally entitled *The Awakening* which was published serially in *The Cosmopolitan*; the title was changed to *The Resurrection* when it was published in book form (Rankin, p. 177). Ivan Turgénieff (Turgenev), Russian novelist (1818–1883) best known for his *Fathers and Children*. Paul Bourget (1852–1935), French psychological novelist. Guy de Maupassant (1850–1893), French writer whom Chopin particularly admired; she translated four of his short pieces. He wrote a short sketch also entitled "The Awakening."

6. Arthur Schopenhauer (1788–1860),

German philosopher known for his dark vision of the human condition. Richard Wagner (1813–1883), German composer of elaborate operas based on Nordic and Teutonic mythology. Maurice Maeterlinck (1862–1949), Belgian writer best known for his symbolic dramas. Rankin is not suggesting any specific influence, but rather the excesses which were thought to be characteristic of the end of the century.

7. Salome, a Biblical figure who danced for Herod and demanded the head of John the Baptist as a reward. Oscar Wilde's play (1894) on the subject suggests Salome's romantic attachment to the Baptist. Cleopatra, queen of Egypt from 69 B.C. to 30 B.C., figures in plays by Shakespeare and Dryden and in George Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* (1900). *Salammbo* (1862) is a novel by Flaubert set in ancient Carthage.

try of two works dealing with southern Louisiana, Lafcadio Hearn's *Chita* and Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*. These books owe nothing to each other. They are derived from a common source.

The Awakening is exotic in setting, morbid in theme, erotic in motivation.

Kate Chopin felt most profoundly and expressed most poignantly in *The Awakening* facts about life which to her were important, facts which easily might be overlooked, she thought. Being a woman she saw life instinctively in terms of the individual. She took a direct, personal, immediate interest in the intimate personal affairs of Edna's daily life and changing moods. But the questions arise, "Is it at all important? Did Kate Chopin by her art reveal a fresh beauty or vision or aspiration?" In all earnestness she meant *The Awakening* to be something more than literature, more than the mere art of writing, more than a pleasant help for the passing of leisure hours!

The reader, following Edna as she walks for the last time down to the beach at Grand Isle—well, what does he feel? Merely that human nature can be a sickening reality. Then the insistent query comes—*cui bono*?

KENNETH EBLE

A Forgotten Novel†

* * * The claim of the book upon the reader's attention is simple. It is a first-rate novel. The justification for urging its importance is that we have few enough novels of its stature. One could add that it is advanced in theme and technique over the novels of its day, and that it anticipates in many respects the modern novel. It could be claimed that it adds to American fiction an example of what Gide called the *roman pur*, a kind of novel not characteristic of American writing. One could offer the book as evidence that the regional writer can go beyond the limitations of regional material. But these matters aside, what recommends the novel is its general excellence.

It is surprising that the book has not been picked up today by

8. Lafcadio Hearn (1850–1904), American journalist and novelist whose *Chita* (1887) concerns a young Creole girl who survives a mid-century hurricane on Grand Isle.

9. The expression, meaning "what's the use?", was first used in relation to the novel by Frances Porcher. See note 1, p. 145.

† From Kenneth Eble, "A Forgotten

Novel: Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*," *Western Humanities Review*, X (Summer 1956), 261–269. Footnotes are by the editor.

1. Andre Gide (1869–1951), French writer and critic. The phrase *roman pur*, the "pure novel," distinguishes the work from other forms of the genre such as *roman à thèse*, the "novel with a purpose."

reprint houses long on lurid covers and short on new talent. The nature of its theme, which had much to do with its adverse reception in 1899, would offer little offense today. In a way, the novel is an American *Bovary*, though such a designation is not precisely accurate. Its central character is similar: the married woman who seeks love outside a stuffy, middle-class marriage. It is similar too in the definitive way it portrays the mind of a woman trapped in marriage and seeking fulfillment of what she vaguely recognizes as her essential nature. The husband, Léonce Pontellier, is a businessman whose nature and preoccupations are not far different from those of Charles Bovary. There is a Léon Dupuis in Robert Lebrun, a Rodolphe Boulanger in Alcée Arobin. And too, like *Madame Bovary*, the novel handles its material superbly well. Kate Chopin herself was probably more than any other American writer of her time under French influence. Her background was French-Irish; she married a Creole; she read and spoke French and knew contemporary French literature well; she associated both in St. Louis and Louisiana with families of French ancestry and disposition. But despite the similarities and the possible influences, the novel, chiefly because of the independent character of its heroine, Edna Pontellier, and because of the intensity of the focus upon her, is not simply a good but derivative work. It has a manner and matter of its own.

Quite frankly, the book is about sex. Not only is it about sex, but the very texture of the writing is sensuous, if not sensual, from the first to the last. Even as late as 1932, Chopin's biographer, Daniel Rankin, seemed somewhat shocked by it. He paid his respects to the artistic excellence of the book, but he was troubled by "that insistent query—*cui bono?*" He called the novel "exotic in setting, morbid in theme, erotic in motivation." One questions the accuracy of these terms, and even more the moral disapproval implied in their usage. One regrets that Mr. Rankin did not emphasize that the book was amazingly honest, perceptive and moving.

* * *

Kate Chopin, almost from her first story, had the ability to capture character, to put the right word in the mouth, to impart the exact gesture, to select the characteristic action. An illustration of her deftness in handling even minor characters is her treatment of Edna's father. When he leaves the Pontelliers' after a short visit, Edna is glad to be rid of him and "his padded shoulders, his Bible reading, his 'toddies,' and ponderous oaths." A moment later, it is a side of Edna's nature which is revealed. She felt a sense of relief at her father's absence; "she read Emerson until she grew sleepy."

Characterization was always Mrs. Chopin's talent. Structure was not. Those who knew her working habits say that she seldom re-

vised, and she herself mentions that she did not like reworking her stories. Though her reputation rests upon her short narratives, her collected stories give abundant evidence of the sketch, the outlines of stories which remain unformed. And when she did attempt a tightly organized story, she often turned to Maupassant and was as likely as not to effect a contrived symmetry. Her early novel *At Fault* suffers most from her inability to control her material. In *The Awakening* she is in complete command of structure. She seems to have grasped instinctively the use of the unifying symbol—there the sea, sky and sand—and with it the power of individual images to bind the story together.

The sea, the sand, the sun and sky of the Gulf Coast become almost a presence themselves in the novel. Much of the sensuousness of the book comes from the way the reader is never allowed to stray far from the water's edge. A refrain beginning "The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, clamoring, murmuring, . . ." is used throughout the novel. It appears first at the beginning of Edna Pontellier's awakening, and it appears at the end as the introduction to the long final scene, previously quoted. Looking closely at the final form of this refrain, one can notice the care with which Mrs. Chopin composed this theme and variation. In the initial statement, the sentence does not end with "solitude," but goes on, as it should, "to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation." Nor is the image of the bird with the broken wing in the earlier passage; rather there is a prefiguring of the final tragedy: "The voice of the sea speaks to the soul. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft close embrace." The way scene, mood, action and character are fused reminds one not so much of literature as of an impressionist painting, of a Renoir with much of the sweetness missing. Only Stephen Crane, among her American contemporaries, had an equal sensitivity to light and shadow, color and texture, had the painter's eye matched with the writer's perception of character and incident.

The best example of Mrs. Chopin's use of a visual image which is also highly symbolic is the lady in black and the two nameless lovers. They are seen as touches of paint upon the canvas and as indistinct yet evocative figures which accompany Mrs. Pontellier and Robert Lebrun during the course of their intimacy. They appear first early in the novel. "The lady in black was reading her morning devotions on the porch of a neighboring bath house. Two young lovers were exchanging their heart's yearning beneath the

2. Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1841-1919), French impressionist painter.
3. Stephen Crane (1871-1900), American novelist and short-story writer whose

The Red Badge of Courage introduced the "stream of consciousness" novel to America in 1895.

children's tent which they had found unoccupied." Throughout the course of Edna's awakening, these figures appear and reappear, the lovers entering the pension, leaning toward each other as the water-oaks bent from the sea, the lady in black, creeping behind them. They accompany Edna and Robert when they first go to the Chênrière, "the lovers, shoulder to shoulder, creeping, the lady in black, gaining steadily upon them." When Robert departs from Mexico, the picture changes. Lady and lovers depart together, and Edna finds herself back from the sea and shore, and set among her human acquaintances, her husband; her father; Mme. Reisz, the musician, "a homely woman with a small wizened face and body, and eyes that glowed"; Alcée Arobin; Mme. Raginolle; and others. One brief scene from this milieu will further illustrate Mrs. Chopin's conscious or unconscious symbolism.

The climax of Edna's relationship with Arobin is the dinner which is to celebrate her last night in her and her husband's house. Edna is ready to move to a small place around the corner where she can escape (though she does not phrase it this way) the feeling that she is one more of Léonce Pontellier's possessions. At the dinner Victor Lebrun, Robert's brother, begins singing, "Ah! si tu savais!" a song which brings back all her memories of Robert. She sets her glass so blindly down that she shatters it against the carafe. "The wine spilled over Arobin's legs and some of it trickled down upon Mrs. Highcamp's black gauze gown." After the other guests have gone, Edna and Arobin walk to the new house. Mrs. Chopin writes of Edna, "She looked down, noticing the black line of his leg moving in and out so close to her against the yellow shimmer of her gown." The chapter concludes:

His hand had strayed to her beautiful shoulders, and he could feel the response of her flesh to his touch. He seated himself beside her and kissed her lightly upon the shoulder.

"I thought you were going away," she said, in an uneven voice.

"I am, after I have said good night."

"Good night," she murmured.

He did not answer, except to continue to caress her. He did not say good night until she had become supple to his gentle, seductive entreaties.

It is not surprising that the sensuous quality of the book, both from the incidents of the novel and the symbolic implications, would have offended contemporary reviewers. What convinced many critics of the indecency of the book, however, was not simply the sensuous scenes, but rather that the author obviously sympathized with Mrs. Pontellier. More than that, the readers probably found that she aroused their own sympathies.

It is a letter from an English reader which states most clearly, in a matter-of-fact way, the importance of Edna Pontellier. The letter was to Kate Chopin from Lady Janet Scammon Young, and included a more interesting analysis of the novel by Dr. Dunrobin Thomson, a London physician whom Lady Janet said a great editor had called "the soundest critic since Matthew Arnold." "That which makes *The Awakening* legitimate," Dr. Thomson wrote, "is that the author deals with the commonest of human experiences. You fancy *Edna's* case exceptional? Trust an old doctor—most common." He goes on to speak of the "abominable prudishness" masquerading as "modesty or virtue," which makes the woman who marries a victim. For passion is regarded as disgraceful and the self-respecting female assumes she does not possess passion. "In so far as normally constituted womanhood *must* take account of something *sexual*," he points out, "it is called love." But marital love and passion may not be one. The wise husband, Dr. Thomson advises, seeing within his wife the "mysterious affinity" between a married woman and a man who stirs her passions, will help her see the distinction between her heart and her love, which wifely loyalty owes to the husband, and her body, which yearns for awakening. But more than clinically analyzing the discrepancy between Victorian morals and woman's nature, Dr. Thomson testifies that Mrs. Chopin has not been false or sensational to no purpose. He does not feel that she has corrupted, nor does he regard the warring within Edna's self as insignificant.

Greek tragedy—to remove ourselves from Victorian morals—knew well *eros* was not the kind of *love* which can be easily prettified and sentimentalized. Phaedra's struggle with elemental passion in the *Hippolytus* is not generally regarded as being either morally offensive or insignificant. Mrs. Pontellier, too, has the power, the dignity, the self-possession of a tragic heroine. She is not an Emma Bovary, deluded by ideas of "romance," nor is she the sensuous but guilt-ridden woman of the sensational novel. We can find only partial reason for her affair in the kind of romantic desire to escape a middle-class existence which animates Emma Bovary. Edna Pontellier is neither deluded nor deludes. She is woman, the physical woman who, despite her Kentucky Presbyterian upbringing and a comfortable marriage, must struggle with the sensual appeal of physical ripeness itself, with passion of which she is only dimly aware. Her struggle is not melodramatic, nor is it artificial, nor vapid. It is objective, real and moving. And when she walks into the sea, it does not leave a reader with the sense of sin punished, but

4. See page 155 for the complete letters.

5. Passionate love, after the Greek god Eros.

6. Euripides' play *Hippolytus*, in which

Phaedra, wife of Theseus, is made to fall passionately in love with Hippolytus by Aphrodite, who is angry because Hippolytus has scorned the love of women.

rather with the sense evoked by Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Eros Turannos*:⁷

. . . for they
That with a god have striven
Not hearing much of what we say,
Take what the god has given;
Though like waves breaking it may be,
Or like a changed familiar tree,
Or like a stairway to the sea
Where down the blind are driven.

How wrong to call Edna, as Daniel Rankin does, "a selfish, capricious" woman. Rather, Edna's struggle, the struggle with *eros* itself, is farthest removed from capriciousness. It is her self-awareness, and her awakening into a greater degree of self-awareness than those around her can comprehend, which gives her story dignity and significance.

Our advocacy of the novel is not meant to obscure its faults. It is not perfect art, but in total effect it provokes few dissatisfactions. A sophisticated modern reader might find something of the derivative about it. Kate Chopin read widely, and a list of novelists she found interesting would include Flaubert, Tolstoy, Turgenev, D'Annunzio, Bourget, Goncourt and Zola. It is doubtful, however, that there was any direct borrowing, and *The Awakening* exists, as do most good novels, as a product of the author's literary, real, and imagined life.

How Mrs. Chopin managed to create in ten years the substantial body of work she achieved is no less a mystery than the excellence of *The Awakening* itself. But, having added to American literature a novel uncommon in its kind as in its excellence, she deserves not to be forgotten. *The Awakening* deserves to be restored and to be given its place among novels worthy of preservation.

MARIE FLETCHER

[The Southern Woman in Fiction]†

* * * Kate Chopin's most ambitious work is *The Awakening*, a novel which tells of the awakening of Edna Pontellier from the easy comfort of a marriage of convenience to a realization of what she

7. Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-1935), American poet. His "Eros Turannos," about a woman's life-experience with *eros*, is from his volume *The Man Against the Sky* (1916).

† From Marie Fletcher, "The Southern Woman in the Fiction of Kate Chopin," *Louisiana History*, VII (Spring 1966), 117-32. Author's footnotes deleted.

considers to be the deeper needs of her soul. Edna, a Kentucky Presbyterian, has impetuously and somewhat rebelliously married the Louisiana Creole, Léonce Pontellier. It is suggested that the marriage was purely an accident, a decree of Fate, for it is "his absolute devotion" and "the violent opposition of her father and her sister Margaret to her marriage with a Catholic" that led Edna to accept Léonce. But as subsequent developments in the novel reveal, Edna's first "rebellion" was only one of many. Indeed, her entire life is a flight from one kind of confinement after another.

In an account of a summer vacation on Grand Isle, Mrs. Pontellier is sharply contrasted with the other New Orleans matrons so that the qualities of Creole wives and mothers are emphasized. She is definitely not one of the "mother women" who prevail on the island:

It was easy to know them, fluttering about with extended, protecting wings when any harm, real or imaginary, threatened their brood. They were women who idolized their children, worshiped their husbands, and esteemed it a holy privilege to efface themselves as individuals and grow wings as ministering angels.

One of these mothers, Adele Ratignolle, is "the embodiment of every womanly grace and charm." With her beauty "flaming and apparent," she is like "the bygone heroines of romance and the fair lady of our dreams." She has spun-gold hair hanging loose, sapphire blue eyes, lips like cherries or other delicious crimson fruit, soft white skin, slender hands and arms. The fact that she is growing a little stout does not detract from her poise and grace. Her exquisite hands draw attention as she threads her needle or adjusts her gold thimble to sew on night-drawers for her children. Even when she visits, Adele takes her sewing with her; and though Edna is not concerned about winter garments for her sons, in order not to appear unamiable, she cuts a pattern for their drawers. Unlike the French ladies, she cannot devote herself exclusively to her husband and children. She hugs her sons passionately one moment and then forgets them the next; she is even gratified by their occasional absence. Edna is willing to give her time and her money but not her inner self to her family.

Mrs. Pontellier, intimately associated with a group of Creoles for the first time, is impressed forcibly by their "entire absence of prudery. Their freedom of expression was at first incomprehensible to her, though she had no difficulty in reconciling it with a lofty chastity which in the Creole woman seems to be inborn and unmistakable." A book openly read and discussed by the others, Edna feels compelled to read only in secret. Like most Creole women, Madame Ratignolle has a baby about every two years. During this

summer she talks constantly about her "condition," though her pregnancy—her fourth in seven years—is in no way apparent and no one would have known about it had she not persisted in making it a topic of conversation. Even the young Creole Robert Lebrun joins in until he notices the color mount into Mrs. Pontellier's face. After that, when she arrives, he even stops the amusing stories he often tells the married women.

Always "self-contained," Edna "was not accustomed to an outward and spoken expression of affection, either in herself or in others," and hardly knows how to accept the spontaneous caresses of her French associates. In fact, one reason she grew fond of her husband was her "realizing with some unaccountable satisfaction that no trace of passion or excessive and fictitious warmth colored her affection, thereby threatening its dissolution."

* * *

She is not like the Creole women in being able to continue as a long-suffering, self-sacrificing, faithful, and loyal wife and mother when love is gone. She is also unable—perhaps because of her Protestant rigidity, anarchic individualism, pride, and conscience—to live on and enjoy the fuller, happier life of which her "awakening" has made her aware. For love, of which she is now capable, is also a threat to selfhood, which she still cannot surrender. The easy-going, relaxed Creole women, with their South European Catholic background, function as norms against which to contrast Edna's little drama of revolt first against the life for which her ancestry and rearing designed her and then her final escape from the consequences of repudiating this life and learning about a more complete existence. Her suicide is the last in a series of rebellions which structure her life, give it pathos, and make of the novel a study in contrasting cultures (as well as an interpretation of the "new woman").

* * * the Creole girl lives to become a Creole wife; she should marry once, and, once married, she should be a devoted and dutiful wife even though her husband and her life in general may prove anything but ideal. With their assumption that marriage is of supreme importance, these women see no happiness, actually no real existence, without marriage; and most of them are wed young. To satisfy her strong maternal instinct, it was assumed that a woman should by all means have children to complete the family. If she is unable to marry or if she marries and has no children, she feels the lack very deeply.

Though the heroines of Kate Chopin's local color fiction have some of the characteristics of the traditional lady, changes are already appearing. However, Edna Pontellier, a Southerner, though a

Kentucky Protestant rather than a Creole Roman Catholic, is the only one of the heroines who finds and likes personal independence. The irony is that to keep from relinquishing it she has to commit suicide. Sexually awakened as she is, she cannot bear to live on as the wife of Léonce Pontellier; Robert Leburn does not really want her; and with Alcée Arobin there is no feeling of companionship, only sexual satisfaction about which she has a sense of guilt because of her feeling that she has betrayed Robert.

The most unchanging quality in Southern heroines is the ideal of chastity. In spite of her realism, or perhaps because of it, Kate Chopin, throughout her work, upholds the Creole belief in the purity of womanhood and those other aspects of the feminine mystique and Southern cult of family which follow from it. There is "modern" honesty in her treatment of human situations, such as Edna Pontellier's awakening, her need for fulfillment, and her inability to live on with her husband in a hypocritical relationship. Emotional realism notwithstanding, Mrs. Chopin's fictional treatment of French Louisiana is illustrative of the truth of the old adage, well known amongst them, that the more some things change, the more they stay the same.

LARZER ZIFF

From *The American* 1890s†

* * * The community about which she wrote was one in which respectable women took wine with their dinner and brandy after it, smoked cigarettes, played Chopin sonatas, and listened to the men tell risqué stories. It was, in short, far more French than American, and Mrs. Chopin reproduced this little world with no specific intent to shock or make a point, as did, for instance, Frederic, who was straining after a specific effect when he posed his Celia Madden at the piano with a cigarette. Rather, these were for Mrs. Chopin the conditions of civility, and, since they were so French, a magazine public accustomed to accepting naughtiness from that quarter and taking pleasure in it on those terms raised no protest. But for Mrs. Chopin they were only outward signs of a culture that was hers and had its inner effects in the moral make-up of her characters. Though she seldom turned her plot on these facts, she showed that her

† From Larzer Ziff, *The American 1890s: Life and Times of a Lost Generation* (New York: Viking Press, 1966), pp. 297-305. Author's footnotes have been renumbered.

1. Celia Madden is an innocent Irish-Catholic girl in the 1896 novel *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, written by Harold Frederic (1856-1898). [Editor.]

women were capable of loving more than one man at a time and were not only attractive but sexually attracted also.

The quality of daily life in Kate Chopin's *Nachitoches* is genial and kind. People openly like one another, enjoy life, and savor its sensual riches. Their likes and their dislikes are held passionately, so that action bears a close and apparent relation to feeling. In setting a character, Mrs. Chopin writes, "Grégoire loved women. He liked their nearness, their atmosphere; the tones of their voices and the things they said; their ways of moving and turning about; the brushing of their garments when they passed him by pleased him." This open delight in the difference between the sexes was not a mentionable feeling until Mrs. Chopin brought to American literature a setting in which it could be demonstrated with an open geniality.

* * *

Like *Madame Bovary*, *The Awakening* is about the adulterous experiments of a married woman, and while Mrs. Chopin did not have to go to Flaubert for the theme, she obviously was indebted to him for it as well as for the masterful economy of setting and character and the precision of style which she here achieved. Sarah Orne Jewett had also been an admirer of *Madame Bovary* and had defended Flaubert's theme by saying that "a master writer gives everything weight." But she had drawn quite a different moral from the novel. Miss Jewett wrote of Emma Bovary: "She is such a lesson to dwellers in country towns, who drift out of relation to their surroundings, not only social, but the very companionship of nature, unknown to them." Emma Bovary is a foolish, bored woman, while Mrs. Chopin's Edna Pontellier is an intelligent, nervous woman, but Edna's salvation is not to be found in drifting back into relation with her environment. Rather, the questions Mrs. Chopin raises through her are what sort of nature she, twenty-eight years of age, married to a rich man and the mother of two children, possesses, and how her life is related to the dynamics of her inner self. Sarah Jewett counseled sublimation; Kate Chopin pursued self-discovery and counseled not at all.

* * *

The Awakening was the most important piece of fiction about the sexual life of a woman written to date in America, and the first fully to face the fact that marriage, whether in point of fact it closed the range of a woman's sexual experiences or not, was but an episode in

2. Oldest town in Louisiana, in the parish of the same name located in the central part of the state. Chopin lived with her husband in Cloutierville, Natchitoches Parish, from 1879 until his death. Many of her short stories are set here. [Editor.]

3. *Bayou Folk* (Boston: Houghton

Mifflin, 1894), p. 86.

4. Sarah Orne Jewett, *Letters*, ed. by Annie Fields (Boston, 1911), p. 86. [Jewett (1849-1909) wrote short stories set in Maine, the best-known volume of which is *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896).—Editor.]

5. *Ibid.*, pp. 82-3.

her continuous growth. It did not attack the institution of the family, but it rejected the family as the automatic equivalent of feminine self-fulfillment, and on the very eve of the twentieth century it raised the question of what woman was to do with the freedom she struggled toward. The Creole woman's acceptance of maternity as totally adequate to the capacities of her nature carried with it the complements of a fierce chastity, a frankness of speech on sexual matters, a mature ease among men, and a frank and unguilty pleasure in sensual indulgence. But this was not, ultimately, Edna Pontellier's birthright, and she knew it. She was an American woman, raised in the Protestant mistrust of the senses and in the detestation of sexual desire as the root of evil. As a result, the hidden act came for her to be equivalent to the hidden and true self, once her nature awakened in the open surroundings of Creole Louisiana. The new century was to provide just such an awakening for countless American women, and *The Awakening* spoke of painful times ahead on the road to fulfillment.

Kate Chopin sympathized with Edna, but she did not pity her. She rendered her story with a detachment akin to Flaubert's. At one point Edna's doctor says, "Youth is given up to illusions. It seems to be a provision of Nature; a decoy to secure mothers for the race. And Nature takes no account of moral consequences, of arbitrary conditions which we create, and which we feel obliged to maintain at any cost." These appear to be the author's sentiments. Edna Pontellier is trapped between her illusions and the conditions which society arbitrarily establishes to maintain itself, and she is made to pay. Whether girls should be educated free of illusions, if possible, whether society should change the conditions it imposes on women, or whether both are needed, the author does not say; the novel is about what happened to Edna Pontellier. * * *

GEORGE ARMS

[Contrasting Forces in the Novel]†

* * * Basically she [Chopin] writes as a non-intrusive author but principally presents her material with a sense of constant contrast, partly in the whole social situation, partly in Edna, but essentially as the author's way of looking at life. In the first of her two editorializing chapters she speaks of this contrast: "In short, Mrs.

† From George Arms, "Kate Chopin's *The Awakening* in the Perspective of Her Literary Career," in *Essays on American Literature in Honor of Jay B.*

Hubbell, Clarence Gohdes, ed. (Durham: Duke University Press, 1967), pp. 215-28.

Pontellier was beginning to realize her position in the universe as a human being, and to recognize her relations as an individual to the world within and about her." Into the next chapter she extends this observation by remarking, "At a very early period she had apprehended instinctively the dual life—that outward existence which conforms, the inward life which questions." Yet Mrs. Chopin is unwilling to present Edna as simply struggling between two opposites, later remarking that her emotions "had never taken the form of struggles." On occasion the polarity reappears, as when the author writes that the husband could not see that his wife "was becoming herself and daily casting aside that fictitious self which we assume like a garment with which to appear before the world." In a much more adolescent fashion Edna speaks: "By all the codes which I am acquainted with, I am a devilishly wicked specimen of the sex. But some way I can't convince myself that I am."

On the whole, as she reveals herself, her aimlessness impresses us more than her sense of conflict. Early in the novel, recalling an incident from her childhood, Edna first interprets it as running away from the gloomy Presbyterianism of her father, but then goes on to say that her walk on that Sunday morning was "idly, aimlessly, unthinking and unguided." Thus Edna appears not so much as a woman who is aware of the opposition of two ideals but rather as one who drifts—who finally, even in death, is drifting when she again recalls having wandered on the blue-green meadow as a little girl. In the second editorial chapter, the author again considers the conflicts in Edna's life, but at this stage the contrasts have become a series of "multitudinous emotions." Edna is sensitive to many states of mind as the author describes her after the consummation of her affair with Arobin: irresponsibility, shock, her husband's and Robert's reproach, but not shame and not remorse, though regret that she has yielded from erotic longing rather than from love. Still, there is an "understanding" that hints of a polarity: "She felt as if a mist had been lifted from her eyes, enabling her to look upon and comprehend the significance of life, that monster made up of beauty and brutality."

At the time of Edna's suicide she thinks of many things, yet in the final paragraph the images that come to her are all those of her childhood. One is that of a cavalry officer whom she had romantically loved when he visited her father. When she married, the author observes that "she felt she would take her place with a certain dignity in the world of reality, closing the portals forever behind her upon the realm of romance and dreams." And upon Robert's leaving for Mexico, "she recognized anew the symptoms of infatuation" of her earlier life, but the recognition "did not lessen the reality, the

poignancy of the revelation by any suggestion or promise of instability." Thus one of the oppositions which the author develops throughout the novel is that of romance and reality, and she suggests that Edna remains a figure of romantic ideals in spite of her acting with a sexual freedom that the common reader would call realistic or even naturalistic. Part of Edna's romanticism derives from a sense of fate, as the comment late in the book suggests: "She answered her husband with friendly evasiveness,—not with any fixed design to mislead him, only because all sense of reality had gone out of her life; she had abandoned herself to Fate, and awaited the consequences with indifference." As so often in the novel, Mrs. Chopin made specific preparation by noting that marriages "masquerade as the decrees of Fate." So one can summarize that instead of identifying herself with Edna's actions, Mrs. Chopin tends to regard them as romantically motivated rather than as realistically considered. Yet, as if to say that there are other kinds of romanticism, the author introduces Adele Ratignolle, Edna's friend who is completely in love with her husband, in this fashion: "There are no words to describe her save the old ones that have served so often to picture the bygone heroine of romance and the fair lady of our dreams."

In all, the author presents these contrasts suggestively rather than systematically. Perhaps if she takes any stand at all it is to favor individualism against social obligation, for she writes of Edna, "Every step which she took toward relieving herself from obligations added to her strength and expansion as an individual." Yet even here she leaves the question open. What does the author mean when she writes that after her father and husband leave on trips, "Then Edna sat in the library after dinner and read Emerson until she grew sleepy"? Eble interprets this as a reaction against the father's Presbyterianism, and such it may be; but to grow sleepy over a Transcendental individualist also hints that Edna's individualism lacks philosophical grounding.

This sleepiness from reading Emerson leads to the contrast, implicit in the title. In treating Edna's awakening, the author shows irony and even deviousness. We look upon Edna's awakening as archetypal in marking her passage from death to rebirth, but we may also look upon her awakening as not a rebirth but as another kind of death that is self-sought. Amusingly enough, the author, quite consciously I am sure, allows Edna to do an inordinate amount of sleeping throughout the novel, in spite of her underlying vitality. She first appears "with some appearance of fatigue" (admittedly after she has been swimming); that night she is "fast asleep," and her weariness is noted many times, especially when she falls in

love with Robert, though at one time she only sleeps fitfully. When she first openly seeks out Robert and takes him—again amusingly—to Sunday morning mass, she is so drowsy at the service that she has to leave, and sleeps the whole of the rest of the morning and afternoon at a nearby house, with Robert remarking at the end, “You have slept precisely one hundred years.” Again, when she celebrates her decision to break with her husband at a dinner party, “the old ennui” overtakes her. It is almost as if the author were saying: here is my heroine who at the critical points of her progress toward an awakening constantly falls asleep.

An even grimmer irony, of course, is in her awakening to an erotic life not through Robert, whom she truly loves, but through Alcée, whom she uses merely as a convenience. Though Edna recognizes this, she hardly does so in the sense that the novel does. We are told that “Alcée Arobin’s manner was so genuine that it often deceived even himself,” but also that “Edna did not care or think whether it were genuine or not.” We cannot help suspecting that Edna simplifies and melodramatizes her view of herself far more than the author does. After Robert’s return, she exclaims to him, “It was you who awoke me last summer out of a life-long, stupid dream. Oh! you have made me so unhappy with your indifference. Oh! I have suffered, suffered!” Almost compulsively she is soon saying the same thing to the family doctor, who earlier had seen her as an “animal waking up in the sun” and now cautions her about the illusions of youth:

“Yes,” she said. “The years that are gone seem like dreams—if one might go on sleeping and dreaming—but to wake up and find—oh! well! perhaps it is better to wake up after all, even to suffer, rather than to remain a dupe to illusions all one’s life.”

Finally, the underlying awareness of contrasting forces in the novel is exhibited in its use of children. Edna has two boys of four and five. With them she has little intimacy, and her husband accuses her of neglecting them, as does her mother-in-law—an accusation endorsed by the author, who early in the story announces, “In short, Mrs. Pontellier was not a mother-woman.” Again we are somewhat perplexed as to whether or not the author approves of Edna’s attitude toward her children. I suppose that those who look upon the novel as a defense of the New Woman would feel that Mrs. Chopin regards freedom from children as a necessary basis for complete freedom. But again I am doubtful, for Mrs. Chopin delights in the contraries which are present in Edna’s response toward her boys.

Perhaps Edna most fully expresses her attitude in a conversation with Madame Ratignolle midway in the book:

"I would give up the unessential; I would give my money, I would give my life for my children; but I wouldn't give myself. I can't make it more clear; it's only something which I am beginning to comprehend, which is revealing itself to me."

This passage will be recalled for us at the time of Edna's death, but in the meantime we observe her constantly returning to her children as a kind of penance whenever she displays most markedly her love outside of marriage. When she suspects that Robert goes to Mexico to avoid her, she shows an unusual intimacy with her children by telling them a bedtime story. She had already coddled and caressed one of her sons immediately after her day spent with Robert. After her second night with Alcée she visits her children in the country—one would think more as an act of penance than of affection. Just after Edna had fully admitted her love for Robert to a friend, she sent her children "a huge box of bonbons."

When Robert finally returns to New Orleans and Edna declares her love for him, she is called away from their reunion to attend the birth of another child of Adele Ratignolle. After the birth, which is not an easy one, Adele's parting injunction is: "Think of the children, Edna. Oh think of the children! Remember them!" From this scene she returns to discover that Robert has not waited for her, but instead has left a note, bidding her "Good-by—because I love you." The next day she goes to Grand Isle to drown herself, saying in the meanwhile again and again: "To-day it is Arobin; to-morrow it will be some one else. It makes no difference to me, it doesn't matter about Léonce Pontellier—but Raoul and Etienne!" Immediately afterward, she thinks back to her earlier conversation with Adele in which she had declared that she would give up everything for her children, including her life, but not "herself." This final opposition then leads directly to her death: "The children appeared before her like antagonists who had overcome her; who had overpowered and sought to drag her into the soul's slavery for the rest of her days. But she knew a way to elude them." Though she does not think of these things, the author tells us, when she walks toward the beach, her thoughts revert to the children and her husband as she tires in her swim toward death: "They were a part of her life. But they need not have thought that they could possess her, body and soul."

While the motivation from the children has been amply anticipated, its final realization produces something of a shift. Perhaps one might go so far as to say that the children, used in this way, somewhat flaw the novel. We recall that many of Mrs. Chopin's short stories first appeared in *Harper's Young People's Magazine*, the *Youth's Companion*, and also in *Vogue*, with the uneasy feeling that the author is still writing in a juvenile vein or from the conven-

tional angle of a woman's magazine. Yet this difficulty might be answered by recognizing that the children stand for a stable society and the permanency of an unbroken home. Perhaps it would even be better to treat them as bringing another contrast into the story. Like those contrasts of purpose and aimlessness, of romance and realism, and of sleep and awakening, this one is not of absolute opposition but is complex and even blurred. As my argument has suggested, precisely this complexity may be what Mrs. Chopin is trying to achieve. She presents a series of events in which the truth is present, but with a philosophical pragmatism she is unwilling to extract a final truth. Rather, she sees truth as constantly re-forming itself and as so much a part of the context of what happens that it can never be final or for that matter abstractly stated. * * *

PER SEYERSTED

[Kate Chopin and the American Realists]†

* * * Cyrille Arnavaon is thus no longer alone in elevating Kate Chopin from the group of local colorists to that of the American pioneer writers of the 1890's, the group which comprises such authors as Crane, Garland, Norris, and Dreiser. It is therefore fitting to look at works like *Maggie*, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, *McTeague*, and *Sister Carrie*, all written in that formative decade of American literature, and compare their approach to certain fundamental issues with that of *The Awakening*.

If we turn to the treatment of sexuality in Garland's novel, for example, we find that his *Rose*, a farmer's daughter, views all aspects of animal reproduction as natural matters. We might then perhaps expect her to see sex in humans as equally natural, a view undoubtedly held by Edna. But though she is courted by "wholesome," "clean" men—one of them observes that human procreation is "not as yet a noble business"—she feels "revulsion" when she realizes how their presence stirs up desire in her "pure wholesome

† From Per Seyersted, *Kate Chopin: A Critical Biography* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1969), pp. 190-96. Except as noted, all footnotes are by the editor; those by the author have been renumbered.

1. Hamlin Garland (1860-1940) wrote novels depicting the hardships of farm life in the Middle West. Frank Norris (1870-1902) is best known for his *The Octopus* (1901), one of a number of novels examining economic and social realities. Theodore Dreiser (1871-1945),

prolific naturalist novelist, best known for his *Sister Carrie* (1900) and *An American Tragedy* (1925). See also p. 167, note 3.

See also Cyrille Arnavaon, "Les Débuts du Roman Réaliste Américain et l'Influence Française," in *Romanciers Américains Contemporains* Henri Kerst, ed. (*Cahiers des Langues Modernes*, I Paris, 1946), pp. 9-35; and the introduction to Arnavaon's French translation of the novel: *Edna* (Paris, 1953), pp. 1-22.

awakening womanhood." While men are "sordid and vicious, . . . polygamous by instinct, insatiable as animals," women are virtuous by nature, Garland declares, and Rose sublimates her "brute passion" into a desire to become a great poet.

That man's erotic and other drives are brutal is of course one of the tenets of naturalism, and Garland's illustration of it is mild compared to that of the others of the quartet. Norris, for example, whose theme in *McTeague* is how greed leads to murder, compares his hero to an evil beast who takes a "panther leap" and kisses Trina, the heroine, "grossly, full on the mouth," and who delights his wife and himself with biting and beating her. Though Kate Chopin saw brute selfishness as the dominant principle of the world, she rarely used the imagery of man as a warring animal, and, more specifically, she never attached anything brutish to physical passion. Moreover, she lets Edna make absolutely no attempt to suppress her amatory impulses.

In fact, not only does Mrs. Chopin treat sex at least as amorally as any of the other four writers, but she also describes it more openly than they do. Their heroines—Maggie, Rose, Trina, and Carrie—are all rather sexless compared to Edna, and their descriptions of sexual matters in general are tame. This is perhaps most surprising in Dreiser, who is otherwise so elaborate and who wants us to believe that Carrie is dangerously attractive to men, and in Norris, who had made sex the main theme of his unfinished *Vandover and the Brute*. Garland is comparatively daring when he lets Rose feel desire and when he speaks of her "splendid curve of bust," but he allows her no more than a kiss on the hand. It is hard to understand that this book was locally banned; yet this reaction frightened the author, who thereafter fully adhered to R. W. Gilder's genteel literary code. *The Awakening*, meanwhile, is suffused with sex, and we witness how Alcée arouses Edna and how she in turn sets Robert on fire with a voluptuous kiss. On this point of physical attraction and contact, Kate Chopin gave not only a fuller, but also a more convincing picture than any other serious American novelist had done.

A fact which significantly sets off *The Awakening* from *Maggie*, *Rose*, *McTeague*, and *Sister Carrie*, is that Edna has children and the other heroines do not. This points to a fundamental difference in emphasis: Kate Chopin concentrates mainly on the biological aspects of woman's situation, while the other writers are more con-

2. Hamlin Garland, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* (Chicago, 1895), pp. 59, 62, 121, 147, 288, 294, 364. [Author.]

3. Frank Norris, *McTeague* (New York, 1899), pp. 30–31, 300, 310. [Author.]

4. Garland, *Rose*, p. 245. [Author.]

5. R. W. Gilder, editor of *Scribner's*

Monthly (1870–1881) and *The Century Magazine* (1881–1909), was a strong influence in establishing what he considered standards of moral wholesomeness in the popular and literary magazines at the end of the century.

cerned with the socio-economic forces shaping her life. Where Edna stands back from society and questions its rules for woman's existence, the other women move with the procession in their fight for wealth, rank, or physical survival.

Common to all Edna's four counterparts is their admiration of those who are well dressed. Maggie and Carrie are more easily seduced because of their suitors' stylishness, which they equate with power and standing. Both Rose and Carrie are allured by the life of the rich, and their "imagination," as it is called, represents a desire to succeed and move up in the world. Dreiser speaks in one breath of Carrie's "emancipation" and her "more showy life." For Edna, who is the only one of these five women to start near the top, emancipation means something quite different; as she moves to a smaller house, she has "a feeling of having descended in the social scale, with a corresponding sense of having risen in the spiritual."

When Carrie leaves Hurstwood, on the other hand, it is not her inner integrity she is thinking of, but her outer or material progress. She arrives at the attitude which long dominates Rose, that is, she does not want a husband and children to impede her climb on the ladder. As the two women rise, both judge themselves against their betters in society. Rose is particularly influenced by a woman doctor who tells her to think first of her career. Garland, who had once let a heroine demand "the right to be an individual human being first and a woman afterwards," is ostensibly in favor of female emancipation; the doctor leaves out the promise of obedience in her marriage ceremony, and Rose is told by her suitor that he expects her to be as "free and as sovereign" as himself and to follow her profession. But the author could not quite free himself from accepted ideas: The doctor insists that though she is ambitious in her career, she "could bear to give it all up a hundred times over, rather than [her] hope of being a mother," and Rose revels in "doing wifely things" for her friend the moment he has proposed, just as she suddenly finds it much more important that he appreciates her as a woman than that he praises her poetry.

In Crane's version of the relationship between man and woman, Maggie's swaggering seducer asserts his "reassuring proprietorship" while she shows a dependent air: "Her life was Pete's." Norris' view is also uncomplicated when he lets Trina be subdued and conquered by McTeague's "sheer brute force" and declares that she "belongs" to him, body and soul, "forever and forever," because "the woman

6. Garland, *Rose*, p. 299; Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie* (New York, 1900), pp. 58, 126. Jessie Ogden of Henry B. Fuller's *The Cliff-Dwellers* (New York, 1893) is an example of a contemporary American heroine who has

a child; when she neglects it, it is in order to rise socially, not spiritually. [Author.]

7. Hamlin Garland, "A Spoil of Office" in *Arena*, V (March, 1892), 515; *Rose*, pp. 330, 380, 395. [Author.]

[worships] the man for that which she yields up to him." Norris here seems to have been influenced by the Darwinian idea of the female selecting the strongest suitor (which fits in with general male conceptions), and he also accepts the concomitant unromantic view of the love of an aroused heroine when he writes: "The Woman is awakened, and, starting from her sleep, catches blindly at what first her newly opened eyes light upon. It is a spell, a witchery, ruled by chance. . . ." *McTeague* thus for a moment parallels *The Awakening*, but Trina's "love of submission," on the other hand, is utterly unthinkable in the self-asserting Edna.

Kate Chopin's novel stands up well when compared to these four important works in the canon of early American realism or naturalism. *Maggie* is a stereotype seduction-story which is only saved by Crane's irony and general artistic mastery; *Rose* has much of a moralistic, sentimental romance in spite of Garland's attempts to make it into a serious *Bildungsroman*, and *McTeague* has not a little of the melodramatic, particularly in the conclusion of its Zolaesque motif. *The Awakening*, on the other hand, has a fundamental seriousness which goes beyond that of these three works, and this and other qualities unite it more closely with *Sister Carrie* than with any of the other books.

Kate Chopin and Theodore Dreiser have in common a directness and a complete honesty in their descriptions of Edna's and Carrie's violations of what both writers considered society's "arbitrary scale" of morals. Unable to see their heroines as sinners, they braved public opinion by refusing to let the two repent, and they had the further audacity to present their stories with no trace of moralism and without apology. There are no villains in the two works. A seducer like Arobin appeals to the reader; Hurstwood achieves a certain dignity even in his downfall, and Adèle, who represents everything that Edna opposes, is portrayed with sympathy and understanding.

We have here two unillusioned authors each writing about a heroine pursuing a chimera; the magnet drawing Carrie is the golden radiance on the distant hill tops, and the illusion firing Edna is the idea that she can achieve the ecstasy of an all-encompassing love. Both writers see their protagonists as wisps in the wind among the forces that move us, but with a difference. Though Dreiser at one point speaks in terms of evolutionary optimism and Kate Chopin sees man as basically unimprovable, there are greater changes, certainly a greater spiritual evolution, in Edna than in Carrie.

8. Stephen Crane, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* (New York, 1893), pp. 106, 107; Norris, *McTeague*, pp. 84, 88, 89, 183,

309. [Author.]

9. A novel of "education," usually of a young boy arriving at manhood.

The reason is that Dreiser, reflecting a mostly socio-economic determinism, endows Carrie with less free will than that found in Edna. What freedom Carrie has she uses to act out the changing roles which she copies from those one step ahead of her. True, she achieves outer independence, but she is unthinkable without the society which provides her with models. As symbolized by the rocking-chair, she has scarcely moved at the end of the novel; she is basically unchanged, ever looking to the next hill, her eyes still largely unopened to the real emptiness of her longings.

Edna, meanwhile, is awakened to a spiritual independence in general and to a realization of the nature of reality in particular. Of these two solitary souls, the outwardly successful Carrie gains little more than the finery without which she, like her first lover, is merely "nothing"; when the apparently defeated Edna takes off her clothes, on the other hand, it symbolizes a victory of self-knowledge and authenticity as she fully becomes herself.

Carrie's blind, irresistible fight to get ahead has an unquestionable universality, and there is a similar quality in Edna's open-eyed choice to defy illusions and conventions. Different as these two novels are in form and theme—one terse in its concentration on inner reality, the other full of details on the outer show—both give a sense of tragic life, conveying something of the human condition.

What unites these five works from the 1890's is that they all, in one way or another, represent their authors' will to renew American literature. In subject matter or approach, they had enough of the new realism or naturalism to shock the Iron Madonnas. Refusing to idealize life in the old manner, these writers all took a step forward in what Howells called truthful treatment of material.

Kate Chopin parallels the naturalists in her view of basic urges as imperative, but differs from them in that she lets Edna decide her own destiny in an existentialist way. *The Awakening* also differs from *Maggie* and *McTeague* in that there is nothing of the sordid in it. Yet we note that while Norris and Crane became less iconoclastic in their subsequent work, Mrs. Chopin moved on to the increased openness of "The Storm." After science had robbed her of some of her early beliefs, she may at times have wanted to join one of her heroines who decided to "go back into the dark to think" because "the sight of things" confused her. However, whereas Maupassant's reaction to the new knowledge was sadness rather than exhilaration

1. Dreiser, *Sister Carrie*, p. 4. [Author.]

2. A phrase widely used to describe the female audience of late-century fiction.

3. William Dean Howells (1837-1920), very influential critic and novelist, proponent of literary realism. Edited *The Atlantic Monthly* from 1871-1881,

served on the editorial board of *Harper's*. His best-known novel is *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885).

4. See Per Seyersted, ed. *The Complete Works of Kate Chopin* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1969), II, 592-6.

—"tous ces voiles levés m'attristent," as he expressed it—Kate Chopin was sad only at the thought of woman's position, while being exhilarated at the opportunity of portraying life truthfully. Though she did not aim at exposing false respectability, her work is in certain respects a forerunner of such later eye-openers as *Spoon River Anthology*, *Winesburg, Ohio*, and *Main Street*.

Mrs. Chopin was at least a decade ahead of her time. During the years following America's silencing of her, "Edith Wharton's genteel satire and Ellen Glasgow's moral searchings were the strongest fare that it could take," as Robert E. Spiller has observed.⁷ Kate Chopin can be seen not only as one of the American realists of the 1890's, but also as a link in the tradition formed by such distinguished American women authors as Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Willa Cather, and the two just mentioned. One factor uniting these writers is their emphasis on female characters. Another is their concern with values, but here we see a difference between the St. Louisian and the others in that she is less interested than they are in preserving these values. As exemplified in Mrs. Todd of *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, for instance, woman is a rock guarding the old qualities, the men being either weak or dead. To Mrs. Chopin, woman is no more of a rock than is man, being neither better nor worse than he. Mrs. Wharton and Miss Glasgow may have attacked certain aspects of the aristocracies they sprang from, but they also wanted to preserve some of their values. Kate Chopin, on the other hand, was no celebrant of the aristocratic qualities of her own distinguished background.

The one value that really counted with her was woman's opportunity for self-expression. She knew that there are many *Woman's Kingdoms*. She was sensitive, intelligent, and broad enough in her outlook to see the different basic needs of the female and the various sides of her existence and to represent them with impartiality. Her work is thus no feminist plea in the usual sense, but an il-

5. Maupassant, as quoted in Edward D. Sullivan, *Maupassant: The Short Stories* (London, 1962), p. 57. [Author.] "All these lifted veils sadden me." [Editor.] 6. Edgar Lee Masters's *Spoon River Anthology* (1915), Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919), and Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* are all works of realism with a satiric edge which made them controversial books, especially in the locales they depict.

7. Robert E. Spiller, et al, eds. *Literary History of the United States*, II (New York, 1948), 1197. [Author] Edith Wharton (1862-1937), American novelist of manners and morals in New York society. Ellen Glasgow (1847-1945), American author of nineteen novels,

many of which are set in Virginia.

8. See page 174, note 4; Mary Wilkins Freeman (1852-1930) wrote short stories and a novel of life in New England; Willa Cather (1876-1947), best known for her *Death Comes for the Archbishop* (1927), wrote a number of studies of southwest immigrant settlers. Seyersted shows an appreciation of the great women writers of America which is not often shown by native critics.

9. The title of a novel by Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, published in New York in 1869, from which Chopin copied an antifeminist passage into her diary. See Seyersted, *Kate Chopin*, p. 29.

lustration—rather than an assertion—of woman's right to be herself, to be individual and independent whether she wants to be weak or strong, a nest-maker or a soaring bird.

GEORGE M. SPANGLER

[The Ending of the Novel] †

* * * one can easily and happily join in the praise that in recent years has been given to *The Awakening*—one can, that is, until one reaches the conclusion of the novel, which is unsatisfactory because it is fundamentally evasive. Other commentators, it should be noted here, have been as affirmative about the conclusion as they have been about the novel as a whole. Though Edmund Wilson merely notes that the ending has "the same sensuous beauty as all the rest," other writers have not confined their praise to the esthetic. Berthoff, for example, finds Edna's suicide "psychologically, sensually, convincing," "matter-of-course, unarguable"; and Kauffmann sees it as "the confrontation of resultant consequences without plot contrivance or escape." Ziff, in some detail, argues for the psychological coherence and, by implication, the rightness of the suicide; and Eble comments on Mrs. Chopin's "complete command of structure," including, presumably, the conclusion. What, in the narrowest sense, happens in the final pages, which seem so right to five readers and so unsatisfactory to at least one?

After finding Robert's farewell note and spending a sleepless night in her home, Edna takes a boat to the resort, now in its off-season, where the novel and her attraction to Robert began. She arranges with the caretaker for a room and for dinner in the evening, and then, deciding to go swimming, borrows some towels. There is no hint that suicide is her intention. As she walks toward the beach thinking of nothing in particular, the reader learns of her thoughts during the previous night. Primary was her fear of a succession of lovers and the effect such a future would have on her children: "To-day it is Arobin; tomorrow it will be some one else. It makes no difference to me, it doesn't matter about Léonce Pontellier—but Raoul and Etienne!" In her despondency (which "had never lifted"), her children "appeared before her like antagonists who had

† From George M. Spangler, "Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*: A Partial Dissent," *Novel*, III (Spring 1970), 249–55. Footnotes are by the editor.
1. Edmund Wilson, *Patriotic Gore: Studies in the Literature of the American Civil War* (New York: Oxford Univer-

sity Press, 1962), p. 151. Warner Berthoff, *The Ferment of Realism* (New York: Free Press, 1965), p. 89. Stanley Kauffmann, "The Really Lost Generation," *New Republic* CLV (December 3, 1966), 38. Other essays noted are included in part in this collection.

overcome her; who had overpowered and sought to drag her into the soul's slavery for the rest of her days. But she knew a way to elude them." However, "she was not thinking of these things" as she walks to the beach, decides against a bathing suit ("How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under the sky! How delicious!"), and begins her walk into the sea. As she goes farther and farther out, "her arms and legs growing tired," she thinks again of her husband and children ("they need not have thought that they could possess her, body and soul"); of Robert ("He did not know; he did not understand. He would never understand"); and, in the final lines, of her childhood in Kentucky.

And what is wrong with this conclusion? Its great fault is inconsistent characterization, which asks the reader to accept a different and diminished Edna from the one developed so impressively before. Throughout the novel the most striking feature of Edna's character has been her strength of will, her ruthless determination to go her own way. In thought and act she has rejected unequivocally the restraints of conventional morality, social custom and personal obligation to her husband and children (through most of the novel the children are visiting their grandmother). Yet in the final pages, Mrs. Chopin asks her reader to believe in an Edna who is completely defeated by the loss of Robert, to believe in the paradox of a woman who has awakened to passionate life and yet quietly, almost thoughtlessly, chooses death. Having overcome so much in the way of frustration, Edna is destroyed by so little. As well, the reasonings and feelings attributed to her as motivation at the end do not bear scrutiny. Her brief affair with Arobin hardly proves the certainty of a host of future lovers, but it has clearly shown her what is missing from her life; and since she has long been indifferent to convention and domestic ties, she could well expect to find someone less shoddy than Arobin and less scrupulous than Robert. Equally perplexing is her sudden concern for her children, who previously have seemed to matter little as long as they were out of the way. Increasingly strong, practical and sure of herself and her needs through most of the novel, Edna suddenly collapses, and what the reader gets in the way of explanation does not follow from what he has witnessed before. Once capable of leaving her husband, relegating her children, establishing her own home, earning money with her painting, accepting one lover, pursuing another—at the end she is unable to endure Robert's tender note of rejection.

What happened was that Mrs. Chopin provided a conclusion for a novel other than the one she wrote, a conclusion for a novel much more conventional and much less interesting than *The Awakening*. Specifically it is a conclusion for an ordinary sentimental novel, not

for a subtle psychological treatment of female sexuality. If the rest of the novel existed only at the sentimental, romantic level, then Edna's suicide would be conventionally appropriate and acceptable: a woman surrenders her chastity and death is the consequence. In such a novel Robert would be the single great love of her life, a great romantic passion, finally doomed and destructive. But despite its conclusion *The Awakening* is not such a novel; indeed its relation to the conventional sentimental novel is not apparent until the final pages. For Mrs. Chopin was concerned not with seduction and retribution, but with woman's passional nature and its relation to self, marriage and society. Yet at the end she transformed a character who has embodied these complex issues into one who simply dies from disappointed, illicit love. In a word, a complex psychological novel is converted into a commonplace sentimental one.

Possible reasons for such an unfortunate change, which also mars a number of Mrs. Chopin's short stories, are not difficult to discover. With her conclusion the author managed to provide both pathos and poetic justice, pathos to please her sentimental readers and justice to satisfy her moralistic ones. The shift toward the sentimental and pathetic is implicit in the image of "a bird with a broken wing" which Edna, just before her death, sees "reeling, fluttering, circling, disabled down, down to the water." Nearly a hundred pages before, Edna's confidant used the image of the crippled bird to suggest what happens to those who, lacking great strength, would "soar above the level plain of tradition and prejudice." When the image recurs at the end, the reader no doubt is expected to see Edna as such a person. But of course she is not: whatever destroys Edna, it is not tradition and prejudice, not environmental pressure—except, perhaps, that of the tradition of the sentimental novel. The sentimental is also present in a different and rather special form. Just as the reader of Mrs. Wharton's *House of Mirth* may well conclude that Lily Bart's death is the result of Selden's conventionality so he can hardly avoid the suggestion in *The Awakening* that Edna dies because Robert is so foolishly scrupulous—the conventionality of both men of course being a mask to hide a severe deficiency of masculine force. The result in both novels is, unfortunately, the special pathos, the feminine self-pity, expressed in the words of the ballad, "hard is the lot of all womankind," and of course in countless magazine stories aimed at a feminine audience.

The moralistic explanation for the conclusion is just as obvious, though far less evident in the tone and diction of the concluding

2. Edith Wharton (1862–1937), whose *House of Mirth* (1905) ends with the suicide of Lily Bart. See Cynthia Griffin

Wolff, "Lily Bart and the Beautiful Death," *American Literature* XLV (May 1974), 16–41.

pages: Edna has sinned in thought and deed against accepted sexual morality, and for the average reader in 1899, her sin required that she suffer and die. But if Mrs. Chopin had hoped to avoid the kind of trouble Dreiser was soon to have with *Sister Carrie*, she was to be disappointed. The reviewers were hostile to her subject, the book was withdrawn from the libraries in St. Louis, her native city, and she was denied membership in the St. Louis Fine Arts Club because of the scandal.

If then, the conclusion Mrs. Chopin chose for *The Awakening* allows for pathos and poetic justice to please the sentimental and moralistic—a dubious accomplishment indeed—it also leads to a painful reduction in Edna's character. For in the final pages Edna is different and diminished: she is no longer purposeful, merely willful; no longer liberated, merely perverse; no longer justified, merely spiteful. And the painful failure of vision (or, more likely, of nerve) implicit in the change prevents a very good, very interesting novel from being the extraordinary masterpiece some commentators have claimed it is.

LEWIS LEARY

[Kate Chopin and Walt Whitman]†

* * * Through much of the novel like an obbligato refrain runs the voice of the sea—"the everlasting voice of the sea," that "broke like a lullaby" on her consciousness. When Edna is first introduced, returning from bathing in the sea with Robert, her husband's attitude toward her is defined by the remark, "You are burnt beyond recognition"; he looks at his wife "as one looks at a valuable piece of property which has suffered some damage." Four chapters later, when Robert invites her to go bathing again, the sea's "sonorous murmur reached her like a loving but imperative entreaty": the sea is "delicious," her companion tells her; "it will not hurt you." The voice of the sea invites the soul "to lose itself in mazes of inward

3. Theodore Dreiser (1871-1945), whose frank study of a "fallen woman"—*Sister Carrie* (1900)—met with adverse criticism.

† From John R. May, "Local Color in *The Awakening*," *The Southern Review*, VI (Fall 1970), 1031-1040. Author's footnotes have been renumbered.

contemplation. . . . The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace." These words that appear first in Chapter 6 are repeated almost exactly in the final chapter, as are these also: "The voice of the sea is seductive; never ceasing, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander for a spell in the abysses of solitude."

Echoes of the poetry of Whitman can be recognized in these recurrent murmurings of the sea, especially of his "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," in which the sea whispers the strong and "delicious" word *death*. Mrs. Chopin seems to have known Whitman's poetry well and to have had confidence that her readers did also, as is suggested in her quotation from Whitman's "Song of Myself" in her story "A Respectable Woman," where the quotation depends for its force on the reader's adding to the apparently innocent lines "Night of south winds—night of the large few stars! / Still nodding night—" the sensuous words which Whitman precedes and follows them: "Press close bare-bosom'd night . . ." and "mad naked summer night." Indeed the whole of *The Awakening* is pervaded with the spirit of Whitman's "Song of Myself." Edna Pontellier is awakened to her self, until with Whitman she might finally say, "I exist as I am, that is enough." As she who early in the novel shrinks almost prudishly from physical contact with other people is awakened to the joy of touch, a reader may be reminded of Whitman's "Is this then the touch? quivering me to new identity." And the ending of the novel is suggested in lines from Section 22 of "Song of Myself":

You sea! I resign myself to you also—I guess what you mean.
I behold from the beach your crooked inviting fingers,
I believe you refuse to go back without feeling of me,
We must have a turn together, I undress, I hurry out of sight
of the land,
Cushion me soft, rock me in billowy drowse.

Not only does the sea sound an anticipatory refrain; incidents and characters early introduced in the novel often seem emblematic or teasingly suggestive of what will happen later. Some may find it significant that this narrative of self-discovery begins with the voice of an impertinent parrot and with a mockingbird "whistling his notes out upon the breeze with maddening persistence," and that it ends drowsily with "the hum of bees, and the musky odor of pinks." Others may wonder why Edna sleeps so often and so soundly, or

1. Walt Whitman (1819–1892), American poet whose *Leaves of Grass*, first published in 1855, generated controversy because of its unorthodox form and

subject matter. The poetry was in free verse and at times employed frank sexual imagery.

whether her appetite for food and her shrugging off of niceness in eating are related, or supposed to be related, to other appetites. The silent woman clothed in black who appears six times in the first fifteen chapters may seem an ominous portent, as may also the pair of anonymous young lovers who roam the seaside, their courtship interrupted by children at play, much as Edna's adventuring toward freedom is disturbed—but how much?—by her concern for children. "I would give my life for my children," she says at one time; "but I wouldn't give myself." The significance of the Spanish girl Mariequita, who appears just before Robert Lebrun flees to Mexico and who appears again just before the final scene of the novel, is worthy of contemplation, as are the implications intended in the carefree and self-indulgent character of Victor Lebrun.

Bird images will be found throughout the novel, sometimes presented with quiet irony, as when Edna, seeking more freedom than her husband's house affords, takes a house of her own and calls it her "pigeon-house," allowing a reader then to recall that the pigeon of the kind she thought of was a domesticated, often a captive bird. The bird with the broken wing which, "reeling, fluttering, circling," is the only witness to Edna's final encounter with the sea may remind a reader that Mademoiselle Reisz had warned Edna earlier that "a bird that would soar above the level plain of tradition and prejudice must have strong wings," and is prefigured also (the ending of the novel may be discovered to be prefigured) in the vision which Edna has in Chapter 9 "of a man standing beside a desolate rock on the seashore. He was naked. His attitude was one of hopeless resignation as he looked toward a distant bird winging his flight away from him."

Things like this do not seem accidental. Almost every incident or reference in *The Awakening* anticipates an incident or reference that follows it or will remind a reader of something that has happened before. Other characters appear only in their relation to Edna Pontellier. Only such elements of background are introduced as contribute to her awakening. The narrative focus remains on her, as "blindly following whatever impulse moved her," she stumbles on finally "as if her thoughts had gone ahead of her. She is timid at first, almost cold: no trace of passion . . . colored her affection for her husband"; she is not accustomed to outward and spoken expression of affection. But as she is aroused by love outside of marriage, and by passion outside of love, she seems finally, not so much an enlightened woman, as "a beautiful, sleek animal waking up in the sun," uncaged and vulnerable.

Everything fits—the imagery and the reasons, gradually revealed, of the awakening. Among Mrs. Chopin's American contemporaries

only Henry James and perhaps Sarah Orne Jewett had produced fiction more artfully designed; there is a simpleness and a directness in *The Awakening* which has inevitably reminded readers of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, and an economy and mastery of incident and character which seem to forecast the lucid simplicity of Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, so different in theme, but comparable in technique. Few words are wasted; nothing is incomplete: it is a book about Edna Pontellier, and about her only.

To keep focus sharply on Edna, Mrs. Chopin needed somewhat to blur the supporting characters, revealing just enough about them to enable a reader to recognize their function. Most of them are familiar fictional types, familiarly realized: the kindly family doctor; the husband with a proprietary attitude toward his wife, a vacillating concern for his children, who enjoys weekend card games, and cares greatly for appearances; the irresponsible insolence of Victor Lebrun, which contrasts with the almost storybook concept of gallantry held by his brother; the misanthropy of Made-moiselle Reisz; and the almost professional charm of Alcée Arobin. Conventional characters like Madame Ratignolle, "a mother woman," are described in conventional, romantic terms: "There are no words to describe her," says Mrs. Chopin, "save the old ones that have served so often to picture the bygone heroine of romance and the fair lady of our dreams." Her hair is "spun gold," and her eyes "like nothing but sapphires; two lips that pouted, that were so red that one could only think of cherries or some other delicious fruit in looking at them. . . . Never were hands more exquisite than hers, and it was a joy to look at them when she threaded her needle or adjusted her gold thimble to her middle finger as she sewed on the little night drawers or fashioned a bodice or a bib."

Madame Ratignolle is "a sensuous Madonna," happily pregnant, motherly wise, and mindful of the future: in summer she prepares garments for the winter to come. Edna, obsessively concerned with herself, is careless about the future. Her thoughts are of herself, her concerns are her vague desires. But of all the characters she alone is described with precision, not in clichés but as an individual whose "graceful severity of poise and movement" made her "different from the crowd." She is not another mother woman, like those who "idolized their children, worshipped their husbands, and esteemed it a holy privilege to efface themselves as individuals." Her eyes "were

2. Henry James (1843-1916), master of the novel and short story, creator of a number of memorable female heroes.

3. Willa Cather (1876-1947), American novelist whose *Death Comes for the*

Archbishop (1927) concerns the struggles of two French clergymen in the New Mexico territory. She wrote an early review of *The Awakening*. See page 153.

a yellowish brown, the color of her hair. . . . Her eyebrows were a shade darker. . . . They were thick and horizontal, emphasizing the depth of her eyes. . . . The lines of her body were long, clean and symmetrical; it was a body which occasionally fell into splendid poses; there was no suggestion of the trim stereotyped fashion plate about it."

Surrounded by other characters, most of whom are typical, Edna Pontellier gradually emerges as an understandable, though perhaps not completely admirable, individual reality. Whether she is weak and willful, a woman wronged by the requirements of society, or a self-indulgent sensualist, finally and fundamentally romantic, who gets exactly what she deserves—these are not considerations that seem to have concerned Mrs. Chopin. *The Awakening* is not a problem novel. If it seems inevitably to invite questions, these are subsidiary to its purpose, which is to describe what might really happen to a person like Edna Pontellier, being what she was, living when she did, and where.

Mrs. Chopin has presented a compelling portrait of a trapped and finally desperate woman, a drama of self-discovery, of awakening and doom, a tragedy perhaps of self-deceit. No questions are required, no verdict is given. Here is Edna Pontellier, a woman. She is awakened to possibilities for self-expression which, because she is what she is or because circumstances are what they are or because society is what it is, cannot be realized. Her awakening, only vaguely intellectual, is disturbingly physical. But wronged or erring, she is a valiant woman, worthy of place beside other fictional heroines who have tested emancipation and failed—Nathaniel Hawthorne's Hester Prynne, Gustave Flaubert's Emma Bovary, or Henry James's Isabel Archer. Readers are likely to find something of themselves in her.

4. Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864), author of *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), in which Hester Prynne suffers the scorn of her community for having borne a child by a man who is not her husband.

Henry James's novel *Portrait of a Lady* (1881) concerns the fortunes of Isabel Archer, an American girl whose "awakening" occurs in Europe. See also p. 153, note 1.

JULES CHAMETZKY

[Edna and the "Woman Question"]†

* * *

From the opening images of a parrot in its cage and the marriage ring on the woman's finger, to the final images that flash before the drowning heroine—clanging spurs of a cavalry officer and "the hum of bees, and the musky odor of pinks"—the struggle is for the woman to free herself from being an object or possession defined in her functions, or owned, by others. Despite her middle-class advantages—money and the freedom to pursue a talent—Edna Pontellier, the heroine, is finally unable to overcome by herself the strength of the social and religious conventions and the biological mystique that entrap her.

Along the way, nevertheless, she is vouchsafed a glimpse of life as an autonomous self. She knows the joy of being able to say she would "never again belong to another than myself." Her young children, however, present a great problem. She says that she might die for her children, but would not give up her essential selfhood for them. This sentiment seems admirable but it is somewhat ambiguous, for at the end, in a muddled way, it is precisely the image of the children and her uncertainty about the nature of her role towards them that prove her undoing. Unconcerned herself about her new, freer attitude towards illicit sex, she fears the effects it will have upon her children when they learn about it. Mrs. Chopin had shown earlier how the husband uses the children and the mother's presumed duties towards them as a means of control and subjugation of the woman, but she is, finally, at a loss as to how to break through to newer and more humane conventions—a legitimate and recognizable dilemma. More startling to contemporaries must have been Edna's sentiments after her fall into adultery, and with a most unworthy lover. Whatever the conflicting emotions that assail her, she says, "there was neither shame nor remorse."

Edna's struggle towards a new state of awareness and independent being is to some extent understood and encouraged by only one other woman in the book—the pianist Mme. Reisz. But this strange woman's encouragement takes the form of urging a kind of self-sufficiency that is as selfless as the marriage vows: if Edna is

† From Jules Chametzky, "Our Decentralized Literature," *Jahrbuch für Amerikastudien* (1972), pp. 56–72, an essay which treats four American writers—George Washington Cable, Abraham Cahan, Charles W. Chestnut, and Kate

Chopin—who have been described, as regional or "local color" writers. This designation served to minimize the stature of their work and the importance of their concerns.

serious about her work as an artist, then she must give herself to it entirely—a renunciation, really, of the flesh and conventional human relationships. That, of course, is an answer, but no answer to the woman's question posed in this book, how to be free in one's self and for one's self but still meaningfully connected to others. Posed in this way, the question, of course, applies to everyone. What makes it peculiarly related to the woman question in *The Awakening* is Mrs. Chopin's unwillingness to make her heroine's situation easier by removing from her selfness the burden and possibility of motherhood. As indicated earlier, Mrs. Chopin stumbles ambiguously on this question, as indeed we still do.

Awakened by a realization of her sensuous self, Edna Pontellier grows in self-awareness and autonomy. But it is a lonely and isolated autonomy that exacts a terrible price. Like Kate Chopin herself, who broke through to new perceptions and honesty as an artist, Mrs. Pontellier, in the context of her time and milieu, found no firm ground beneath her, either in theory or practice, and she went under.

* * *

DONALD A. RINGE

Romantic Imagery†

* * * *The Awakening* posits a double world, one within and one without. Early in the book, Edna Pontellier feels contradictory impulses impelling her, impulses that at first serve to bewilder her, but which also reveal that she is "beginning to realize her position in the universe as a human being, and to recognize her relations as an individual to the world within and about her." As with Emerson's theory, moreover, it is through the eyes that these worlds meet and influence each other, the outer world perceived and colored by the unique nature that lies within, and the inner world brought to its self-awareness by the influences that enter from the world without. Thus, when Edna returns from Chênrière Caminada on the fateful Sunday she spends there with Robert Lebrun, she begins to perceive a new self "in some way different" from her old one. Though Edna does not yet fully suspect what is happening, the author makes

† From Donald A. Ringe, "Romantic Imagery in Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*," *American Literature*, XLIII (January 1972), 580-88. Author's footnotes have been renumbered and some have been omitted.

1. The author is referring to Emerson's theory of correspondence. See *The Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1883), I, 13-80. [Editor.]

abundantly clear that a process is occurring that closely resembles the transcendentalist theory of self-discovery: "she was seeing with different eyes and making the acquaintance of new conditions in herself that colored and changed her environment."

The process is triggered, moreover, by an experience that Edna has in the ocean, an experience described by Kate Chopin through imagery that has deep romantic roots. As W. H. Auden has pointed out in *The Enchafèd Flood*, the sea plays an important role in romantic iconography. It is "the place where there is no community," where "the individual . . . is free from both the evils and the responsibilities of communal life." It is the place, moreover, where "decisive events, the moments of eternal choice . . . occurs." In *The Awakening*, the sea serves precisely this purpose, for it is in the Gulf that Edna experiences the crisis that determines her development throughout the rest of the book. As in much romantic art, however, the sea serves here a double purpose for the individual: it invites "the soul to wander for a spell in abysses of solitude; to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation." In other words, it can turn the soul's attention outward to the infinity suggested by the endless expanse of encircling horizon and sky—to confront the universe alone—or it can cause, as it does to Pip in *Moby-Dick*, an "intense concentration of self" that can hardly be endured.

Edna experiences both of these feelings on the night she learns to swim. When she pulls herself through the water for the first time, "a feeling of exultation [overtakes] her," as if she has received "some power of significant import . . . to control the working of her body and her soul." She turns away from shore "to gather in an impression of space and solitude, which the vast expanse of water, meeting and melting with the moonlit sky, conveyed to her excited fancy," and as she swims out into the Gulf, she seems "to be reaching out for the unlimited in which to lose herself." The expansive feeling of striving toward the infinite is not to last, however, for when she turns to look at the shore, which seems to her now to be far away, a "flash of terror" strikes her, a "quick vision of death [smites] her soul," and she hurries back to her waiting husband and friends. The fear of death, of a threat to the self, clearly reveals the intensification of self-awareness that the experience has given her—an awakening of the self as important, perhaps, as any other in the novel. For from this point on, Edna develops a growing self-awareness from which there is no turning back.

2. W. H. Auden, *The Enchafèd Flood; or The Romantic Iconography of the Sea* (New York, 1967), pp. 15, 13.

3. Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick; or The Whale*, eds. Luther S. Mansfield and Howard P. Vincent (New York, 1952),

p. 412. We must not assume, of course, that *Moby-Dick* itself lies behind *The Awakening*, but that both Herman Melville and Kate Chopin drew upon a common tradition of romantic imagery.

The process, however, is not complete until she returns to New Orleans. This is the romantic "city" which, as Auden has pointed out, is the symbolic opposite of the sea. It is community, with all the demands that the social organization makes upon the individual, and which the self sometimes finds hard to accept after the expansive experience on the sea or, we may add, the innocent interlude on the "happy island," a third romantic symbol⁴ which, in Edna's case, is Grand Isle. It is not surprising, then, that in keeping with the romantic imagery through which the book is developed, Edna's rebellion should become complete when she returns to society. She refuses to take seriously the social forms through which the community functions, but instead determines to go her own way, independent of both her family and the society in which they live. By this time, even Léonce, her husband, sees that Edna is "not herself," that is, not her old self. As Kate Chopin puts it, "he could not see that she was becoming herself and daily casting aside that fictitious self which we assume like a garment with which to appear before the world."

But if Edna's real self is revealed as a result of this process, we may legitimately ask what that real self is like. It is one that insists upon its own inviolability, that will brook no interference from others. Indeed, Edna carries this insistence upon her own integrity almost to an extreme. As she tells Adèle Ratignolle at one point, she would be willing to give up what she considers the unessential for her children—her money or even her life—but she would not give up herself. "Nobody has any right," she believes, to force her to do anything, and she frankly admits to Doctor Mandelot, "I don't want anything but my own way. That is wanting a good deal, of course, when you have to trample upon the lives, the hearts, the prejudices of others—but no matter . . ." Though Edna usually exempts the children—at least partially and hesitantly—from her sweeping statements on her individual inviolability, she is indeed willing to sacrifice everyone else to the demands of her sole self. As a consequence, her characteristic state in the latter half of the novel is solitude. For the most part, she is alone.

Kate Chopin compares and contrasts Edna's state with a number of others in the book, developing her theme through the polarities of self-absorption (Madame Reisz) and willing surrender of self to another (Adèle and Alphonse Ratignolle). In Madame Reisz, the consequences of insisting on the self alone are clearly developed. Though she is indeed a fine artist, she is also self-assertive, imperious, and disposed "to trample upon the rights of others." She is

4. Auden, *The Enchafèd Flood*, p. 20. That Grand Isle may serve this familiar function in *The Awakening* seems clear from the innocent relationships that the

characters maintain there until Edna's awakening drives Robert away to Mexico.

venomous, disagreeable, and rude. Small wonder, then, that she is more often than not alone. By contrast, the Ratignolles are a prime example of two individuals who, like right hand and left, heart and soul, have indeed become one. "The Ratignolles understood each other perfectly. If ever the fusion of two human beings into one has been accomplished on this sphere it was surely in their union." Chopin, of course, makes no explicit judgment on these two ways of life, but it is apparent that Edna lies between the two extremes.

Yet another contrast is symbolized by a recurring detail that appears in the depiction of life on Grand Isle. Throughout this part of the novel, a pair of lovers and a lady in black, who is usually saying her rosary or reading her prayer book, are frequently seen in the background. As symbolic figures, they cannot perhaps be assigned precise meanings. But the two lovers are indeed so lost in each other as to be almost completely oblivious to what is going on around them. There is surely no self-assertion here. Nor does there seem to be any in the lady in black who, in praying to her God, is surrendering herself to the Deity. Both the couple and the lady in black represent a strong contrast to Edna, who never really achieves the loss of self in love for another, and who is never portrayed as submitting herself to worship God in communion with others. She is pictured instead as running away from the Presbyterian service as a girl, and as leaving the Catholic mass with "a feeling of oppression" on Chênrière Caminada.

Edna stands apart from all these people, even those, like Madame Reisz, whom she most resembles. She vacillates between the polar positions, reaching out to her children on occasion, and even to her old friend Adèle, who calls for her during her labor. But she turns away from all of them eventually, and takes pleasure most often in being alone. Edna, moreover, is hardly consistent in her behavior, for she is unwilling to allow others the same freedom she demands for herself. Though she insists that she will not be possessed by anyone, it is clear that she wishes to possess Robert. She wants to hold on to him when he decides to leave for Mexico, and she accuses him of selfishness when he will not submit to her demands. Indeed, when she returns from Adèle Ratignolle's confinement expecting to find Robert waiting for her, "she could picture at that moment no greater bliss on earth than *possession* of the beloved one. His expression of love had already *given him to her in part*" (*italics mine*). She demands of others what none may demand of her; she wishes to possess, who will not herself be possessed.

Edna's reaching out to others is either brief and transitory (as

5. Unlike the Creole husbands, moreover, who never feel jealous, Edna becomes jealous almost as soon as she

perceives that she loves Robert, and the emotion recurs later—a clear sign of her desire for possession.

with Adèle and the children) or colored by a selfish motive (as with Robert). Indeed, as the story develops, one begins to suspect that Edna's self is by its very nature a solitary thing, that she is utterly incapable of forming a true and lasting relationship with another. The men to whom she is attracted before her marriage are either such as might inflame a youthful imagination (the cavalry officer and the tragedian), or the kind she is told she must not covet (the young man who is engaged to the lady on a neighboring plantation). Forbidden fruit seems to appeal to her most, a sign, perhaps, of a certain perverseness in her character. She married Léonce Pontellier partly at least because her family was opposed to him, and one suspects that the appeal of Alcée Arobin—and even of Robert Lebrun—derives from the fact that she knows she should not become involved with them. The result is that she either ends up as a possession—and both Léonce and Alcée treat her as one—or she is herself overwhelmed with the desire to possess another. Both relationships are, of course, thoroughly destructive.

Edna's final awakening, her ultimate self-discovery, reveals an inner nature that is devoid of hope. After she learns that Robert has left her for good, she lies awake throughout the night, a sense of despondency that never lifts overwhelming her spirit. She faces the truth about herself, that for her no lasting union with anyone is possible. Though she may want Robert with her now, she "realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone." Even her children appear to her as enemies, as "antagonists who had overcome her; who had overpowered her and sought to drag her into the soul's slavery for the rest of her days." Since Edna cannot give herself to anyone, but instead remains aloof from any true relationship with another, she is doomed to stand completely alone in the universe, a position that is clearly symbolized by the final episode in the book: her solitary swim far out into the emptiness of the Gulf.

The sea is presented here in language almost identical with that of the passage quoted above. A very important clause, however, is omitted. In the former passage, the dual nature of the sea experience is suggested, the outward expansion into the infinite, and the intensification of self-awareness that can also result from finding oneself alone in the apparently limitless sea. Here, the second aspect of the experience is not included. By now, Edna has explored herself completely and has penetrated to her true nature, solitary and

6. Note too that one of the few women she associates with in New Orleans is Mrs. Highcamp, whom her husband had advised her not to encourage socially.

7. This relationship is suggested by

parallel scenes. Once his affair with Edna is established, Arobin settles down to smoke a cigar and read his newspaper in her house, in much the same way Léonce does in the first chapter of the book.

aloof though it may be. The seductive voice of the sea, therefore, can only incite her spirit "to wander in abysses of solitude." This Edna does, swimming on and on, pleased with the thought that she is escaping the slavery represented to her imagination in the form of Léonce and the children. But the price she pays for her escape is death. In defending her self against the threat of community, she loses it in the infinity suggested by the expanse of the sea.

Read in these terms, Kate Chopin's *The Awakening* is a powerful romantic novel. It develops the theme of self-discovery so important in the works of the transcendentalists and does it in terms of imagery that is thoroughly appropriate to its presentation. Unlike the transcendentalists, however, Kate Chopin allows her character no limitless expansion of the self. She presents her, rather—in terms suggesting Melville—as a solitary, defiant soul who stands out against the limitations that both nature and society place upon her, and who accepts in the final analysis a defeat that involves no surrender. Chopin herself makes no explicit comment on Edna Pontellier's actions. She neither approves nor condemns, but maintains an aesthetic distance throughout, relying upon the recurring patterns of imagery to convey her meaning. It is not the morality of Edna's life that most deeply concerns her, nor even the feminist concept so obviously present in the book. It is, rather, the philosophic questions raised by Edna's awakening: the relation of the individual self to the physical and social realities by which it is surrounded, and the price it must pay for insisting upon its absolute freedom.

CYNTHIA GRIFFIN WOLFF

Thanatos and Eros†

* * * An astonishing proportion of that part of the novel which deals with Edna's sojourn at Grand Isle is paced by the rhythm of her basic needs, especially the most primitive ones of eating and sleeping. If one were to plot the course of Edna's life during this

8. Edna's death by drowning seems consistent with the sea imagery through which much of the theme is developed. According to Auden, once the island is left behind, "the only possible place of peace for the romantic is under the waters." *The Enchafed Flood*, p. 24.

9. I am aware, of course, that both *The Awakening* and the whole local color school to which Kate Chopin is said to belong are usually classified as late

nineteenth-century realism. That realistic detail is not inconsistent with romantic imagery, however, is amply illustrated by so thoroughly romantic a book as *Moby-Dick*.

† From Cynthia Griffin Wolff, "Thanatos and Eros: Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*," *American Quarterly*, XXV (October 1973), 449–71. The author's footnotes have been renumbered.

period, the most reliable indices to the passage of time would be her meals and her periods of sleep. The importance of these in Edna's more general "awakening" can be suggested if we examine the day-long boat trip which she makes with Robert.

There is an almost fairy-tale quality to the whole experience; the rules of time seem suspended, and the *mélange* of brilliant sensory experiences—the sun, the water, the soft breeze, the old church with its lizards and whispered tales of pirate gold—melts into a dreamlike pattern. It is almost as if Edna's fantasy world had come into being. Indeed, there is even some suggestion that after the event, she incorporates the memory of it into her fantasy world in such a way that the reality and the illusion do, in fact, become confused. Later on in the novel when Edna is invited to tell a true anecdote at a dinner party, she speaks "of a woman who paddled away with her lover one night in a pirogue and never came back. They were lost amid the Baratarian Islands, and no one ever heard of them or found trace of them from that day to this. It was pure invention. She said that Madame Antoine had related it to her. That, also, was an invention. Perhaps it was a dream she had had. But every glowing word seemed real to those who listened."

Yet even this jewel-like adventure with Robert is dominated by the insistence of the infantile life-pattern—sleep and eat, sleep and eat. Edna's rest had been feverish the night prior to the expedition; "She slept but a few hours," and their expedition begins with a hurried breakfast. Her taste for sight-seeing, even her willingness to remain with Robert, is so overwhelmed by her lassitude that she must find a place to rest and to be alone. Strikingly, however, once she is by herself, left to seek restful sleep, Edna seems somewhat to revive, and the tone shifts from one of exhaustion to one of sensuous, leisurely enjoyment of her own body. "Left alone in the little side room, [she] loosened her clothes, removing the greater part of them. . . . How luxurious it felt to rest thus in a strange, quaint bed, with its sweet country odor of laurel lingering about the sheets and mattress! She stretched her strong limbs that ached a little. She ran her fingers through her loosened hair for a while. She looked at her round arms as she held them straight up and rubbed them one after the other, observing closely, as if it were something she saw for the first time, the fine, firm quality and texture of her flesh." Powerfully sensuous as this scene is, we would be hard put to find genital significance here. Reduced to its simplest form, the description is of a being discovering the limits and qualities of its own body—discovering, and taking joy in the process of discovery. And having engaged in this exploratory "play" for a while, Edna falls asleep.

The manner of her waking makes explicit reference to the myth of the sleeping beauty. "How many years have I slept?" she in-

quired. "The whole island seems changed. A new race of beings must have sprung up, leaving only you and me as past relics." Robert jokingly falls in with the fantasy: "'You have slept precisely one hundred years. I was left here to guard your slumbers; and for one hundred years I have been out under the shed reading a book.'" In the fairy tale, of course, the princess awakens with a kiss, conscious of love; but Edna's libidinal energies have been arrested at a pre-genital level—so she awakens "very hungry"—and her lover prepares her a meal! "He was childishly gratified to discover her appetite, and to see the relish with which she ate the food which he had procured for her." Indeed, though the title of the novel suggests a re-enactment of the traditional romantic myth, it never does offer a complete representation of it. The next invocation is Arobin's kiss, "the first kiss of her life to which her nature had really responded"; but as we have seen earlier, this response is facilitated, perhaps even made possible, by the fact that her emotional attachment is not to Arobin but to the Robert of her fantasy world. The final allusion to an awakening kiss is Edna's rousing of Robert; and yet this is a potentially genital awakening from which both flee.

Edna's central problem, once the hidden "self" begins to exert its inexorable power, is that her libidinal appetite has been fixated at the oral level. Edna herself has an insistent preoccupation with nourishment; on the simplest level, she is concerned with food. Her favorite adjective is "delicious": she sees many mother-women as "delicious" in their role; she carries echoes of her children's voices "like the memory of a delicious song"; when she imagines Robert she thinks "how delicious it would be to have him there with her." And the notion of something's being good because it might be good to "eat" (or internalize in some way) is echoed in all of her relationships with other people. Those who care about her typically feed her; and the sleep-and-eat pattern which is most strikingly established at the beginning of the novel continues even to the very end. Not surprisingly, in the "grown-up world" she is a poor housekeeper, and though Léonce's responses are clearly petty and self-centered, Edna's behavior does betray incompetence, especially when we compare it (as the novel so often invites us to) with the nurturing capacities of Adèle. It is not surprising that the most dramatic gesture toward freedom that Edna makes is to move out of her husband's house; yet even this gesture toward "independence" can be comprehended as part of an equally powerful wish to regress. It is, after all, a "tiny house" that she moves to; she calls it her "pigeon house," and if she were still a little girl, we might call it a playhouse.

The decision to move from Léonce's house is virtually coinciden-

tal with the beginning of her affair with Arobin; yet even the initial stages of that affair are described in oral terms—Edna feels regret because “it was not love which had held this cup of life to her lips.” And though the relationship develops as she makes preparations for the move, it absorbs astonishingly little of Edna’s libido. She is deliberately distant, treating Arobin with “affected carelessness.” As the narrator observes, “If he had expected to find her languishing, reproachful, or indulging in sentimental tears, he must have been greatly surprised.” She is “true” to the fantasy image of Robert. And in the real world her emotional energy has been committed in another direction. She is busy with elaborate plans—for a dinner party! And it is on this extravagant sumptuous oral repast that she lavishes her time and care. Here Edna as purveyor of food becomes not primarily a nourisher (as Adèle is) but a sensualist in the only terms that she can truly comprehend. One might argue that in this elaborate feast Edna’s sensuous self comes closest to some form of expression which might be compatible with the real world. The dinner party itself is one of the longest sustained episodes in the novel; we are told in loving detail about the appearance of the table, the commodious chairs, the flowers, the candles, the food and wines, Edna’s attire—no sensory pleasure is left unattended. Yet even this indulgence fails to satisfy. “As she sat there amid her guests, she felt the old ennui overtaking her; the hopelessness which so often assailed her, which came upon her like an obsession, like something extraneous, independent of volition. It was something which announced itself; a chill breath that seemed to issue from some vast cavern wherein discords wailed.” Edna, perhaps, connects this despair to the absence of Robert. “There came over her the acute longing which always summoned into her spiritual vision the presence of the beloved one, overpowering her at once with a sense of the unattainable.” However, the narrator’s language here is interestingly ambiguous. It is not specifically *Robert* that Edna longs for; it is “the presence of the beloved one”—an indefinite perpetual image, existing “always” in “her spiritual vision.” The longing, so described, is an immortal one and, as she acknowledges, “unattainable”; the vision might be of Robert, but it might equally be of the cavalry officer, the engaged young man, the tragedian—even of Adèle, whose mothering attentions first elicited a sensuous response from Edna and whose own imminent motherhood has kept her from the grand party. The indefinite quality of Edna’s longing thus described has an ominous tone, a tone made even more ominous by the rising specter of those “vast caverns” waiting vainly to be filled.

Perhaps Edna’s preoccupation with the incorporation of food is but one aspect of a more general concern with incorporating that

which is external to her. Freud's hypotheses about the persistence in some people of essentially oral concerns makes Edna's particular problem even clearer.

Originally the ego includes everything, later it separates off an external world from itself. Our present ego-feeling is, therefore, only a shrunken residue of a much more inclusive—indeed, an all-embracing—feeling which corresponded to a more intimate bond between the ego and the world about it. If we may assume that there are many people in whose mental life this primary ego-feeling has persisted to a greater or less degree, it would exist in them side by side with the narrower and more sharply demarcated ego-feeling of maturity, like a kind of counterpart to it. In that case, the ideational contents appropriate to it would be precisely those of limitlessness and of a bond with the universe . . . the 'oceanic' feeling.

A psychologically mature individual has to some extent satisfied these oral desires for limitless fusion with the external world; presumably his sense of oneness with a nurturing figure has given him sustenance sufficient to move onward to more complex satisfactions. Yet growth inevitably involves some loss. "The feeling of happiness derived from the satisfaction of a wild instinctual impulse untamed by the ego is incomparably more intense than that derived from sating an instinct that has been tamed." To some extent all of us share Edna's fantasy of complete fulfillment through a bond with the infinite; that is what gives the novel its power. However, for those few people in whom this primary ego-feeling has persisted with uncompromising force the temptation to seek total fulfillment may be both irresistible and annihilating.

Everywhere and always in the novel, Edna's fundamental longing is postulated in precisely these terms. And strangely enough, the narrator seems intuitively to understand the connection between this longing for suffusion, fulfillment, incorporation, and the very earliest attempts to define identity.

But the beginning of things, of a world especially, is necessarily vague, tangled, chaotic, and exceedingly disturbing. How few of us ever emerge from such a beginning! How many souls perish in its tumult!

The voice of the sea is seductive; never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander for a spell in abysses of solitude; to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation. The voice of the sea speaks to the soul. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.

1. Sigmund Freud, "Civilization and its Discontents," in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Works*, James Strachey,

ed. (London: Hogarth Press, 1971), 21:71.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 160.

Ultimately, the problem facing Edna has a nightmarish circularity. She has achieved some measure of personal identity only by hiding her "true self" within—repressing all desire for instinctual gratification. Yet she can see others in her environment—the Creoles generally and Adèle in particular—who seem comfortably able to indulge their various sensory appetites and to do so with easy moderation. Edna's hidden self longs for resuscitation and nourishment; and in the supportive presence of Grand Isle Edna begins to acknowledge and express the needs of that "self."

Yet once released, the inner being cannot be satisfied. It is an orally destructive self, a limitless void whose needs can be filled, finally, only by total fusion with the outside world, a totality of sensuous enfolding. And this totality means annihilation of the ego.

Thus all aspects of Edna's relationship with the outside world are unevenly defined. She is remarkably vulnerable to feelings of being invaded and overwhelmed; we have already seen that she views emotional intimacy as potentially shattering. She is equally unable to handle the phenomenal world with any degree of consistency or efficiency. She is very much at the mercy of her environment: the atmosphere of Mademoiselle Reisz' room is said to "invade" her with repose; Mademoiselle Reisz' music has the consistent effect of penetrating Edna's outer self and playing upon the responsive chords of her inner yearning; even her way of looking at objects in the world about her becomes an act of incorporation; "she had a way of turning [her eyes] swiftly upon an object and holding them there as if lost in some inward maze of contemplation or thought." Once she has given up the pattern of repression that served to control dangerous impulses, she becomes engaged in trying to maintain a precarious balance in each of her relationships. On the one hand she must resist invasion, for with invasion comes possession and total destruction. On the other hand she must resist the equally powerful impulse to destroy whatever separates her from the external world so that she can seek union, fusion and (so her fantasies suggest) ecstatic fulfillment.

In seeking to deal with this apparently hopeless problem, Edna encounters several people whose behavior might serve as a pattern for her. Mademoiselle Reisz is one. Mademoiselle Reisz is an artist, and as such she has created that direct avenue between inner and outer worlds which Edna seeks in her own life. Surely Edna's own attempts at artistic enterprise grow out of her more general desire for sustained ecstasy. "While Edna worked she sometimes sang low the little air, 'Ah, si tu savais!'" Her work is insensibly linked with her memories of Robert, and these in turn melt into more generalized memories and desires. The little song she is humming "moved her with recollections. She could hear again the ripple of the water,

the flapping sail. She could see the glint of the moon upon the bay, and could feel the soft, gusty beating of the hot south wind. A subtle current of desire passed through her body, weakening her hold upon the brushes and making her eyes burn." In some ways, Edna's painting might offer her an excellent and viable mode for coming to terms with the insistent demands of cosmic yearning. For one thing, it utilizes in an effective way her habit of transforming the act of observing the external world into an act of incorporation: to some extent the artist must use the world in this way, incorporating it and transforming it in the act of artistic creation. Thus the period during which Edna is experimenting with her art offers her some of the most satisfying experiences she is capable of having. "There were days when she was very happy without knowing why. She was happy to be alive and breathing when her whole being seemed to be one with the sunlight, the color, the odors, the luxuriant warmth of some perfect Southern day. . . . And she found it good to dream and to be alone and unmolested."

Yet when Edna tells Mademoiselle Reisz about her efforts, she is greeted with skepticism: "'You have pretensions,'" Mademoiselle Reisz responds. "'To be an artist includes much; one must possess many gifts—absolute gifts—which have not been acquired by one's own effort. And moreover, to succeed, the artist must possess the courageous soul. . . . The brave soul. The soul that dares and defies.'" One implication of Mademoiselle Reisz' half-contemptuous comment may well be the traditional view that the artist must dare to be unconventional; and it is this interpretation which Edna reports later to Arobin, saying as she does, however, "'I only half comprehend her.'" The part of Mademoiselle Reisz' injunction that eludes Edna's understanding concerns the sense of purposiveness which is implied by the image of a courageous soul. Mademoiselle Reisz has her art, but she has sacrificed for it—perhaps too much. In any case, however, she has acknowledged limitations, accepted some and grappled with others; she is an active agent who has defined her relationship to the world. Edna, by contrast, is passive.

The words which recur most frequently to describe her are words like melting, drifting, misty, dreaming, shadowy. She is not willing (perhaps not able) to define her position in the world because to do so would involve relinquishing the dream of total fulfillment. Thus while Mademoiselle Reisz can control and create, Edna is most comfortable as the receptive vessel—both for Mademoiselle Reisz' music and for the sense impressions which form the basis of her own artistic endeavor. Mademoiselle Reisz commands her work; Edna is at the mercy of hers. Thus just as there are moments of exhilaration, so "there were days when she was unhappy, she did not know why,—when it did not seem worth while to be glad or

sorry, to be alive or dead; when life appeared to her like a grotesque pandemonium and humanity like worms struggling blindly toward inevitable annihilation. She could not work on such a day, nor weave fantasies to stir her pulses and warm her blood.' Art, for Edna, ultimately becomes not a defense against inner turmoil, merely a reflection of it.

Another possible defense for Edna might be the establishment and sustaining of a genuine genital relationship. Her adolescent fantasies, her mechanical marriage, her liaison with Arobin and her passionate attachment to the fantasy image of Robert all suggest imperfect efforts to do just that. A genital relationship, like all ego-relationships, necessarily involves limitation; to put the matter in Edna's terms, a significant attachment with a real man would involve relinquishing the fantasy of total fulfillment with some fantasy lover. In turn, it would offer genuine emotional nourishment—though perhaps never enough to satisfy the voracious clamoring of Edna's hidden self.

Ironically, Adèle, who seems such a fount of sustenance, gives indications of having some of the same oral needs that Edna does. Like Edna she is preoccupied with eating, she pays extravagant care to the arrangement of her own physical comforts, and she uses her pregnancy as an excuse to demand a kind of mothering attention for herself. The difference between Edna and Adèle is that Adèle can deal with her nurturing needs by displacing them onto her children and becoming a "mother-woman." Having thus segregated and limited these desires, Adèle can find diverse ways of satisfying them; and having satisfied her own infantile oral needs, she can go on to have a rewarding adult relationship with her husband. Between Adèle and M. Ratignolle there is mutual joining together: "The Ratignolles understood each other perfectly. If ever the fusion of two human beings into one has been accomplished on this sphere it was surely in their union." The clearest outward sign of this happy union is that the Ratignolles converse eagerly and clearly with each other. M. Ratignolle reports his experiences and thoughts to his wife, and she in turn "was keenly interested in everything he said, laying down her fork the better to listen, chiming in, taking the words out of his mouth." Yet this picture of social and domestic accord is indescribably dismaying to Edna. She "felt depressed rather than soothed after leaving them. The little glimpse of domestic harmony which had been offered her, gave her no regret, no longing."

Again, what has capitulated is the fantasy of complete and total suffusion; the Ratignolles have only a union which is as perfect as one can expect "*on this sphere*" (*italics added*). Yet the acme of bliss which Edna has always sought "was not for her in this world."

Edna wishes a kind of pre-verbal union, an understanding which consistently surpasses words. Léonce is scarcely a sensitive man (that is, as we have seen, why she chose to marry him). Yet Edna never exerts herself to even such efforts at communication with him as might encourage a supportive emotional response. She responds to his unperceptive clumsiness by turning inward, falling into silence. Over and over again their disagreements follow the pattern of a misunderstanding which Edna refuses to clarify. At the very beginning of the novel when Léonce selfishly strolls off for an evening of gambling, Edna's rage and sense of loneliness are resolutely hidden, even when he seeks to discover the cause of her unhappiness. "She said nothing, and refused to answer her husband when he questioned her." Perhaps Léonce could not have understood the needs which Edna feels so achingly unfulfilled. And he is very clumsy. But he does make attempts at communication while she does not, and his interview with the family doctor shows greater concern about Edna's problems than she manages to feel for his.

The attachment to Robert, which takes on significance only after he has left Grand Isle, monopolizes Edna's emotions because it does temporarily offer an illusion of fusion, of complete union. However, this love affair, such as it is, is a genuinely narcissistic one; the sense of fusion exists because Edna's lover is really a part of herself—a figment of her imagination, an image of Robert which she has incorporated into her consciousness. Not only is her meeting with Robert after his return a disappointment (as we have seen earlier); it moves the static, imaginary "love affair" into a new and crucial stage; it tests, once and for all, Edna's capacity to transform her world of dreams into viable reality. Not surprisingly, "some way he had seemed nearer to her off there in Mexico."

Still she does try. She awakens him with a kiss even as Arobin had awakened her. Robert, too, is resistant to genuine involvement, and his initial reaction is to speak of the hopelessness of their relationship. Edna, however, is insistent (despite the interruption telling her of Adèle's accouchement). "'We shall be everything to each other. Nothing else in the world is of any consequence. I must go to my friend; but you will wait for me? No matter how late; you will wait for me, Robert?'" And at this point, Edna seems finally to have won her victory. "'Don't go; don't go! Oh! Edna, stay with me,' he pleaded. . . . Her seductive voice, together with his great love for her, had enthralled his senses, had deprived him of every impulse but the longing to hold her and keep her." And at this moment, so long and eagerly anticipated, Edna leaves Robert!

Robert's own resolve weakens during the interval, and it would be all too easy to blame Edna's failure on him. Certainly he is implicated. Yet his act does not explain *Edna's* behavior. "Nothing else

in the world is of any consequence," she has said. If that is so, why then does she leave? No real duty calls her. Her presence at Adèle's delivery is of virtually no help. The doctor, sorry for the pain that the scene has caused Edna, even remonstrates with her mildly for having come. " 'You shouldn't have been there, Mrs. Pontellier. . . . There were a dozen women she might have had with her, unimpressible women.' " To have stayed with Robert would have meant consummation, finally, the joining of her dreamlike passion to a flesh and blood lover; to leave was to risk losing that opportunity. Edna must realize the terms of this dilemma, and still she chooses to leave. We can only conclude that she is unconsciously ambivalent about achieving the goal which has sustained her fantasies for so long. The flesh and blood Robert may prove an imperfect, unsatisfactory substitute for the "beloved" of her dreams; what is more, a relationship with the real Robert would necessarily disenfranchise the more desirable phantom lover, whose presence is linked with her more general yearning for suffusion and indefinable ecstasy.

The totality of loss which follows Edna's decision forces a grim recognition upon her, the recognition that all her lovers have really been of but fleeting significance. "To-day it is Arobin; to-morrow it will be some one else. . . . It makes no difference to me. . . . There was no one thing in the world that she desired. There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert; and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone." Her devastation, thus described, is removed from the realm of romantic disappointment; and we must see Edna's final suicide as originating in a sense of inner emptiness, not in some finite failure of love. Her decision to go to Adèle is in part a reflection of Edna's unwillingness to compromise her dream of Robert (and in this sense it might be interpreted as a flight from reality). On the other hand, it might also be seen as a last desperate attempt to come to terms with the anguish created by her unfulfilled "Oceanic" longing. And for this last effort she must turn to Adèle, the human who first caused her to loosen the bonds of repression.

The pre-eminence of Adèle over Robert in Edna's emotional life, affirmed by Edna's crucial choice, is undeniably linked to her image as a nurturing figure and, especially here, as a mother-to-be. In this capacity she is also linked to Edna's own children—insistent specters in Edna's consciousness; and this link is made explicit by Adèle's repetition of the cryptic injunction to "think of the children."

Now in every human's life there is a period of rhapsodic union or fusion with another, and this is the period of early infancy, before the time when a baby begins to differentiate himself from his

mother. It is the haunting memory of this evanescent state which Freud defines as "Oceanic feeling," the longing to recapture that sense of oneness and suffused sensuous pleasure—even, perhaps, the desire to be reincorporated into the safety of pre-existence. Men can never recreate this state of total union. Adult women can—when they are pregnant. Most pregnant women identify intensely with their unborn children, and through that identification in some measure re-experience a state of complete and harmonious union. "The biologic process has created a unity of mother and child, in which the bodily substance of one flows into the other, and thus one larger unit is formed out of two units. The same thing takes place on the psychic level. By tender identification, by perceiving the fruit of her body as part of herself, the pregnant woman is able to transform the 'parasite' into a beloved being. Thus, mankind's eternal yearning for identity between the ego and the nonego, that deeply buried original desire to reachieve the condition once experienced, to repeat the human dream that was once realized in the mother's womb, is fulfilled."³ Adèle is a dear friend, yes; she is a nurturing figure. But above all, she is the living embodiment of that state which Edna's deepest being longs to recapture. Trapped in the conflict between her desire for "freedom," as seen in her compulsive need to protect her precarious sense of self, and her equally insistent yearning for complete fulfillment through total suffusion, Edna is intensely involved with Adèle's pregnancy.

Edna's compulsion to be with Adèle at the moment of delivery is, in the sense which would have most significance for her, a need to view individuation at its origin. For if pregnancy offers a state of total union, then birth is the initial separation: for the child it is the archetypal separation trauma; for the mother, too, it is a significant psychic trauma. It is the ritual re-enactment of her own birth and a brutal reawakening to the world of isolated ego. "To make it the being that is outside her, the pregnant mother must deliver the child from the depths of herself. . . . She loses not only it, but herself with it. This, I think, is at the bottom of that fear and foreboding of death that every pregnant woman has, and this turns the giving of life into the losing of life." Edna cannot refuse to partake of this ceremony, for here, if anywhere, she will find the solution to her problem.

Yet the experience is horrendous; it gives no comfort, no reassuring answer to Edna's predicament. It offers only stark, uncompromising truth. Adèle's ordeal reminds Edna of her own accouchements. "Edna began to feel uneasy. She was seized with a vague

3. Helene Deutsch, *The Psychology of Women* (New York: Grune and Stratton, 1971), 2:139.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 79.

dread. Her own like experiences seemed far away, unreal, and only half remembered. She recalled faintly an ecstasy of pain, the heavy odor of chloroform, a stupor which had deadened sensation, and an awakening to find a little new life to which she had given being." This is Nature's cruel message. The fundamental significance to Edna of an awakening is an awakening to separation, to individual existence, to the hopelessness of ever satisfying the dream of total fusion. The rousing of her sensuous being had led Edna on a quest for ecstasy; but the ecstasy which beckoned has become in the end merely an "ecstasy of pain," first in her protracted struggle to retain identity and finally here in that relentless recognition of inevitable separation which has been affirmed in the delivery, "an awakening to find a little new life." Edna is urged to leave, but she refuses. "With an inward agony, with a flaming, outspoken revolt against the ways of Nature, she witnessed the scene of torture."

In this world, in life, there can be no perfect union, and the children whom Adèle urges Edna to remember stand as living proof of the inevitability of separation. Edna's longing can never be satisfied. This is her final discovery, the inescapable disillusionment; and the narrator calls it to our attention again, lest its significance escape us. "The years that are gone seem like dreams," Edna muses, "if one might go on sleeping and dreaming—but to wake up and find—" Here she pauses, but the reader can complete her thought—"a little new life." "Oh! well! perhaps it is better to wake up after all, even to suffer rather than to remain a dupe to illusions all one's life."

One wonders to what extent Edna's fate might have been different if Robert had remained. Momentarily, at least, he might have roused her from her despondency by offering not ecstasy but at least partial satisfaction. The fundamental problem would have remained, however. Life offers only partial pleasures, and individuated experience.

Thus Edna's final act of destruction has a quality of uncompromising sensuous fulfillment as well. It is her answer to the inadequacies of life, a literal denial and reversal of the birth trauma she has just witnessed, a stripping away of adulthood, of limitation, of consciousness itself. If life cannot offer fulfillment of her dream of fusion, then the ecstasy of death is preferable to the relinquishing of that dream. So Edna goes to the sea "and for the first time in her life she stood naked in the open air, at the mercy of the sun, the breeze that beat upon her, and the waves that invited her." She is a child, an infant again. "How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under the sky! how delicious! She felt like some new-born creature, opening its eyes in a familiar world that it had never

known." And with her final act Edna completes the regression, back beyond childhood, back into time eternal. "The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace."

SUZANNE WOLKENFELD

Edna's Suicide: The Problem of the One and the Many†

The recent critical controversy as to the meaning and value of Kate Chopin's *The Awakening* is epitomized in the range of responses to Edna's suicide. This finale constitutes the critical crux of the novel, not only in that it is central to the interpretation of Edna's character and the theme of the story, but also because it is joined with the issue of Chopin's attitude to her protagonist and the artistic integrity of her work. It is primarily through the interpretation of the pattern of imagery by which Edna's suicide is dramatized, and of the tone of the narrative voice, that each critic decides whether or not to take the final swim with Edna and determines Chopin's complicity in the act.

The most emphatic affirmations of Edna's suicide are found in the criticism of Per Seyersted and Kenneth Eble. Each proclaims the nobility of Edna's achievements and the heroic grandeur of her final gesture. Seyersted, approaching the story through feminist and existentialist perspectives, sees Edna's death as motivated by an uncompromising desire for "spiritual emancipation." Her suicide is "the crowning glory of her development from the bewilderment which accompanied her early emancipation to the clarity with which she understands her own nature and the possibilities of her life as she decides to end it." Eble, distinguishing Edna from such deluded romantics as Emma Bovary, places her with classical figures who "struggle with elemental passion." Her suicide, seen as an immersion in Eros, gives her "the power, the dignity, the self-possession of a tragic heroine." Both Seyersted and Eble acclaim the artistry of Chopin and assert her sympathy for Edna.

Donald A. Ringe and George Arms, each focusing on Edna's romanticism, present more qualified views of the significance of her suicide and question the assumption of Chopin's sympathy for her protagonist. Ringe relates Edna's romanticism to the transcendental-

† A previously unpublished essay printed with permission of the author. All footnotes are by the author.

1. Per Seyersted, *Kate Chopin: A Critical Biography* (Baton Rouge: Univer-

sity of Louisiana Press, 1969), pp. 134-63.
2. Kenneth Eble, "A Forgotten Novel: Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*," *Western Humanities Review*, 10 (Summer 1956), pp. 261-69.

ist theme of self-discovery and perceives her suicide as the consequence of her realization of her essentially solitary nature. Stressing Chopin's philosophic concern with the relation of the individual to external reality, he evaluates Edna's final act as "a defeat that involves no surrender." Arms, despite the basic realism of Edna's sexual emancipation, sees her as a figure motivated by romantic ideals, who "drifts" aimlessly into death. Noting the irony that pervades Chopin's treatment of Edna, he distinguishes between the romantic heroine and the realistic writer.

Daniel S. Rankin represents the negative pole of reaction in his verdict on the work as "exotic in setting, morbid in theme, erotic in motivation." Edna's suicide is a testimony to the fact that "human nature can be a sickening reality." He identifies Chopin with Edna and judges the writer as an impressionable victim of romantic literature.

George M. Spangler also presents a forceful indictment of the conclusion, not as does Rankin in terms of moral perversity, but on purely aesthetic grounds. He regards Edna's suicide as a pathetic defeat that is inconsistent with the depiction of her previous strength and achievements and accuses Chopin of a lapse from psychological subtlety into banal sentimentality.

Cynthia Griffin Wolff, acknowledging Chopin's insight into human nature, sees her depiction of Edna as a penetrating account of psychological disintegration. Wolff analyzes Edna's experiences in the contexts of Laing and Freud and defines her as a schizoid personality whose erotic development has been arrested at the oral stage. Her suicide is a regressive act coming from "a sense of inner emptiness" and a failure to fulfill in real life her infantile yearnings for fusion.

Between the positive and negative responses to Edna's suicide stand the views of Kenneth M. Rosen and Ruth Sullivan and Stewart Smith. Rosen insists on a purposeful ambiguity in which the sea is seen as symbolizing both life and death. Sullivan and Smith argue not for ambiguity but for ambivalence in Chopin's presentation of Edna through two distinct and irreconcilable points of view.

3. Donald A. Ringe, "Romantic Imagery in Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*," *American Literature*, 43 (January 1972), 580-88.

4. George Arms, "Kate Chopin's *The Awakening* in the Perspective of Her Literary Career," *Essays in American Literature in Honor of Jay B. Hubbell*, Clarence Gohdes, ed. (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1967), pp. 215-28.

5. Daniel S. Rankin, *Kate Chopin and Her Creole Stories* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1932),

pp. 171-76.

6. George M. Spangler, "Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*: A Partial Dissent," *Novel: A Forum of Fiction*, 3 (1970), 244-55.

7. Cynthia Griffin Wolff, "Thanatos and Eros: Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*," *American Quarterly*, 25 (October 1973), 449-71.

8. Kenneth M. Rosen, "Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*: Ambiguity as Art," *Journal of American Studies*, 5 (August 1971), 197-200.

The reader's response to Edna's suicide depends on whether he is compelled by the voice that indulges a romantic vision of life's possibilities or by the contrasting voice that insists on accommodation to the limitations of reality.

Those critical views that distinguish between the realism of Chopin and the romanticism of Edna and question the value of her suicide reflect most closely the meaning and spirit of *The Awakening*. The vision of life that emerges from the novel constitutes an affirmation of the multiple possibilities of fulfillment, an affirmation made with a clear and profound grasp of the problematic nature of reality. Chopin's attitude to Edna involves the same mixture of irony and respect that marks her treatment of the other characters in the story. Her sympathy, and perhaps even identification, with Edna are most evident in her dramatization of Edna's struggle to face the realities of life and her partial achievements of selfhood. But ultimately Chopin places Edna's suicide as a defeat and a regression, rooted in a self-annihilating instinct, in a romantic incapacity to accommodate herself to the limitations of reality.

This approach has affinities with the interpretations of Donald A. Ringe and George Arms and corresponds at points to the psychoanalytic study by Cynthia Griffin Wolff. But Ringe and Arms do not probe Edna's romanticism far enough to the psychological core, and Wolff tends to impose a clinically schematic pattern that sometimes distorts Chopin's use of imagery and implicitly raises the question of the author's control over her material. A reading that remains faithful to the psychological implications of Chopin's imagery in terms of her own apprehension of reality will illuminate most fully the meaning of Edna's suicide.

The editorial commentary that Chopin introduces at the point of Edna's first intuition of her passion for Robert provides the key to the author's thematic intention and to the central symbol in which it is embodied:

In short, Mrs. Pontellier was beginning to realize her position in the universe as a human being, and to recognize her relations as an individual to the world within and about her. . . .

But the beginning of things, of a world especially, is necessarily vague, tangled, chaotic, and exceedingly disturbing. How few of us ever emerge from such beginning! How many souls perish in its tumult!

The voice of the sea is seductive; never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander for a spell in abysses of solitude; to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation.

The voice of the sea speaks to the soul. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.

What Chopin defines here are the two paths open to Edna from the point at which her instinctual nature is roused. Ideally, Edna's growth could bring her to self-awareness and community with the external world. But aware of the complex and vulnerable nature of the human psyche, Chopin emphasizes the perils that attend Edna's awakening. She stresses the universal temptation to yield to the primitive lure of the unconscious, to return to the primal sea in which body and soul are one. This symbolic invocation of the seductive sea that calls one to the ecstasy of immersion corresponds to Freud's conception of the Occanic feeling of absolute fusion of the infantile ego.

Chopin repeatedly underlines Edna's particular susceptibility to the infantile yearning for regression and subtly weaves the patterns of imagery that will culminate in her final surrender. The struggle within Edna between the desire for selfhood in relationship with others and the longing for self-annihilation is enacted in the scene of her first swim. Stirred to passion by the music she has heard, she achieves her first mastery over the ocean and swims out far in a spirit of self-assertion. But her instinctual intoxication also makes her open to the regressive urge: "As she swam she seemed to be reaching out for the unlimited in which to lose herself."

Edna's regressive instincts are embodied in the series of fantasies of unattainable lovers that dominated her early life. The infantile core of her romanticism is revealed in the childhood memory reawakened by the sight of the "water stretching so far away." She recalls walking through a meadow of grass, feeling that she "must walk on forever, without coming to the end of it." She connects this experience of the infinite in "that ocean of waving grass" to her first passionate infatuation with a visiting cavalry officer.

Her uncertainty about her response to the incident—"I don't remember whether I was frightened or pleased"—suggests her ambivalence to her romantic yearnings. Sensing the impossibility of fulfilling such passions "in this world," Edna marries a man she does not love, "closing the portals forever behind her upon the realm of romance and dreams."

When Robert arouses these fantasies once again, Edna determines not to love hopelessly in secret but to turn the phantom lover into reality, to take "possession of the beloved one." Through Robert she hopes to actualize her romantic need for Oneness in the act of sexual consummation.

1. See Wolff, *op. cit.*, for a fuller treatment of Freud's conception of the in-

fantile ego and its relationship to the character of Edna.

Through her dramatization of the *Sleeping Beauty* motif, Chopin reveals the conflict between the basic reality of Edna's erotic desire for Robert and the impossibility of her romantic quest for fusion. When Edna awakens from a long sleep at Chênrière, she sees Robert as the Prince who has waited "one hundred years" to achieve his bride. The fact that she finds herself "very hungry" reflects her longing for a new life of sensuous satisfaction. Wolff's interpretation of this hunger as an indication that Edna's "libidinal energies have been arrested at a pregenital level" contradicts Chopin's use of food imagery as a positive symbol of life's nourishment. Edna's problem is that she believes she can attain the final, unlimited union of the fairy-tale lovers. Robert's departure forces her to face the fact that real life is quite different from the idealized realm of the fairy tale.

Edna does achieve the existential integrity to value her painful coming to consciousness:

The years that are gone seem like dreams—if one might go on sleeping and dreaming—but to wake and find— Oh! well! perhaps it is better to wake up after all, even to suffer, rather than to remain a dupe to illusions all one's life.

She not only awakens to knowledge of external reality but succeeds in penetrating the core of her inner nature. She confronts the shattering truth that even had Robert stayed, he could never have ultimately satisfied her need for "one thing":

There was no one thing in the world that she desired. There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert; and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone.

Edna does not possess the strength to live her life alone and is therefore driven to seek the solitary security of death. Her view of her children as enemies who seek "to drag her into the soul's slavery for the rest of her days" is the hysterical response of a woman who, compelled by the instinct to return to the unbroken bond with her mother, must perforce renounce her own motherhood.

Edna's suicide is not a conscious choice reached through her achievement of self-awareness. She was "not thinking" as "she walked down to the beach." In the grip of the unconscious she responds to the call of the sea: "The voice of the sea is seductive,

2. Wolff, *op. cit.*, imposes a Freudian context in interpreting Edna's preoccupation with food as an indication of her infantile nature. Chopin uses food imagery to represent Edna's desire for

life in contrast to her regressive desire for death by her request for fish for dinner before she starts her final walk down to the sea.

never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude." Her act of stripping off her clothes is not a gesture of self-liberation but rather a regression to the animality of infancy: "She felt like some new-born creature. . . ." Her experience of rebirth is directed not forward to new life but backward to the womb. Her final memories before her death represent a return to childhood, to her first fantasy lover, and to her walk in the meadow of infinity:

Edna heard her father's voice and her sister Margaret's. She heard the barking of an old dog that was chained to the sycamore tree. The spurs of the cavalry officer clanged as he walked across the porch. There was the hum of bees, and the musky odor of pinks filled the air.

Edna finds her union with the One in the sea. Chopin affirms the many possibilities for satisfaction to be found on the land. In her portraits of Adèle Ratignolle and Mademoiselle Reisz, she suggests the multiplicity of roles open to women. Adèle, the "mother-woman," the dutiful wife, embodies the fertility of nature and the harmony of marital union. Her forays into art are all family oriented: She continually sews clothes for her children and keeps up her music as "a means of brightening the home and making it attractive." She is raised above the level of mere bovine domesticity by her charm, her amiability, and the generosity of her nurturing capacities. She is counterpointed by Mademoiselle Reisz, the artist who is isolated by her unamiable and imperious disposition. The "artificial violets" that she perpetually wears in her hair reflect her discordance with nature. But she is strong enough to live alone on her own terms, giving enough to secure the friendship of Robert and later of Edna, and capable through her music of inspiring passion.

The richness of Chopin's vision of life comes from her awareness of the many paths to self-realization from which to choose, each one involving compromise and renunciation. Her realism is inherent in her refusal to endorse the sentimentality of a fairy-tale resolution or the feminist fatalism of presenting Edna as the victim of an oppressive society. Chopin, as wife, as mother of six children, and as writer, is herself an affirmation of the many modes of living a woman can attain—each limited, each problematic, each real.

In a personal essay on her writing, published in the same year as *The Awakening*, Chopin affords us a glimpse of her personal life:

. . . I write in the morning, when not too strongly drawn to struggle with the intricacies of a pattern, and in the afternoon, if the temptation to try a new furniture polish on an old table leg is not too powerful to be denied; sometimes at night, though as I grow older I am more and more inclined to believe that night

was made for sleep. . . . I am completely at the mercy of unconscious selection. To such an extent is this true, that what is called the polishing up process has always proved disastrous to my work, and I avoid it, preferring the integrity of crudities to artificialities.

In this image of a writer who prefers at times to "polish" a piece of furniture rather than a work of art, who balances her commitment to writing with an indulgence to her moods and physical needs, one sees a woman who has learned to mediate between the inner and outer worlds, between fantasy and reality.

MARGARET CULLEY

Edna Pontellier: "A Solitary Soul"

One sees that dead, vacant look steal sometimes over the rarest, finest of women's faces—in the very midst, it might be, of their warmest summer's day; and then one can guess at the secret of intolerable solitude that lies beneath the delicate laces and brilliant smile.

—Rebecca Harding Davis,
Life in the Iron Mills (1861)

The Awakening, an existential novel about solitude, is distinguished from most of such fiction by its female protagonist. Because of her sex, Edna Pontellier experiences not only dread in the face of solitude, but also delight. As a woman, she has had so little sense of a self alone that new-found solitude suggests entirely new arenas and modes of activity. Solitude also brings a confrontation with the ultimate aloneness—death—and thus the threat of extinction of the fragile, newborn self. When dread of solitude possesses Edna, she seeks, as she has sought from her youth, the deliverance of the imagination; her sexual awakening now leads her to seek the deliverance of the flesh. When she understands that both these deliverers will fail her, she embraces death with the same mixture of dread and delight as when she first discovered her solitude.

Daniel S. Rankin states, "In 1899 Herbert S. Stone and Co. of Chicago published *The Awakening*, a novel the author intended to name *A Solitary Soul*." One early reviewer suggests that the title we know was furnished by "intelligent publishers." In any case, when Chopin added the title *The Awakening* to her notebook, she did not cancel *A Solitary Soul*, as she usually did when changing a title; and Per Seyersted suggests she may have wished to retain it as a subtitle.

In 1895 Chopin published a translation of a Guy de Maupassant

3. As quoted in Rankin, p. 183.

1. Daniel S. Rankin, *Kate Chopin and Her Creole Stories* (Philadelphia: Uni-

versity of Pennsylvania Press, 1932), pp. 171 and 173n.

sketch called "Solitude." In this piece two friends talk after leaving a high-spirited dinner party and walk into the night. One reflects: "For a long time I have endured the anguish of having discovered and understood the solitude in which I live. And I know that nothing can end it; nothing! Whatever we may do or attempt, despite the embraces and transports of love, the hunger of the lips, we are always alone. I have dragged you out into the night in the vain hope of a moment's escape from the horrible solitude which overpowers me. But what is the use! I speak and you answer me, and still each of us is alone; side by side but alone." With images of drowning and the night, he continues his description of his solitude: "You may think me a little mad, but since I have realized the solitude of my being I feel as if I were sinking day by day into some boundless subterranean depths, with no one near me, no other living soul to clasp my out-stretched, groping hands. There [are] noises, there are voices and cries in the darkness. Behold, I strive to reach them, but I can never discover where they come in the darkness, this life which engulfs me." The speaker continues that the illusion which love brings—that he is not alone—is the cruelest of all, for "... after each embrace the isolation grows, and how pungent it is. And after the rapturous union which must, it would seem, blend two souls into one being, how, more than ever before, do you feel yourself alone—alone!" In another essay of de Maupassant which Chopin translated, the speaker also awakens from the illusion that he is not alone to the reality of his solitude. In this essay, though the dreams and illusions have persisted for a long time, they have ultimately fled; it is the sketch entitled "Suicide."

What we feel most keenly about Edna is her remoteness from those about her—her husband, her children, her two female friends, her two male friends. And her solitude is underscored by the dramatic action of the novel as the significant persons in her life repeatedly leave her alone. At the end of the first chapter, Léonce Pontellier leaves Edna for his club; at the end of the third chapter, he leaves her for his business; he leaves her after a quarrel later in the novel, again the next morning for his business, and then, finally, for New York—not to appear again in the novel. Similarly, Robert leaves Edna repeatedly: he leaves her to herself after the evening of the moonlight swim, and again on the Chênrière Caminada. He leaves her penultimately in going to Mexico, and finally with "Good-by—because I love you." Edna's children are also removed from her for the major action of the novel. The key scenes in the novel are the scenes where Edna is alone: alone on the porch weeping in chapter two; alone in her daring swim; alone in the hammock that

evening; alone on Chênrière Caminada; alone after Léonce leaves for New York; alone in the pigeon house; and, finally, alone in death. The word *alone* resounds like a refrain in the text, occurring some two dozen times.

On the evening of the swim, Edna listens to Mademoiselle Reisz play the piano. One piece moves her especially; Edna secretly calls it "Solitude." Later at the beach she feels like a child who "walks for the first time alone." She enters the water: "... intoxicated with her newly conquered power, she swam out alone." She swims, turning her face "seaward to gather in an impression of space and solitude" and returns to say, "I thought I should have perished out there alone." This climactic scene of learning to swim—where the waves of the music, the sea, and the passion seem to become one—captures the ambivalence Edna experiences toward her solitude. The solitude is "intoxicating," as it is when she is left alone on Chênrière Caminada to sleep: "She looked at her round arms as she held them straight up and rubbed them one after the other, observing closely, as if it were something she saw for the first time, the fine, firm quality and texture of the flesh." Also when she is alone after Léonce's departure for New York, the solitude transports her: "A feeling that was unfamiliar but very delicious came over her. She walked all through the house, from one room to another, as if inspecting it for the first time." It is in these moments of exhilaration that Edna discovers her body, her freedom, her will, her self. But just as childbirth for the nineteenth-century woman occurred in the shadow of death, the birth of Edna's new life, occurring as it does in the "abyss of solitude" which is the sea, brings with it its attendant vision of death.

Edna connects the ocean with a memory from her childhood: "... a meadow that seemed as big as the ocean to the very little girl walking through the grass, which was higher than her waist. She threw out her arms as if swimming when she walked, beating the tall grass as one strikes out in the water. . . . 'I could see only the stretch of green before me, and I felt as if I must walk on forever, without coming to the end of it. I don't remember whether I was frightened or pleased.'" Likely she was both. She tells of her first deliverance from that vast expanse: "At a very early age—perhaps it was when she traversed the ocean of waving grass—she remembered that she had been passionately enamored of a dignified and sad-eyed cavalry officer who visited her father in Kentucky." The cavalry officer is followed by another young gentleman and by the "face and figure of a great tragedian." The tragedian is undoubtedly Edwin Booth, who began "to haunt her imagination and stir her senses." His portrait is in her room and "when alone she sometimes picked it up and kissed the cold glass passionately."

Edna's marriage to Léonce ends this life of fancy until Robert loves her and then leaves for Mexico, thus taking his place among the presences in her imagination which deliver her from her solitude. When she feels most alone, she summons Robert to her as she had summoned the romantic figures before him. In the midst of her high-spirited dinner party Edna "suggested the regal woman, the one who rules, the one who looks on, who stands alone." The next paragraph tells us of her characteristic deliverance from this solitary position: "But as she sat there amid her guests, she felt the old ennui overtaking her; the hopelessness which so often assailed her, which came upon her like an obsession, like something extraneous, independent of volition. It was something which announced itself; a chill breath that seemed to issue from some vast cavern wherein discords wailed. There came over her the acute longing which always summoned into her vision the presence of the beloved one, overpowering her at once with a sense of the unattainable."

The unattainable quality of the vision is its essence. Robert's return to Edna is doomed, for his actual presence can never match the fantasy; and she knows even the fantasy will fail her. Just before she dies, she realizes this: "There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert; and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone."

Alcée Arobin has offered Edna another escape from solitude, the deliverance of the flesh. Victor, who is associated with Arobin in his escapades with women, becomes transformed into a Bacchanalian figure, with a garland of roses on his black curls, his cheeks "the color of crushed grapes," well flushed with wine. Observing him, a dinner guest quotes the first two lines from this Swinburne sonnet:

A Cameo

There was a graven image of Desire
 Painted with red blood on a ground of gold
 Passing between the young men and the old,
 And by him Pain, whose body shone like fire,
 And Pleasure with gaunt hands that grasped their hire,
 Of his left wrist, with fingers clenched and cold,
 The insatiable Satiety kept hold,
 Walking with feet unshod that pashed the mire.
 The senses and the sorrows and the sins,
 And the strange loves that suck the breasts of Hate
 Till lips and teeth bite in their sharp indenture,
 Followed like beasts with flaps of wings and fins.
 Death stood aloof behind a gaping grate,
 Upon whose lock was written Peradventure.

Placed thus, the allusion to the rather brutal Swinburne poem about the insatiety of fleshly desire and the final victory of time and death over passion, foretells the impossibility of such deliverance for Edna. Again, just before her death, she realizes the futility of this route: "To-day it is Arobin; to-morrow it will be someone else."

Having dismissed both possibilities of deliverance from her solitude, and unable to sustain the delight it brings her, Edna embraces death whose voice she has heard in her aloneness: "The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in the abysses of solitude." She watches the Icarian figure fall from its lonely flight to its lonely death and "there beside the sea, absolutely alone, she cast the unpleasant, pricking garments from her. . . ."

Chopin's study of "A Solitary Soul" is particularly poignant because the soul is a female soul, characteristically defined as someone's daughter, someone's wife, someone's mother, someone's mistress. To discover solitude in the midst of this connectedness is surely among the most painful of awakenings, because the entire social fabric sustains the dream and the illusion. As Edna says to the doctor before her death: "The years that are gone seem like dreams—if one might go on sleeping and dreaming—but to wake up and find— Oh! well! perhaps it is better to wake up after all, even to suffer, rather than remain a dupe to illusions all one's life."

We feel the tragedy of Edna Pontellier because we see so many brave moments of delight she takes in her solitary self. We glimpse the ecstasy of the discovery of the power of the self and the refusal to adjure it. To Madame Ratignolle she says, "I would give up my life for my children; but I wouldn't give up myself." Having resolved "never again to belong to another than herself," she tells Robert: "I am no longer one of Mr. Pontellier's possessions to dispose of or not. I give myself where I choose. If he were to say 'Here, Robert, take her and be happy; she is yours,' I should laugh at you both." But Edna cannot sustain these moments of resolve and when her two deliverers, the imagination (Robert) and the flesh (Arobin), have failed her, she begins to understand something of what Mademoiselle Reisz's presence and words have told her about the price of solitude, and thinking that Mademoiselle would have laughed, perhaps sneered, she swims out alone.

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저서: 『Kate Chopin's Quest for Women's Selfhood』

Kate Chopin

The Awakening

자 각

1판 1쇄 찍음 • 1991년 11월 21일

1판 3쇄 펴냄 • 2006년 8월 20일

편저자 • 유 정 은

발행인 • 정 현 결

발 행 • 신 아 사

인 쇄 • 현대문화사

출판등록 • 1956년 1월 5일 (제9-52호)

서울특별시 은평구 녹번동 28-36번지 2F

전화 (02)382-6411 • 팩스 (02)382-6401

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ISBN 89-8396-243-7

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W6-BIM-088